

THE ALCOHOLIC
the secret tragedy
of his family life

A national report by **SIDNEY KATZ**

"Let the Russians
share the DEW line"

"The theatre and I"
BY **TYRONE GUTHRIE**

MACLEAN'S

COVER BY JOHN LITTLE

DECEMBER 5 1959 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





From the age of wonders...

The Statue of Olympian Zeus

One of the seven wonders of the world, the great statue of Zeus, the father of the gods, conceived and executed by Phidias for the Temple at Olympia, is believed to have been the sculptor's greatest masterpiece. The statue at Olympia was so huge, being about seven times larger than life that, as one contemporary writer records, the father of the gods could not have risen from his throne without putting his head through the temple roof.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 5, 1959

MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Instant water (that's right) is on the way
- ✓ Will science find meaning in modern jazz?

PUSH-BUTTON VOTING is almost sure to be introduced in the House of Commons. Prime Minister Diefenbaker has been enthusing over the idea ever since his trip to India. There he saw how it saves time (30 seconds vs. 30 minutes by present nose-counting) and permits the House clerk to see at a glance (on an electronic board) who's voted—and how. Electricians who recently rewired MPs' desks (for translation service, hearing-aid equipment) have—on government orders—left space in the tubing for voting-machine wires.

AMATEUR COMEDIANS will soon have to pack up all those old gags about "instant water"—it's on the way. No, you won't add water: you'll get a dry, flour-like substance (yet unnamed) and simply rub it between your palms. That'll crush the ultramicroscopic plastic capsules and release the water contained in each. The idea was discovered accidentally by National Cash Register Co. researchers developing a new carbon paper.



SPRINGBETT

What's the message?

HORSE TO WATCH: E. P. Taylor's two-year-old colt Victoria Park—already showing signs of becoming an all-time race-track "great": he equaled or broke Toronto track records in his first three starts and won seven of his first ten races, for \$82,000 in prize money. He'll soon be among the few Canadian horses ever nominated for the triple crown (Preakness, Belmont Stakes, Kentucky Derby).

WILL ALBERTA OIL MEN soon begin "mining" the underground waters that come to the surface during oil and gas production? Insiders aren't talking yet, but oil men think the government will soon change the terms of crown leases to permit "mining" of magnesium, bromine, iodine, alum, calcium and other substances in the "formation waters" (a million gallons a day in Redwater field alone). Nobody's yet calculated the minerals' worth, but they could become the basis of a new industry. At the moment, the water's pumped back in to maintain pressure.

COOL CATS who say jazz has meaning may soon find science on their side. University of Manitoba psychologist Bruce M. Springbett is experimenting to find out the "communicative values" of art forms. He's already had 100 students—representing five different levels of learning—jot down their reactions ("weak" or "strong"; "happy" or "sad") to nine abstract paintings. Each painting had much the same meaning to people of the same level of learning. Now he's planning to see if progressive jazz conveys similar meanings to listeners of equal sophistication.

THE COMING CRUSADE FOR THE "BIKINI WITH A CONSCIENCE"

Here's the Riviera bikini / And the one our women will wear next season ▶

NOT SINCE the sack-dress crusade have garment-makers plotted a more intense assault on the market than the one they'll make next spring.

Objective: get thousands of women into bikini swim suits. The big pitch will be, "Buy a bikini to wear in private." Manufacturers and retailers are already planning how they'll:

- ✓ create the impression most women are buying bikinis.
- ✓ acclaim the relatively modest character of the "bikini with a conscience." (Riviera models will be rare; most will be adjust-

able to various degrees of exposure.)

Why the big push in '60? Though the boom in backyard pools will help, "it's the prosperity that does it," says Leonard Zelsman, Toronto general manager of Starlite Stores Ltd. "The better the times, the more daring women's clothes get."

Will many Canadian women get that daring? In a random sampling Maclean's couldn't find many agreeing they would. Even the shapely TV interviewer, Joyce Davidson, insisted she hasn't the "very perfect and very young figure" for a bikini. And Bob Howe, of the Thornton model agency, whose models recently balked at wearing bikinis for a buyers' show, thinks few women will buy. "Not one girl in 10,000 has the figure to look well in a bikini."

Still the industry's optimistic. "We expect to capture 20% of the women's swim-suit market



THE NATION-WIDE RUSH TO LEARN RUSSIAN

Young and old say "da" to new spare-time courses

RUSSIAN, a subject once barely more popular than Aztec history, is fast becoming a big favorite in Canadian colleges and night schools.

In universities, enrollment's up 40% to 160%. UBC has 744 taking Russian; Alberta, 74; Manitoba and University of Montreal, 150 each.

In night schools, the trend's even more marked: 135 in a crowded Toronto class, with another class in prospect; more night students (110) than day (100) taking Russian at McGill University. Similar increases in Vancouver, Regina, Winnipeg.

High schools are following suit: 80 (mostly teenagers) taking after-school lectures in London, Ont.; four Toronto schools (three for the first time) teaching Russian to selected students; one Vancouver school planning a course next fall.

Why the upsurge? Sputniks and Khrushchov's visit both helped, say educators, who also credit a new text (First Course in Russian) by Joseph Doherty, of Saint John, N.B., and Roberta Lander Markus, of Don Mills, Ont. Students cite these long-range aims:

Scientific careers: McGill engineers with language options "nearly all demand Russian," says extension director F. S. Howes. UBC's beginners in Russian are mostly scientists.

Diplomatic careers: most students hoping for External Affairs jobs now consider Russian a "must."

Travel to Russia: Vancouver night-school director Dean Goard says it's the No. 1 motive there.

Pleasure reading: Walter Zyla says many of his Winnipeg night students want to read Russian newspapers, magazines and books like Dr. Zhivago in the original.

So far, no "crash" courses in commercial language schools but they'll probably come soon. By 1969, predicts University of Montreal's Prof. Veljko Lalich, "about four times as many" Canadians as now will be studying Russian.



DOHERTY AND MARKUS

CANADA'S CENTENNIAL A new flag (really) in '67

A CANADIAN FLAG? An official national anthem? It's a good bet that the hoariest of our national controversies will be finally settled in 1967—Canada's 100th birthday.

Already, the Canadian Citizenship Council and the Canadian Association for Adult Education (the two groups most active so far in centennial planning) have begun discussing the flag and anthem and other ideas suggested in cross-country questionnaires. If present suggestions are followed, you'll see:

- ✓ trainloads of historical exhibits stopping often as they criss-cross the nation.
- ✓ 100 one-hour TV shows depicting Canadian history on 100 consecutive nights.
- ✓ a model village built outside Ottawa, representing life all across Canada. (A pet project of Prime Minister Diefenbaker's; he's also suggesting model villages in each province.)
- ✓ simultaneous openings or unveilings,

on July 1, 1967, of thousands of municipal projects (city halls, parks, cleared slums). "I don't think the centennial should be celebrated with marble monuments or bronze plaques," says George S. Mooney, executive director of the Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities.

✓ a hundred young people, each from a different country, spending a year in a Canadian home while attending Canadian schools.

In the coming 7½ years, you'll also probably hear hot arguments over:

- ✓ a suggestion to waive the five-year-residence rule for citizenship during '67. Once accepted by immigration officials, a newcomer could become a Canadian citizen at once.
- ✓ where, if anywhere, a Canadian world's fair should be held. Toronto's Mayor Nathan Phillips and Montreal's Junior Chamber of Commerce both want it in their cities.

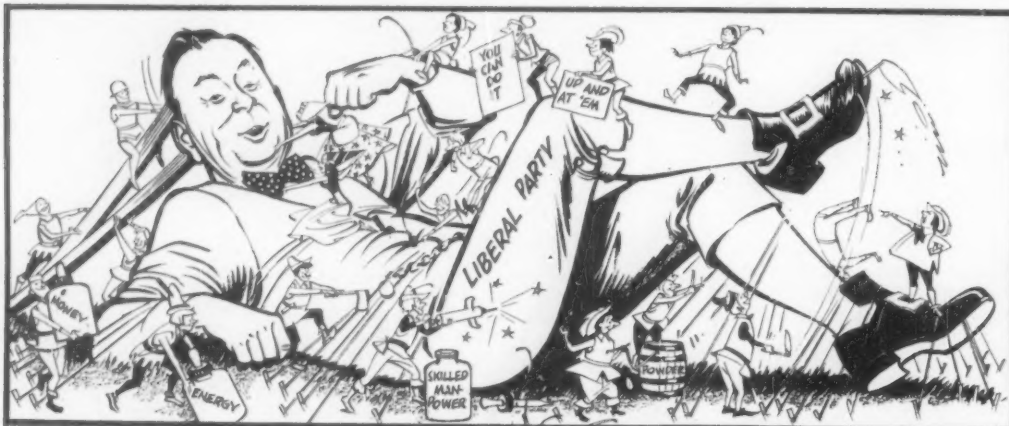
—PETER C. NEWMAN



this coming year," says Murray Kates, of the Rose Marie Reid Swimsuits (Montreal, Toronto). Zelsman agrees: "maybe even 40%."

Looks, they believe, won't matter much if the "second suit" message gets through and Madame is persuaded to bask bikini'd—in private.—DERM DUNWOODY

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER



CAN THE LIBERAL GULLIVER GET BACK ON HIS FEET? Leaders are lacking but funds are swelling

AFTER TWO YEARS of paralysis and coma the Liberal party, stretched like a prostrate Gulliver from coast to coast, is now beginning to stir its frozen limbs and is trying to get back on its feet. For the first time since 1957, vigorous measures are being taken to revive the patient with massive injections of money, energy and skilled manpower, in all parts of the spread-eagled carcass. The first effect, though, is an agony of chilblains, as circulation returns to the disused members.

At party headquarters here in Ottawa it is easy for the Grits to cultivate optimism and even complacency. In the national capital the Diefenbaker government never had as much support as in the rest of the country (four of the five Ottawa-Hull seats are Liberal) and lately the government has lost a great part of what backing it did have here. This is partly a result of its refusal to raise civil servants' pay, but there are other reasons too. Ottawa voters are more sophisticated than most, and far more interested in the details of politics and of policy. Hence they are more sensitive than other Canadians to fatuous statements about tight money, for example, which voters elsewhere might ignore, and they are also more conscious of the long delays and hesitations that precede policy decisions. If Grits confine themselves to talking politics in Ottawa, and reading press commentaries from Ottawa, they can dream that the Tories are headed for imminent collapse and the Promised Land is just the other side of the Red Sea.

But when Liberals go outside Ottawa and look at the job facing them across the nation, these rosy illusions vanish. In every province except Newfoundland the Conservatives look immensely strong, and the Liberals are in the same disarray as in April, 1958. Their regional organizations were not merely defeated in the last election, but destroyed. Nothing has yet been done to build new ones. That task will be undertaken in 1960, but it is a

formidable and very expensive one.

The first step was to find out how expensive, and that has already been done. According to a careful professional estimate the Liberals need something like three quarters of a million dollars for the work of restoration before the next election campaign begins, not counting what they will need for the campaign itself. But strange to relate, they think they can get it, and this is a new development indeed.

Since 1957 the party has been stony-broke, meeting the barest minimum of expenditure only by constant and rather humiliating effort. Everybody had lots of free advice for Liberal leader L. B. Pearson, telling him how he should rebuild the organization, hire a man for the east and a man for the west, travel more, meet more people, rouse more enthusiasm and so forth. Up to now, though, none of these wiseacres offered much money or much actual help in doing what they said should be done.

Lately, this situation has changed. Thanks in part to Prime Minister Diefenbaker's speeches on monetary policy, many people who were formerly apathetic are now alarmed and are offering contributions of money or time or both to unseat the Conservatives at the very first opportunity. Liberal morale is therefore rising—but not as fast or as far as you might think, because they are now taking their first really hard look at the fix they are in.

The mere statistics are daunting enough: not a Liberal seat west of Ontario (except one in the Northwest Territories) and only three of the twenty-six seats in the Maritimes. But even these figures don't begin to convey the magnitude of Liberal tribulation. Their real trouble is that in seven provinces the local leadership has been knocked out, with no replacements in sight.

British Columbia's Jimmy Sinclair was only narrowly defeated last year, by an amiable but almost invisible Tory,

so you might think the west-coast Liberals had no leadership problem. Quite the contrary. Sinclair is working happily for the B.C. fishing companies, on a contract that forbids him to engage in politics. He says he doesn't want to anyway—says he is through with public life. The party hopes to talk him out of that later, but for the next few years at least he is not available.

Something like the same thing happened to Nova Scotia's Bob Winters, who after his defeat in 1957 became president of the Rio Tinto Mining Company of Canada. He is not formally debarred, as Sinclair is, from all political activity, and he does in fact give Pearson a lot of useful aid and counsel. But Winters, the Toronto businessman, the president of a large and wealthy corporation, is no longer Winters the representative of Lunenburg fishermen and the leader and pillar of Nova Scotia Liberals. He has become, for the time being, a Toronto rather than a Maritime figure.

Nova Scotia Grits have also lost another leading figure in Tammy Kirk, former MP for Shelburne-Yarmouth-Clare, who was one of the two survivors of the 1957 deluge but who was defeated in 1958. Since then, Kirk has had a heart attack which will probably keep him out of the next election and which in any case prevents him from doing anything now. His fellow-survivor Allan MacEachen, of Inverness County, Cape Breton, continues to labor as best he can in Nova Scotia's stony vineyard, but he now resides in Ottawa as a full-time member of Pearson's staff. There is nobody in charge of federal Liberal affairs in Nova Scotia. In New Brunswick, some of the remnants of the organization defeated in 1958 are still clinging to control of the party; the problem is not to reinforce these old guardsmen, but to dislodge them.

On the prairies, the Liberal prospects are equally grim. Alberta's provincial Liberals met disaster in the election

last summer, and federal Grits have tried to dissociate themselves from this catastrophe by remaining as inconspicuous as possible for a while. Unluckily two of their most vociferous adherents, the ex-mayors of Calgary and Edmonton, have been very conspicuous indeed. Both were named by judicial inquiries for actions in office that were unconventional, to put it mildly.

Saskatchewan hasn't filled the gap left by the retirement of Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner. There is even some doubt whether the redoubtable Jimmy ever did retire—at the provincial convention in September he proclaimed that he is ready, aye ready, to answer any call from the party. No call is likely to come, though. Gardiner is no great friend of Ross Thatcher, the new provincial leader, nor of Walter Tucker of Rosthern, who formerly held that office and is still a potent figure in Saskatchewan Liberal politics. At least until after the provincial election next June, nothing will be done to break the stalemate in federal party affairs.

Manitoba has had its election, but hasn't cleared up the problems of left-over leadership in either the federal or the provincial field. Ex-premier Doug Campbell still leads the opposition in the legislature, but is not expected to head another election campaign. Stuart Garson, who was Manitoba's minister in the Liberal government, is contentedly practicing law. He has no desire to return to public life, and his place in the Liberal ranks has not been filled.

Even in central Canada, where about four fifths of the present Liberal strength in the house is located, there are formidable jobs to be done. The provincial Liberals in Ontario are in pretty good fettle after the recent election, feeling that they did as well as could be expected against a powerful and entrenched Conservative government, but the federal party remains in some confusion just because the party leader, L. B. Pearson, holds an Ontario seat. Paul Martin, the other senior ex-minister from Ontario, is thought to be still ambitious for the Liberal leadership, and therefore is not accepted by Pearson men as Pearson's chief lieutenant in the province. Walter Harris, who was a power in the Liberal cabinet, is now a country lawyer whose role in a reviving Liberal party has yet to be defined.

But the big question mark is Quebec. Now that Duplessis is dead, what will happen in that one-time Liberal stronghold?

So far, there is nothing to indicate that the removal of Duplessis has brought the advantage to the Grits that they might have expected. Premier Paul Sauvé, in secure command of the party machine that Duplessis created, has been appeasing and even delighting the enemies of Duplessis by doing the things that the Old Master had refused to do—helping the universities, saying yes to hundreds of people and dozens of groups who had never heard anything but no. He is apparently just as formidable an opponent for Liberal leader Jean Lesage as Duplessis would have been. But even if Lesage should win provincially, Sauvé is still a tremendous asset to federal Conservatives. He delivers the party from the curse that Duplessis put on it in the rest of Canada, and makes a Quebec Conservative respectable again.

These are the obstacles that the Liberals are now preparing to surmount. It is not an encouraging prospect. ★



BACKSTAGE WITH HOUSEWIVES

When will someone
invent gadgets
the girls really want?

HOOD: out of the frying pan?



DEMPSEY
Burning desire

DO HOUSEWIVES really yearn for fully automatic, self-timing, chrome-plated, electric something-or-others for their kitchens?

"Most of us," remarked Margaret Hood in her Winnipeg Tribune column, "would be quite happy if some bright soul came up with simpler ideas, such as how to keep food from sticking to the frying pan."

Prompted by her jibes at such new marvels as a combination can-opener, clock and timer ("Why would anyone want to time herself while opening a can?"), Maclean's queried manufacturers on what they're making, and housewives, women's columnists and women's

groups on what they want. While manufacturers touted an electric room-deodorizer (\$4.95) and an automatic tea-maker with built-in alarm (\$49.50), women pleaded for these inventions:

For the kitchen: a strong, swing-out stool for under the sink; a drip-proof teapot spout; a refrigerator built and arranged like cupboards; a completely flat stove top (i.e. with elements that don't protrude); a flat oven door "so

stuff won't slide off"; a pot with a rounded false bottom, for custards and sauces; inter-changeable cords for all small appliances; stoves and refrigerators without hard-to-clean ornaments; a simple can-opener with a point that'll last; a clear-plastic "igloo" with wrist holes, for peeling onions; a tiny oven for baking one potato; a toaster with a warming compartment; a self-centring cork-screw.

Elsewhere: a self-cleaning doormat with revolving bristles; coat hangers that'll stay on closet rods; a vacuum-cleaner attachment for polishing furniture; a toothpaste tube with a roll-up key; a phone that switches at night to a recorded "this party has gone to bed" message.

Vancouver Sun columnist Evelyn Caldwell ("Penny Wise") wound up a long list with a tongue-in-cheek plea for a push-button system to do everything.

But the Toronto Star's Lotta Dempsey plugged hard for just one idea: "a large, heavy-iron box ingeniously heated by real fire." In other words, a good old-fashioned wood-and-coal cookstove.

—SHIRLEY MAIR

Backstage WITH A REBEL MP / Van Horne's a thorn in the Tory side

SINCE ALMOST 200 Tory backbenchers were swept into office with John Diefenbaker, all but one have followed follow-the-leader. Exception: Joseph Charles Van Horne, 38-year-old maverick from Campbellton, N.B., who lambastes the government from its own benches as heartily as he once needed the Liberals.

A lawyer, and an MP since a '55 by-election, he's now a big dealer in real estate (e.g. Campobello, Roosevelt's former New Brunswick retreat) and considers his \$10,000 MP's salary "peanuts—hardly enough to pay telephone bills."

Van Horne says he'll continue to attack the government at the next session—for its housing policy and its neglect of the Maritimes. ("We were the party of Maritimes rights; now we've practically abandoned the Maritimes.") As the self-styled "greatest infighter in the Commons," he's already insulted almost every minister of both major parties and been ruled out of order more often than any

other backbencher. Sample comments from his opposition days:

On Louis St. Laurent: "... an insatiable thirst to rock and roll Confederation."

On James Gardiner, then agriculture minister: He has "no more respect for the truth than a tom cat has for a marriage license."

On J. W. Pickersgill: "The honorable, twitching, squirming, jumping jack-in-the-box from Twillingate."

Since the Tory sweep he's:

✧ belabored Labor Minister Starr ("I will not remain a supporter of a government to see our people suffer from hunger... caused by unemployment whose just and reasonable solution remains an unfulfilled promise of our government.")

✧ bemoaned the disabled-persons' allowance ("You have to be unconscious to get it and walk around with your coffin under your arm to keep collecting it.")

At home, he's defied the liquor law by selling liquor at his Campbellton Hotel, which is not among the few New Brunswick hotels

where such infractions have long been winked at. Van Horne says it's a test case to get the law liberalized.

What's his future in politics? Though some Ottawa observers wouldn't be surprised to see him pop up next as an independent candidate, Van Horne told Maclean's he won't even run in the next general election. "I regard myself as a Conservative. We were great in opposition, but we seem to have lost the Vision when we crossed the House."

—PETER C. NEWMAN



VAN HORNE

He won't play follow-the-leader

Backstage

WITH AN EX-CROOK

How a "master thief" now
puts money into the bank



WILSON

"INSIDE YOU'LL MEET THE FABULOUS MASTER CRIMINAL WHO STOLE \$16 MILLION."

shouts the sign in a Vancouver shop window.

The "master criminal" is 78-year-old Herbert Emerson Wilson—self-proclaimed King of the Safecrackers and Canada's most highly publicized professional ex-crook.

His latest venture is the Hall of Mysteries (Admission Free, Donations Welcomed)—a garish arcade hung with a dozen huge, hideous surrealist paintings, each signed by the master criminal himself. One exhibit is a rope "used to hang one of my San Quentin cell-mates" in 1927. It looks brand new.

Wilson's present career got started ten years ago when Collier's magazine published his story, *I Stole \$16 Million*. Since then it has been retold in a paperback book and in scores of newspaper and magazine articles. He's given lectures, advised mayors on how to fight crime, written letters-to-the-editor about sex, religion, capital punishment, art and the atom bomb, appeared on radio and TV and written a weekly crime column for the Courtenay Argus. He even muscled in on an art controversy. While Vancouverites were hotly protesting a suggestion that the city buy Jacob Epstein's ruggedly modern statue of Christ, Wilson said he'd buy it—for \$15,000. (The city fathers didn't; neither did Wilson.)

"All of this work, and my new arcade," he says, "have been dedicated to proving the futility of crime."

The futility of crime was proven once again in 1957, when the man who says he stole \$16 million was fined \$100 for shoplifting groceries worth \$2. Wilson said he was gathering column fodder for the Argus. "Unmitigated bunk!" replied the magistrate.

Did Wilson actually steal \$16 million? "I haven't got receipts to show for it, but I sure did!" he replies indignantly. "And that's the FBI's count, not mine."

One fact he soft pedals: it was for murder—not safecracking—that he served 12 years of a life sentence in San Quentin. In 1922, while awaiting trial for safecracking, he shot and killed one of his own gang during an attempted escape.

He's probably the King of the Name-droppers. During the South African War (he says) he was decorated by Queen Victoria for helping Churchill escape from the Boers. He was taught to paint in San Quentin (he says) by a murderer who had studied under Diego Rivera. Edward G. Robinson (says Wilson) recently "indicated his interest in my paintings." Robinson actually wrote: "They are not exactly the type of picture I collect."

How profitable is life as King of the Ex-Crooks? When Maclean's put this question to Wilson he produced an up-to-date bank book showing a balance of \$13,390.39. "And every penny earned on the up and up." —RAY GARDNER

Background

"CARTNAPPERS" BUSY

Supermarkets are having serious trouble with "cartnappers"—shoppers who steal, or simply forget to return, shopping carts. A Calgary supermarket's recent inventory showed 70 carts, worth \$3,500, missing. One possible, but expensive, solution: newly invented wheels that will stop turning when they encounter a sunken magnetic "barricade" surrounding the parking lot.

WORRY VS. INSOMNIA

Suffering from insomnia? Relax and enjoy it, advises scientist R. T. Wilkinson of Cambridge University. After keeping people awake up to 60 hours in experiments, he's concluded that worrying about lack of sleep is more harmful than insomnia itself.

WHO'S MONEY-MAD?

Toronto a money-mad city? Not if income-tax returns are any indication. In returns filed last year by people in cities with 5,000 or more income-taxpayers, Torontonians were only fifteenth in average income per worker, with \$4,025. Top of the

list: Sault Ste. Marie (\$4,460). Lowest among the 69 cities: Granby, Que., with \$3,139. B.C.'s Trail-Roseland, traditional leader, was sixth, with \$4,181.

CLUE TO ANIMAL'S AGE

Botanists have long been able to tell a tree's age by counting the rings inside the wood. Now Illinois biologist Rexford D. Lord, Jr., claims he can do much the same with any animal—by studying its eyes. He's found the centre of the eye lens begins drying out from birth while new cells develop on the outer edge. By analyzing both changes, he can compute the animal's age.

NO WINTER INTERMISSION

If they've thought about it at all, Shakespearean devotees probably imagine the Stratford (Ont.) Festival's million-dollar theatre building dark and silent in off season. Not so. It's bustling all winter, with Festival personnel busy on mail order, publicity, and ticket work, costume and property maintenance—plus visitors from near and far who love to inspect the stage's tricky trap-door mechanism. Now even Sundays are booked—by the Central United Church, which is holding services in the auditorium until its own fire-gutted building is restored.

Editorial

The facts of Suez stand clear —even if the PM “forgets”

PARTY LEADERS are allowed a certain license, in speaking to their supporters, to exaggerate their own achievements and the sins of their opponents. But Prime Minister Diefenbaker went beyond this limit in a speech to Ontario Conservatives in early November. Speaking of Canada's relations with the Commonwealth, he said:

I need hardly add that the action taken by the Liberal Party in 1956 at the United Nations, when they put Great Britain and France in the same bag as aggressors with the USSR, will never take place with a Conservative government in power.

This is a distortion of fact, on which any careful readers of the newspapers could have put the prime minister right. Coming from a man who has acted for months, on two occasions, as his own minister of external affairs, such a loose statement is difficult to understand.

Canada has never at any time, or under any government, put Great Britain “in the same bag” with the Soviet Union or any other aggressor. Canada's habitual role in foreign affairs is to do all she can to unify, or when necessary to reconcile, the policies of Britain and the United States. It is a useful and honorable role in which all Canadians take pride, and it has been played many times by Canadian governments of both political colors.

This Canadian role was never more valuable, and certainly never more difficult, than during the Middle East crisis of 1956. The Suez adventure, undertaken by a sick prime minister of Britain who concealed his intentions not only from his allies but even from his own officials and colleagues, impaired Anglo-American relations more than anything that has happened in modern times. It damaged even more the new Commonwealth of Nations, whose enlargement to include India and other Asian nations was one of the great feats of postwar policy by the other members of the Commonwealth. It could have led, and very nearly did lead, to the complete isolation and humiliation of Britain and France before the world.

This calamity Canada labored hard and fruitfully to avert. In the long and complex series of resolutions that came before the United Nations during that memorable fortnight, the Canadian line was consistent — always in favor of compromise and conciliation, always against futile name-calling. Another fact that appears in no official record, but was known to everyone attending the 1956 UN General Assembly, is that Canada did more than any other one nation to *prevent* the introduction of any resolution naming Britain and France as aggressors.

Many Canadians who were not Liberals took pride in all this. One such Canadian was Mr. Diefenbaker's first minister of external affairs, the late Sidney Smith, whose first words in office were a tribute to his predecessor on this particular achievement. The prime minister evidently disagrees.

Mailbag

- ✓ A minister protests against Varley's nudes
- ✓ A Briton objects to Canadian immigration laws
- ✓ A reader adds four more Jewish mayors

THE SKETCHES by Varley (Nov. 7) so boldly exposing womanhood in the nude, savor of the pornographic. I seriously question the moral integrity of sculptors and so-called artists (such as Varley) who thus prostitute their talents . . . In my opinion, and I am sure that I speak on behalf of the five hundred members of my congregation, the security of our youth is not being safeguarded by your apparent favorable disposition toward the vulgar and profane . . . —REV. J. T. MCNAIR, CHILLIWACK, B.C.

✓ . . . I made sure to cover those nudes with TB seals before I let the children have that magazine. The seals are greenish just like the faces. Hoping I've seen the last of Varley . . . —MRS. ALFORD SR., OAKVILLE, MAN.

Our privileged Britons

In his *Argument*, New Canadians Have a Duty To Take Out Citizenship (Oct. 24) Brian Greggains says, “I think we British immigrants have it too soft; our privileges annoy other New Canadians.” I object to this on the ground that being British subjects we are having it not “too soft,” but not soft enough—specifically in having to pay for our application for citizenship. The fact that a native of the British Isles should have to pay anything at all to become a citizen of a British dominion is, in my view, utterly preposterous . . . —J. WINTER, VICTORIA, B.C.

✓ . . . I quote one of his sentences: “We, who are New Canadians, come of our own accord.” Well, here is one



lady who did not come of her own accord . . . I married a man to whose temperament the Canadian background is well suited, and when he embarked for the New World, quite naturally I came too, just as I would cheerfully embark with him again for the depths of the Belgian Congo . . . Yet were I to remain there for twenty years, I would not discard my British nationality . . . —MRS. MARY HOWARD, OAKVILLE, ONT.

✓ Surely it is high time that the Department of Immigration did something to change the apathetic or complacent attitude of British immigrants . . . —GORDON M. BOOTH, STE. THERESE, QUE.

✓ Greggains most certainly shows the weak points in our citizenship act when he points up the advantages given to British immigrants . . . The act is instrumental in creating first and second-class citizens and should be revised to eliminate these inequities.—A. WEBB, EDMONTON.

Jasper's fate

Your otherwise good magazine (Oct. 24 issue) came, but has Jasper been shot since the bag limit on bears has been increased?—FRED KISSMAN, EDMONTON.



✓ Wha' happen to Jasper?—MRS. N. JONES, SAINT JOHN, N.B.

Lord Alanbrooke's *Giants of our Time* ousted him in a short-lived coup. Jasper's back; see page 56.

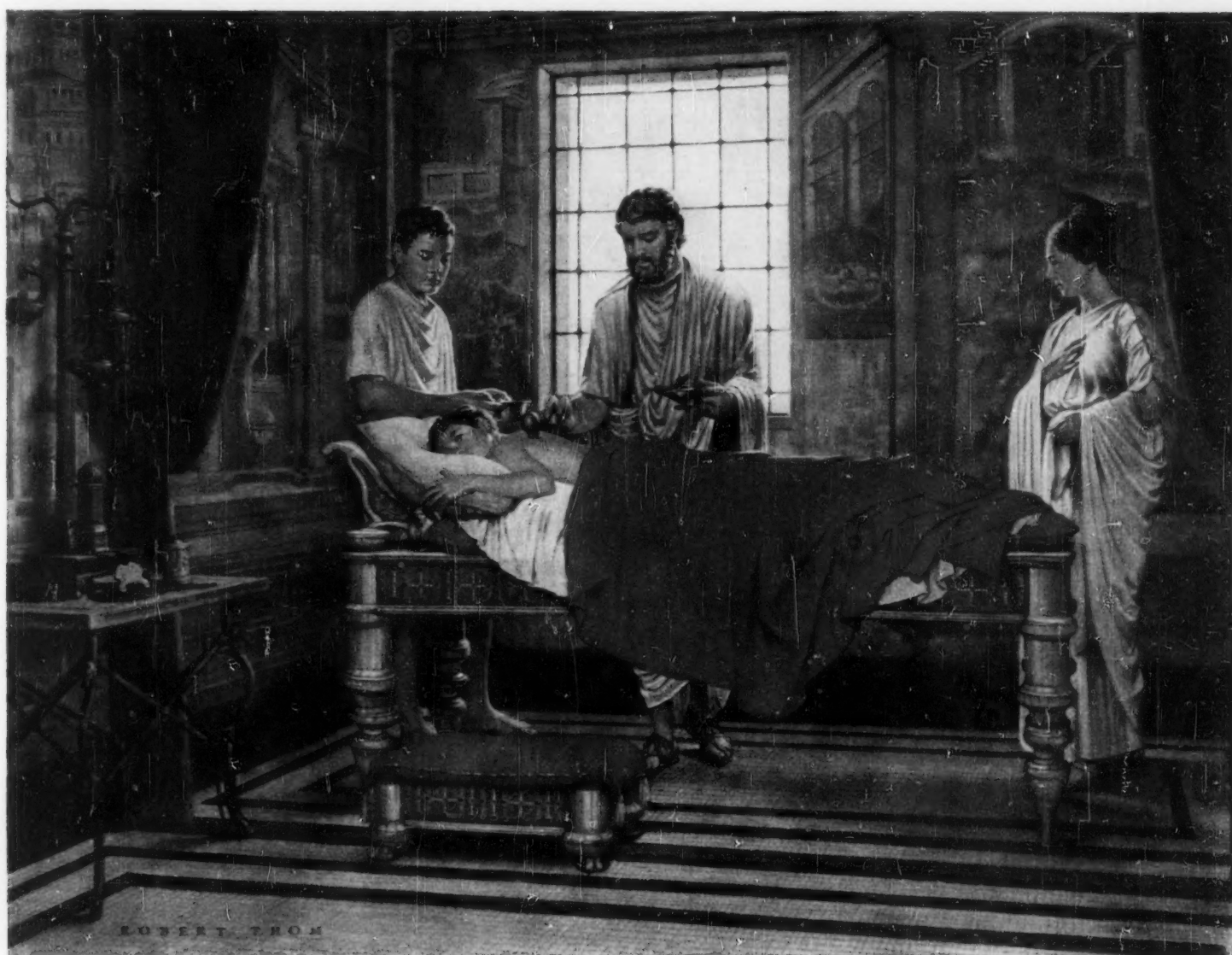
Christianized Jews

Phyllis Lee Peterson presented your readers with a delightful and well-balanced article on *The Jew in Canada* (Oct. 24) . . . [However] as a Jew who is Christian by conviction I have to take objection to . . . her underlying assumption that the Christian faith, like Judaism, is tied to *Blut und Boden* (blood and soil). How otherwise can one account for her remark that these assimilated Jews “become Christian in everything but blood”? That there is such a quality as *Christian blood* is an astounding discovery to me. —REV. JAKOB JOCZ, INTERNATIONAL HEBREW CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE, TORONTO.

“I perhaps did not word the matter of religious loyalties very well. Where I said certain Jews have ‘become Christian in everything but blood’ I meant ‘but inheritance.’ I assure you I did not wish to imply there is a ‘special’ blood peculiar to anyone because of the way he finds God.” —Phyllis Lee Peterson.

✓ Both you and the writer are to be commended . . . however the statement, “No Jew is a director of a Canadian insurance company,” is not correct. I have been a director of the Western Life Assurance Company of Canada since 1955 . . . —LOUIS HERMAN, TORONTO.

✓ . . . While the number of Jewish celebrities in Canada may be too numerous to mention in entirety, I do feel that, under mayors, the following four might have been included: Sidney Buckwold, Saskatoon; Allan Barsky, Prince Albert, Sask.; Frank Dembinsky, Flin Flon, Man. (whose father is a former mayor of The Pas); and William Kankewitt, Edson, Alta.—J. LICHTSTEIN, REGINA. ★



GALLEN—Influence for 45 Generations—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

Galen was a prolific writer, researcher, and diagnostician of the second century. His teachings dominated Western medical thinking for nearly fifteen hundred years. Greek-born and educated, this early giant of medicine migrated to Rome about 161 A.D., where he cared for emperors as well as commoners. Considered a top-flight scientist of his day, Galen was noted for his proficiency in compounding drugs as well as for his skill in administering them. He is shown applying dry cupping, once a popular method of drawing blood to the surface.

Today's physician is a highly trained scientist, and has at his disposal

countless medical and surgical discoveries undreamed of in Galen's day. When you place your health in his care, your physician can call to his aid the latest achievements of almost every branch of science.

In the best tradition of Galen and others of his stature, Parke-Davis applies a restless inquisitiveness to the science of medicine. The results are, and have been for nearly a century, continuing improvements in existing medicines; discovery of new ones; development of trustworthy methods of manufacture and testing. Most satisfying of all . . . the ever-increasing health and longer useful life of people all over the world.

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One glance and you can see the exciting beauty of these big, new 1960 Fords. And beneath their continental flair is *value* in the Ford tradition.

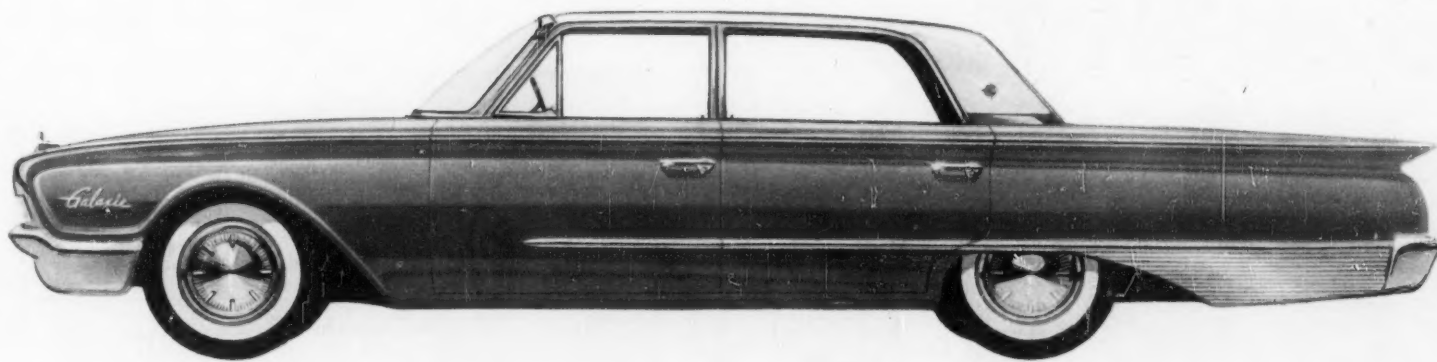
If you value comfort, see the ease with which you can step into a 1960 Ford. Windshield supports are swept forward, out of your way. Big doors open wider on offset hinges. And inside, there's the comfort of greater leg, hip and shoulder room for all six passengers.

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Above: Starliner
Left: Galaxie Town Victoria
Below: Galaxie Town Sedan

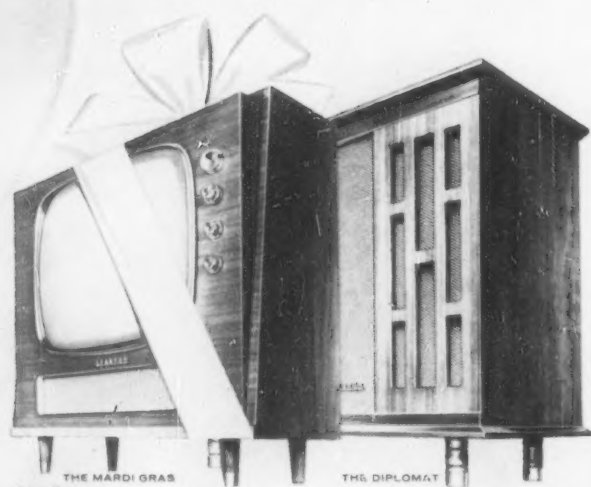


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Finest Fords of a lifetime

(Certain features illustrated or mentioned are "Standard" on some models, optional at extra cost on others.)

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THE COVER

There are two ways to sharpen skates: across the width of the blade is bad; down its length is right, as can be seen by the appreciative smiles of a highly critical Montreal audience in R. Clement's shoe shop, where painter John Little often got his own honed.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom: 10, Studio C. Mareil / 12, British and Irish Railways Inc. / 16, Bill Halkett, Toronto Star / 17, Two Winnipeg Free Press / 18, Peter Graydon / 20, National Film Board, Karsh, CBC Archives, Miller Services / 21, Museum of Modern Art, Two Miller Services, Wide World, Two Miller Services / 27, David Rier / 76, Peter Smith & Company / 78, Columbia Pictures / 80, J. Arthur Rank Organization / 82, Miller Services.

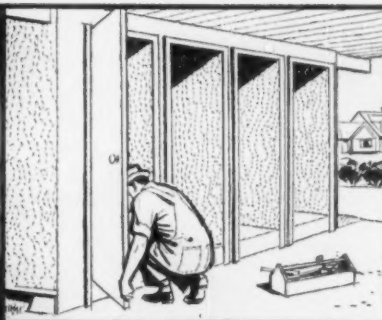
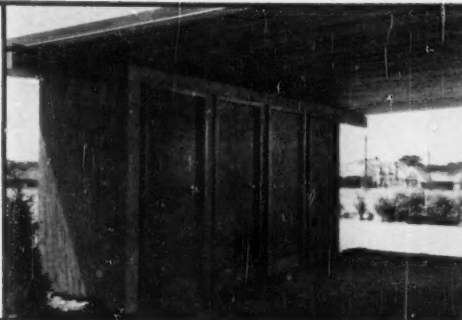
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Some ideas—and plans—for fir plywood projects

car ports



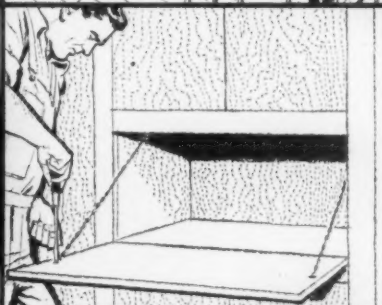
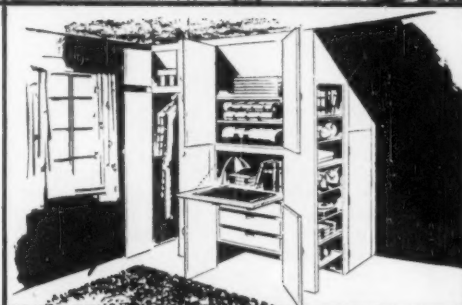
Fir plywood stands up to all weathers with the help of a special waterproof glue, which binds it strongly together. Plywood is obtainable in a number of standard thicknesses, up to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Large, light-weight panels reduce framing work and form a rigid, air-tight wall. Easy-to-follow plans available for car port, (No. 6), outdoor storage wall (No. 3) and garden cabinet (No. 10).

technical data



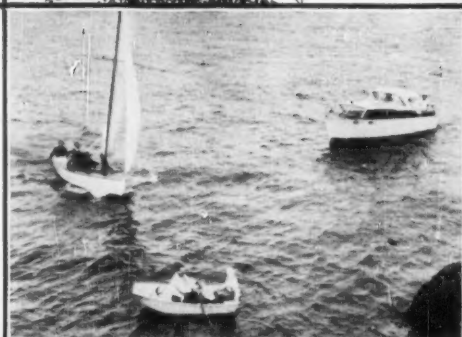
Remarkable strength for its weight is one of many reasons why engineers and architects are using fir plywood more and more. Beam and stressed skin panel designs are analysed in the *Technical Handbook*, and concrete form work in another illustrated booklet. Data available on wall sheathing, roof decking, sub-flooring, glues, C.S.A. specifications, thermal conductivity, vapour transmission and acoustics.

attic and basement rooms



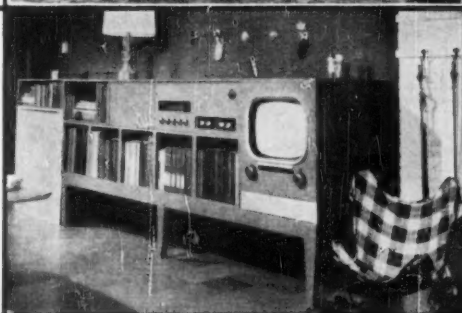
Turn a sloping upstairs ceiling, or an awkward corner of the basement, into one of the most useful storage places in the house with plywood! The plan for an under-eave built-in (No. 4) gives you ample closet space, desk, drawers, cabinets and shelves. There are plans, too, for a child's storage wall (closet, dresser, toy space (No. 7) and a flexible storage wall (No. 11).

boats



Waterproof glue fir plywood is excellent for boat-building because it is strong and durable, and reduces joints to a minimum. Stock-sized panels are 4 ft. x 8 ft., but you can get them on special order, scarf-jointed, up to 50 ft. long. Plans for 20 ft. sailboat, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. outboard, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. inboard, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 9 ft. skiff, and 7 ft. 9 in. pram dinghy. Information about other plans available from the Plywood Association.

extra storage space



Plywood resists warping, will not split, covers large areas with a single sheet. These properties, together with attractive appearance, make it ideal for furniture and built-ins. Get ideas from booklet *Douglas Fir Plywood Built-ins*. Plans for demountable music wall (No. 1), sectional storage wall (No. 9), island entry wall (No. 8), music and TV centre (No. 12), shelf-door wardrobe (No. 2) and odds and ends cabinet (No. 5).

Get these plans from your lumber dealer. See your bank manager for information about home improvement loans.
Plywood Manufacturers Association of B. C., 550 Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B. C.

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*Longines, The Standard
of Excellence Among
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Discriminating men and women who are sensitive to the value of their time own and wear the finest of watches. In all the world there are only a few *truly* fine watches. Of these, Longines enjoys a unique preference. A superlative example of the art of the jeweller and watchmaker in superb harmony is Starlight Rhapsody 6G shown enlarged—set with six diamonds in 14K gold. Suggested price, \$250.

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

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For the sake of argument



W. H. POPE SAYS

Let the Russians use the DEW line too

I am not writing this because I have been CCF leader Hazen Argue's executive assistant since mid-August. Rather, after seventeen years' full-time service, I quit the regular army so that I might write articles and do everything else in my power to change Canada's foreign and defense policies.

Major war is now impossible. This commonplace means the offensive weapons of the U.S. and Russia are capable of inflicting such terrible hurt that war between the two great powers would be suicidal or virtually so.

The Canadian government has not yet begun to understand what flows logically from the foregoing. It is this: it is nonsense to think in terms of defending Canada in the event of thermonuclear war; instead, Canada's defense policy must aim at preventing war.

Canada as a neutral?

Seen in this light it is obvious that the DEW line is of no use in case of war; it is there to prevent war by being continuously able to alert the American Strategic Air Command. The DEW line is part of the deterrent to thermonuclear war.

The DEW line would be a far better deterrent if it pointed both ways, if Russian as well as American technicians sat before the radar screens. Canada can best work for peace by being a neutral buffer between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. If anyone thinks this is being anti-American, then he must believe that our present defense "policy," which increases the chances of thermonuclear war—and the utter destruction of Canada and the U.S.—is somehow pro-American.

If the Russian long-range air force were armed only with ten-ton TNT blockbusters, I would say not a word against the basic military concept of the North American Air Defense Command and the air-defense warning lines—although I might still have tуп-

pence worth to say about the political side of it all. But the Soviet bombers are armed with bombs having the power of twenty million tons of TNT.

In the last war we were pleased with a ten-percent kill of attacking bombers. In the next war, for which we are supposed to be preparing, just what good will it do the Americans and us to shoot down one hundred of the one thousand planes the Russians can put over? Even if we shot down thirty percent, the most any competent airman or soldier could hope for, wouldn't all of settled Canada and the U.S. be utterly destroyed by the seven hundred thermonuclear bombs of the initial raid? The whole idea of defense against thermonuclear bombs or missiles is a concept from the last war. It makes no sense to talk of shooting down a "reasonable number" of attacking bombers.

It is no use hoping for a scientific breakthrough. As fast as we improve our fighters, our Bomarcas and our Nikes, the Russians improve their bombers. Maybe faster. Do we really expect the Nike-Zeus to destroy every ICBM? Some scientists claim the whole idea of trying to shoot down ICBMs with Nike-Zeus is as fanciful as hoping to hit an artillery shell with another one. Even if our side comes up with something fundamentally new and effective against ICBMs, what do we do about the missile-firing submarine? We must understand this now once and for all and so quit wasting our treasure in the present and probably save our lives in the future: there is no defense against the thermonuclear weapon.

We must, therefore, so order our foreign and military policies as to reduce to the minimum the possibility of thermonuclear attack on Canada. We can only do this by reducing to the minimum the possibility of thermonuclear attack on the U.S. and on the U.S.S.R.

If I thought that the Soviets were plotting—

continued on page 60

W. H. POPE RECENTLY RETIRED AS A MAJOR IN THE REGULAR ARMY.



Near Ireland's Blarney Castle . . . and the Stone that's cast its blithesome spell for four centuries

If 'tis a magical gift you're after...

You could haste to Blarney and kiss the stone . . . then (so says tradition) you'd have a miraculous skill with pretty words—to win Her. But there's another, handier way. Let Black Magic do the talking! A gift of those famous chocolates has a persuasive eloquence no woman can resist!

The box itself—black, simple, smart—

announces your good taste. And inside, those rich, dark chocolates express the perfect compliment! Black Magic's 12 luscious centres . . . Orange Cream, Truffle & Nougat, Chocolate Nut and the rest . . . are *unique*—only Rowntrees know the secret! No wonder Black Magic has become a welcome "third party" at every romantic rendezvous!



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"She's such a darling...
I'm telling everyone—
by Long Distance!"

...this is a very important time for Kay and of course the family's delighted to share her pride and happiness by Long Distance telephone. It's fast, easy, inexpensive, the next best thing to being there.

It costs less than you think!

Look at these low rates: Kay's calls from Vancouver to Saskatoon and Toronto cost only \$1.90 and \$2.65 respectively, for the first three minutes. These rates apply from 6 p.m. to 4.30 a.m. station to station daily and all day Sunday. Why not make a call today?

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YOUR TELEPHONE COMPANY, united with seven other major companies to send your voice anywhere, anytime.

Letter from Scotland



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

"They're probably the world's most generous people"

Despite the fact that we are now in the flying age there is still something irresistible about a train. This thought occurred to me recently when my wife and I boarded the Flying Scotsman. There is an undoubted feeling of romantic adventure about this legendary train with its elegance and its smartly uniformed attendants.

We were on our way to spend a few days in Scotland—at Culross, where our daughter and her naval husband are quartered. But of course the splendid Flying Scotsman would not deign to carry us all the way. Instead a tiny toy train took us on board at Edinburgh and, in due course, we arrived in the dark at Culross with its cobbled hilly roads, its dim lights and its air of dignified antiquity.

There is a legend among the Sassenachs that the Scots are a mean race who cling to their pennies as if they were pure gold. Nothing could be further from the truth. Whether the Scots spend or give their money they want value for the expenditure. With that proviso they are probably the most generous people to be found in the world.

Consider my daughter's experience: When the young couple first went up to house hunt in Scotland they knew no one in the village as they wandered hopefully but doubtfully looking for a place to live. But, by chance, a kindly woman saw their dilemma. "I have

two houses right together," she said. "Why don't you take one and be my neighbor?"

With growing hopes they were ushered into a house of infinite charm, partly upon a hill, and with the Firth of Forth in full view a few miles away. But this was Scotland where the people want value for their money, and the navy is not over-generous in paying its employees.

"What would the rent be?" asked my son-in-law. "How much a week?"

"Bless your hearts," said the good woman. "I'd like to have you as neighbors." Whereupon she mentioned a figure of such tiny dimensions that they thought she was joking, despite the fact that the Scots are not given to that kind of thing. But she meant it. So the newlyweds moved in and we came to stay with them for a long week end.

To someone, like myself, who has lived all his years in two metropolitan centres—London and Toronto—there is something fascinating about an ancient small town with its pleasant shops, its friendliness, its graveyards where the rain and the wind have made the inscriptions almost indecipherable, and its defiant church steeples pointing heavenward.

The molding gravestones in the Culross churchyard told us that Margaret McGregor, or some such person, died long ago at the age of 84. Beside *continued on page 90*



Baxter played the Gleneagles golf course until rain drove him to cover.

Remington's first again...with the
only electric shaver that

ADJUSTS

**TO ANY
BEARD**

**OR
SKIN**

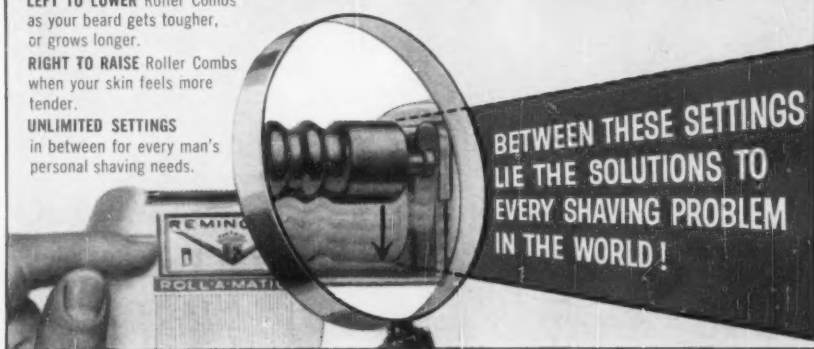


MOVE CONTROL PANEL:

LEFT TO LOWER Roller Combs
as your beard gets tougher,
or grows longer.

RIGHT TO RAISE Roller Combs
when your skin feels more
tender.

UNLIMITED SETTINGS
in between for every man's
personal shaving needs.



Roll-A-Matic shaving antiquates all others! Here's a shaver every man can tailor to his particular skin and beard for the first *truly* perfect shave! In the new Remington Roll-A-Matic Electric Shaver, exclusive Roller Combs now *rise* when skin needs more comfort, *lower* for heavier growth, week-long beards, sideburns or mustache. Unlimited settings in between—one is precisely right for *your* beard or skin!

Only Remington's exclusive Roller Combs roll skin down, comb whiskers up. That's why only man-sized Remington, with 6 diamond-honed cutters, can comfortably shave your Hidden Beard—whisker bases below ordinary shaving level. Shaves last hours longer!

Now, these Roller Combs adjust, making Roll-A-Matic shaving your first truly problem-free shaving, whatever your beard or skin condition! So get the new Remington Roll-A-Matic Shaver today! All Remington dealers, including drug, jewelry, department and appliance stores.

Product of *Remington Rand* Limited, Electric Shaver Division, Toronto

NEW ADJUSTABLE

REMINGTON ROLL-A-MATIC
ELECTRIC SHAVER

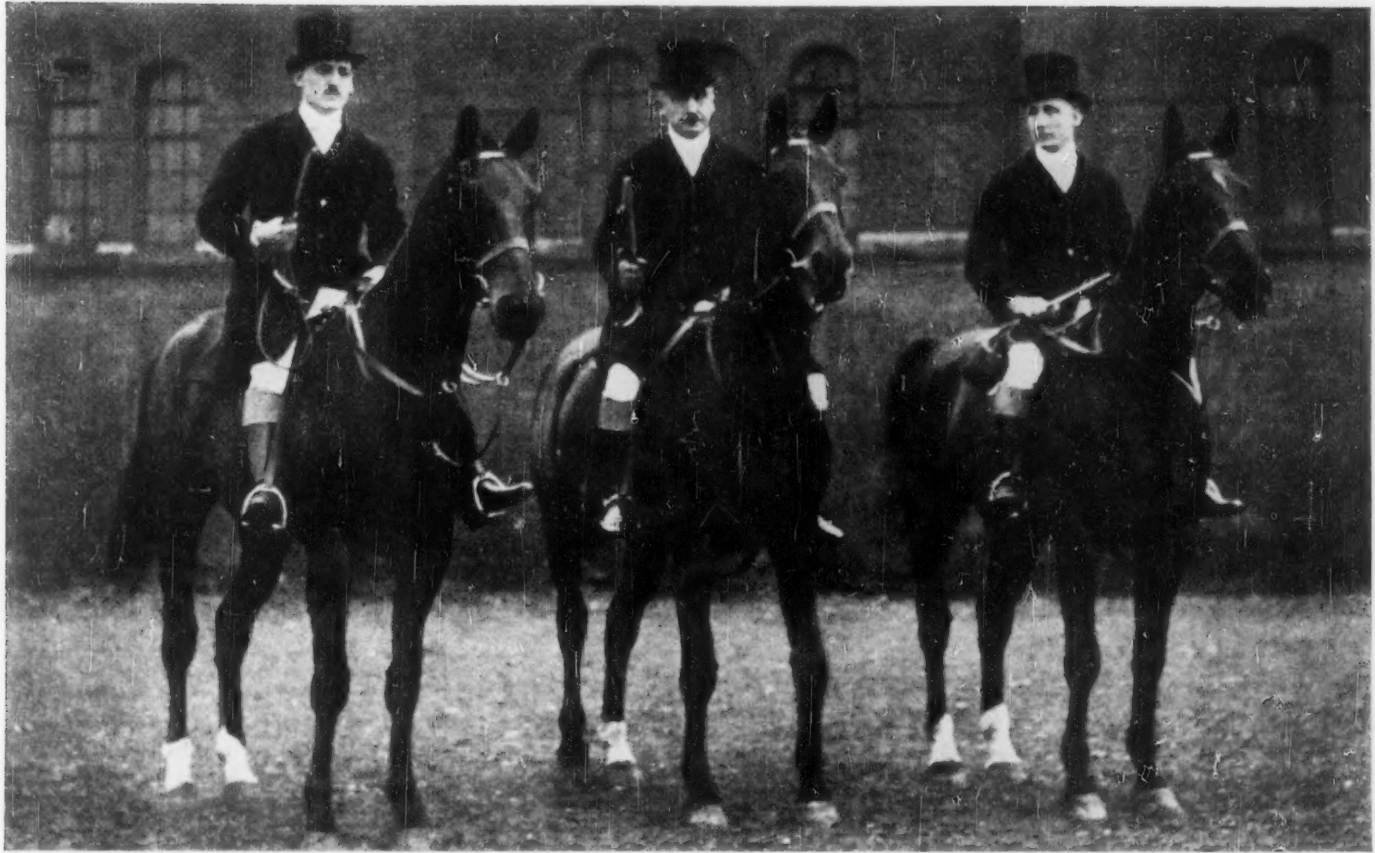


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TRUE MILDNESS
BEST ALL 'ROUND FILTER**

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CANADA'S BEST FILTER CIGARETTE





Proud and powerful, the late Sir Clifford sits between his sons Victor and Clifford at the Toronto Hunt Club — "a newspaper dynasty capable of toppling governments."

The vast and turbulent empire of the Siftons

**The newspaper dynasty founded in 1899
by Sir Clifford Sifton is now split between his
two surviving sons — who scarcely
speak to one another — but it continues to boom.
Now that Victor Sifton,
owner of the Winnipeg Free Press, has joined forces
with Max Bell, a young Calgary millionaire
in oil and publishing, the empire sprawls
through five provinces from Ottawa to Victoria**

BY BLAIR FRASER

AMONG THE FAMILIES of Canada none has made more history, more controversy or more news—and few have made more money—than a pioneer son of Manitoba, Clifford Sifton, and his five sons.

Old Sir Clifford himself (he was knighted for home-front services during World War I) was Sir Wilfrid Laurier's minister of the interior and of immigration around the turn of the century. He did as much as any one man to open the Canadian west, settle the prairies with wheat farmers and thus found the modern Canadian economy. But to the present generation the name Sifton means something else. It means the Sifton Press, probably the nearest approach this country has ever had to a newspaper dynasty capable of creating or destroying governments in the thunderous manner of The Times, of London.

The dean of Sifton papers, the Winnipeg Free Press, has a record no other can match. Its great editor John W. Daffoe was the counsel and confidant of three prime ministers, Laurier, Borden and Mackenzie King. He was the feared and

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

The vast and turbulent empire of the Siftons *continued*



New blood for an ancient dynasty, western publisher Max Bell (right) joined Victor in buying the Ottawa Journal. Victor acquired an interest in Bell's four papers.



Victor: "Never showed fear."



Clifford: "Wounded, promoted."

Old Sir Clifford's youngest sons were both World War I heroes; both won the DSO.

respected foe of two other prime ministers, Meighen and Bennett. For intimate knowledge of public affairs, and for influence on national policy Canada has never known the equal of the Free Press.

But today the Sifton Press is a bit like the Roman Empire under the Emperors Valens and Valentinian, forty years before the sack of Rome. In theory the Empire was vaster than Augustus Caesar's, stretching from the Rhine to the Tigris. In fact it was divided between two brothers, who in turn were served by powerful and intractable generals, and nobody was quite sure who was boss.

The Sifton empire seems at a glance to run from the banks of the Ottawa to Vancouver Island. It was only one newspaper when Sir Clifford bought the Manitoba Free Press from the CPR in 1899 (plus a lot of valuable though undeveloped land). Today, papers wholly or partly owned by heirs of Sir Clifford are published in five provinces. Victor, the younger of the two surviving sons, owns by himself or with an energetic young partner named Max Bell, papers in Winnipeg, Ottawa, Calgary, Victoria and Lethbridge. Clifford, the other son, owns the only newspapers in Regina and Saskatoon.

The Sifton and Sifton-Bell newspapers have a total circulation of eight hundred thousand, half of it daily, the other half in the Free Press Weekly, that blankets the west and has some readers from coast to coast. Siftons also own two radio stations and a television station, have a share in another of each, and hope for a piece of the new private TV station in Winnipeg when the government decides to authorize one.

In addition they have interests in other enterprises, large tracts of land in different parts of Canada, half a dozen fine houses from Brockville, Ont., to Regina, and stables of show horses the equal of any in Canada. The family fortune is variously estimated between ten million and fifty million dollars. Siftons themselves prefer the lower figure but other people, including some who should know, guess up to the higher. (It is no coincidence that all Sifton-associated newspapers, from the most skittish to the most staid, are in a chronic state of alarm about inflation.)

But like the Roman Empire in 370 A.D., all this is no longer a unit. Sifton newspapers are parceled out between two brothers who have been divided for nearly seven years by a bitter and still unhealed family quarrel. The split took place in spite, or perhaps because, of the fact that Victor and Clifford Sifton are more like each other, and more like their stern and rather monumental father, than were any of the rest of Sir Clifford's five sons. (The other Sifton brothers, all older, died twenty-five to thirty years ago.)

Of the five boys Clifford and Victor held their father in most esteem, tried hardest to measure up to his harsh standards of conduct and to multiply the wealth he bequeathed them as he would have wished them to do. Both are teetotalers, as they were brought up to be in a rigidly Methodist household. Both had excellent combat records in World War I — overseas as lieutenants in 1915, home as majors, each with the DSO for bravery in the field. Two of their elders, John and Winfield, saw service too, but neither did as well as Clifford and Victor; Harry, the third son, was physically unfit, crippled by an accident in infancy that left him with one leg inches shorter than the other. A fellow officer of 1915-18 says "I can remember only two men who never showed any sign of fear in battle, and one of them was Victor Sifton."

No differences of view about editorial policy separate the estranged brothers. Both are liberals in the old-fashioned, Manchester sense — believers in free trade and unlimited free enterprise, dedicated opponents of the welfare state. The newspapers nearest to their hearts all reflect these opinions.

Victor, at sixty-two the younger by four years, is owner and editor of the Winnipeg Free Press and the rural Free

Press Weekly. Clifford is owner and publisher of the Regina Leader-Post and the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix. Clifford also owns the Sifton radio and TV stations and the smaller companies and properties that he himself calls "the dogs and cats." If this sounds as though Clifford got the lion's share of the estate, the impression is misleading. Victor's Winnipeg Free Press, daily plus weekly, is worth more than all the rest put together, and Victor paid Clifford the difference in cash when they divided the property in 1953.

Since then, Victor has expanded his share by alliance and purchase. Within the last year he joined forces with Max Bell, the young oil millionaire who owns the Victoria Colonist and Times, the Calgary Albertan and the Lethbridge Herald. Together they bought the Ottawa Journal, an independent newspaper that has always been (and still is) as stoutly Tory as the Sifton papers have been Grit.

To confuse the picture further the Winnipeg, Regina and Saskatoon newspapers that have been Sifton-owned for thirty to sixty years continue to look like the near kin they are. In format, news treatment and editorial policy they are still virtually identical, even though their publishers are no longer on easy speaking terms. But the mixed bag of newspapers of which Victor Sifton is a part-owner with Max Bell (the exact details of the alliance are still being worked out) could not be recognized by anyone as blood relatives.

The Victoria pair, like the Winnipeg Free Press, are small-c conservative but big-L Liberal. So, in a dustier way, is the Lethbridge Herald. The Calgary Albertan is a sprightly junior competitor of the Tory Calgary Herald. As for the Ottawa Journal, its editorial page is Conservative with a big C and liberal with a small l, while its news pages are lively, local and lowbrow. (The Journal, in a tradition shared by its local competitor, the Ottawa Citizen, would play the Second Coming as a second story below such a top line as "CABINET STUDIES CIVIL SERVICE PAY BOOST.")

Operating this lot as a chain is like trying to drive four-in-hand a couple of Clydesdales, a quarter horse and a Shetland pony. It is solemnly laid down by contract that no co-ordination of editorial policy within the new Victor Sifton-Max Bell empire will even be attempted. News co-operation looks easier in theory, but it too is turning out to be difficult in practice.

The Ottawa Journal, for example, wants no part whatever of the Sifton-Bell news bureau in the parliamentary press gallery. The Journal probably has better and faster access to Prime Minister John Diefenbaker than any other newspaper, and has no intention of jeopardizing this advantage by sharing it with a covey of Grits. When Victor Sifton meekly suggested that maybe his news bureau could at least have an office in the Journal building, Tory editor Grattan O'Leary said, "That seems a reasonable request, since you own the building, but the answer is no."

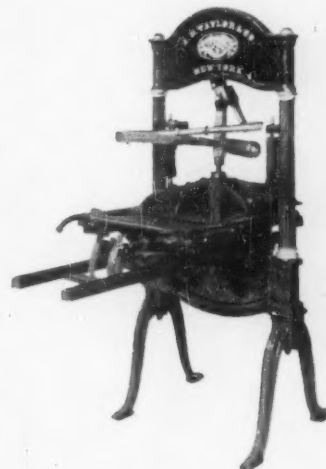
Presumably the Victoria papers, whose editor Bruce Hutchison has been a friend and co-worker of the Siftons for years, will have less trouble adapting to double harness, but even for them, and for the Winnipeg Free Press too, the adjustment will be considerable and the advantages rather vague. At best, such a loose confederation will be a lame substitute for the unitary journalistic empire that the original Sifton newspapers made when Victor and Clifford were young men.

The five Sifton boys were a turbulent lot. Old-timers in Saskatoon recall one evening when four of them were in town, dealing with some problem on the Star-Phoenix. One (nobody remembers which one) was going back east that night, and all four arrived on the station platform as the train pulled in. They were in the middle of a furious argument. The battle went on while luggage was loaded into the departing brother's compartment, while the conductor shouted, "All aboard," and when the train continued on page 83

THE KEYSTONES OF THE EMPIRE




J. W. Dafoe as the Free Press editor who advised—and cowed—premiers.



This was the first printing press used by the Free Press. Sir Clifford bought the paper from the CPR.



E. H. Macklin, general manager of the paper, feuded with Dafoe and lost.



The secret tragedy of **THE** **ALCOHOLIC'S** **WIFE**

Most of Canada's hundreds of thousands of problem drinkers are heads of families. Do their wives—while wanting to help—often unconsciously sabotage a cure?

A national report by **SIDNEY KATZ**

Two heartbreaking interviews are vividly etched in my memory from the many days spent reporting the tragic story of the alcoholic and his marriage. One was with a beautiful sixteen-year-old girl with copper-colored hair and a soft voice. After brushing the tears away from her eyes, she pointed to her new brown dress and stylish matching shoes.

"See these?" she asked. "Dad bought them for me a few days ago. It was to apologize for the way he humiliated me in front of all my friends. He was dead drunk when he staggered into my party and shouted crude off-color jokes and tried to dance with the girls. I keep telling him I don't want presents from him. The only thing I want is for him to quit drinking and stop beating mother and wrecking the furniture and always embarrassing us in front of the neighbors. It's a terrible thing to say — but my own father doesn't love me. If he did — how could he go on making me so unhappy?"

The second interview was with a thirty-four-year-old woman who might have been extremely attractive had her face not borne the marks of chronic fatigue and anxiety. She had three children; the husband had been drinking excessively for eight of the twelve years they had been married.

"It's like tottering on the edge of a high precipice, day after day, year after year," she said. "Who knows what a drunk is liable to do next? He can be so cruel — like last Christmas. He didn't show up from the office until the middle of Christmas day. He was sloppy, drunk and broke. **continued on page 91**"

"I can't use it," the prime minister said firmly. "It would ruin the country."

So what could Walter Gorn do with his priceless find—

the bottomless purse

IT WAS A COLD DECEMBER NIGHT and three cross columnists sat in an office writing their columns. The first was reviewing a play he had just seen and was visibly in pain. The second, a humorist, a gentle man and a scholar, was nursing his ulcer past the subject of door-to-door salesmen. The third was Walter Gorn.

Walter Gorn was scowling. "If Punch Imlach doesn't take . . ." he had written when the phone rang. It was his wife, Ethel.

"I hope you didn't forget to get the pork chops," his wife Ethel said.

"Darling," Walter began.

"You forgot," she said. "I forgive you." Walter smiled as he hung up. Then he remembered he still had a whole column to write, and he began to get back into his scowling mood again, without immediate success.

His mind was on other things. He thought about the slight curve at the end of his wife's nose, and smiled. He tried to imagine the feel of an eleven-o'clock June sun on his arm. He wished he was in Bermuda. CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

A short story by JOHN GRAY



"Please leave," said the PM. "Take the purse with you."

From the theatrical notebooks of



"Montreal in 1929—it all seemed very foreign and congenial to me"

IN 1929 I received an offer from the Canadian National Railways. It may seem odd that a railway company should make offers of theatrical employment. However, in Canada at this period, radio was operated by the two great railroads—the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific.

The head man of the Canadian National Railways' radio department, Austin Weir, had decided to produce a series of scripts dealing in dramatic form with Canadian history. Merrill Denison had been engaged as author. Since, to date, Canada had no indigenous radio drama, it was decided to import a director from Britain.

I never heard why the election lighted on me. Denison and Weir met me at the dockside in New York. Prohibition still reigned. I remember knocks at sundry dark doorways, and faces peering through grills. I remember the squealing consternation when I started to undress in the Pullman without pulling the frowsy, sage-green curtain of my "lower" in the night train for Montreal.

Montreal—this was thirty years ago—seemed,

and, for the first time, encountered peanut butter.

I walked on the Mountain—a real mountain, quite high, which sprouts up in the very centre of the city and provides it with a glorious playground. I wandered through wintry cemeteries and read the names on the tombs—so many, like myself, Irish and Scottish—and felt a strong pleasure that, like them, I was bringing something of the old country with me and would, God willing, take something of the New World home.

I read Maria Chapdelaine. I visited kind, dull cousins in Westmount—stronghold of well-off, empire-minded bourgeoisie. In Westmount they regard—or did then, no doubt they have reformed all that—the French-Canadians as "Natives," make a point of mispronouncing French names—"Noter Dayme, Plass Darms, Saint Dennis"—and, in general, acting as if Boney and his Frog-eaters were expected any moment to assail the White Cliffs. The French-Canadians, on their part, much more French than the inhabitants of metropolitan France, much more Catholic than the Vatican, extravagantly exemplified the sort of ideas about "foreigners" which were current in Tunbridge Wells and Leamington Spa during the Boer War; were, in short, charming, volatile, unpunctual, "artistic" and inclined to smell of garlic.

I lived at the "Y." It was very central, very cheap and very clean. Each Saturday there appeared in my room the weekly issue of the House Mag. Its tone was so extravagantly hearty and chummy, so muscularly Christian, that I could hardly credit it was not meant to be funny. It addressed its readers as though we were members of some surrealist English Public School of the eighteen fifties, furiously hearty, desperately sin-conscious, but thoroughbred. Yet the Young Fellows whom I met in the showers, in the elevator or at breakfast in the canteen, did not seem unduly hearty, sin-conscious or thoroughbred. Who, I wondered, attends the Informal Mixed Socials, the Indian Pow-Wows, the Quiet Chats, which, with grisly relish, the House Mag reported.

The Romance of Canada, as we called our series, must have been one of the first radio serials. For about twenty weeks we churned out a new historical episode every Tuesday, often with large casts and complicated "effects." The Romance of Canada fell sick of a disease to which all serial undertakings are liable; the gradual exhaustion of the author. At the end of my contract, and as a sort of tip in addition to my salary, Weir arranged that I should travel right across Canada as a guest of the Canadian National Railways. It was a wonderful present. I left Canada thrilled by what I had seen, eager to return and eager to be, somehow, at some time, and in some way, a participant in the adventure of developing this land.



Merrill Denison wrote and Guthrie directed.



Guthrie hams it up with the crew of the Romance of Canada radio series that brought him to Montreal. "I loved the intense cold outside, the heat inside."

to my untraveled eyes, everything that was romantic. I loved the intense cold out of doors and the intense heat indoors. Most British people find this trying; in my thick suits I certainly sweated, but the extravagant temperatures were all part of the fun. It was Christmas time and the lit trees, the masses of Bermuda lilies, the snow, the policemen in fur hats, the incense-laden gaiety of a predominantly, very consciously Catholic city, were all very "foreign," and congenial.

I used to wander about the streets staring at the fascinating "types," so very unlike the inhabitants of Glasgow or Belfast, Oxford, Cambridge or Kensington. I ate in a little Czech café

"At public school, the margarine was rancid again. We rebelled"



The author at 12.

I was sent to an English public school, called Wellington, in honor of the Iron Duke. The food was not good but my schooldays coincided with wartime so I think the school authorities were not to blame. In 1917 toward the end of the war there was a rebellion. The margarine—we hadn't tasted butter for weeks—was rancid again. Everyone left his pat of margarine untasted.

The meal ended. Grace was said; and then, instead of filing out as usual, dormitory by dormitory, in alphabetical order, we stood; just stood, five hundred of us, each with his pat of margarine poised on his knife's end.

"What is the matter?" asked the master in charge.

It was our cue. In silence each of us flipped his margarine as high into the air as he could; many pats struck the ceiling with a soft, soul-satisfying, greasy thud. Then followed something which I shall never forget. The steward, the stern and dignified individual who was responsible for the catering, and upon whom we now all fixed our silent, censoring gaze, suddenly hid his face in his hands and fled from the hall in tears. Our rebellion was a fizzle. We had, like all mobs, found a scapegoat for our wrath; our reward for the Ritual Slaughter was only to be shocked witnesses of the victim's anguish. The margarine continued to be rancid.



Noel Coward harmonizes with stage star Mary Martin.

"Noel Coward has an overpublicized but underestimated talent"

Noel Coward's, I think, is an overpublicized but underestimated talent. Not only has he been a leading entertainer in the popular field for a great many years. He is the author of Bitter Sweet, the

TYRONE GUTHRIE

The brilliant Irish director who helped set Canada's Shakespearean Festival firmly on its feet looks back with wry amusement, pungent wit and a photographic memory on a lively lifetime in the Theatre

best musical of the 1920's, and its composer and director as well. He is also the author of *Hay Fever*, an artificial comedy which, in my view, has as good a chance of immortality as any work of an author now living. It is "minor" work; its pretensions are small; but as well as its author's typical glitter and sharp satiric sting, there is an "over and above" of wholesome plain horse sense.



Charles Laughton arrives at a premiere with his wife Elsa Lanchester. "He made the role Henry VIII his."

"When I first joined the Old Vic, I tried, mistakenly, to star a woman"

When I joined the Old Vic it was my duty to propose a program and cast for the 1933-34 season.

My first move was to approach Flora Robson. This shows my inexperience. Now I realize that a Shakespeare company cannot be centred upon a woman. All the great parts demand men. I have also learned that, in forming a company, the initial approach should be to the person who is going to play the most responsible parts. It is, for instance, unwise to engage a man who will be ideally cast for Malcolm, if his presence in the cast, as for some reason it perfectly well may, precludes the engagement of the best available for Macbeth.

However, in this case luck was with us. Miss Robson mentioned the fact that she had been invited to play at the Old Vic to Charles Laughton. Laughton, who admired her acting as much as I did, was much interested in the possibility of being associated with the season. Though still only in his early thirties, he was at this time the most talked-of actor in London. He had had sensational success in three or four plays and now a film called *The Private Life of Henry VIII* had just been issued and his performance, as Henry Tudor, was being acclaimed all over the world.

"Many artists are frustrated and miserable, finding no joy in art"

It is sometimes supposed that self-expression is a privilege reserved for a race apart, beings called Artists. This is not my experience. I have known carpenters, cooks, gardeners, engine-drivers — workers of many kinds, who have been able to use their work as a soul-satisfying means of expression. Perhaps, it may be argued, that in so doing they raise cooking or engine-driving to the level of art. I think they do. And, conversely, many artists, persons who profess that painting is their work, or music or literature, are frustrated miserable creatures, who can find in their art no joy, no release of pent-up energies. If so, they are in the wrong job; or maybe, their state is such that no work can medicine their disease. These are unhappy people.



Helen Hayes



Sybil Thorndike



Tallulah Bankhead

"Only the classics can measure the relative statures of actors, not a couple of ephemeral comedies"

The classics are the only measuring rod by which the stature of an actor, or a director, can be measured. It is not possible to compare Mr. A's performance in one ephemeral comedy with that of Mr. B. in another. Such comparisons are made; but with rare exceptions it is the personalities rather than the art and skill of the artists which



Laurence Olivier



John Barrymore



Christopher Plummer

are the point of comparison. Criticism degenerates into gossip. But it is possible, and it is a matter of great interest and of serious critical value, to compare the Hamlets, let us say, of Barrymore, Gielgud, Olivier, Maurice Evans, Christopher Plummer, and the host of others, who from time to time attempt the part and risk the comparison. Occasionally a performer will be so outstanding in a certain role as to make it his own for at least a generation. In London, Edith Evans has done so as *Millamant*. Sybil Thorndike as *Medea*. Laurette Taylor did it in *The Glass Menagerie*; other instances come to mind: Tallulah Bankhead in *The Little Foxes*, Ruth Gordon in *The Matchmaker*, Helen Hayes in *Victoria Regina*. But in each of these instances the actress was supported by a play of sufficient weight to be at least a runner-up for classical status.

"You must spend money like water — not wastefully but handsomely"

After many years in theatrical affairs, during most of which I have had some responsibility for other people's money, I have learnt, often painfully, that cheeseparing just is no good. If you want to make money, you must be ready to spend it — like water. This does not mean wastefully; it must be spent with care and discrimination, but handsomely. I have come to recognize, though reluctantly, that one of the chief pleasures of the theatre for the audience is to participate in lavish and luxurious goings-on.

This may not be the noblest, highest aspect of theatre-going, but it is very human, especially in the case of people who

continued on page 76

"It happened to me"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

I SAW GANDHI ASSASSINATED

As the author stood a few feet away in the soft Indian twilight, a fanatic pumped three bullets into the saintly old man. The whole world mourned the outrage but no one more keenly than this young girl to whom the Mahatma was friend, hero and guiding light

By **URMILA B. VALIA** as told to **THOMAS WALSH**

WHEN I WAS a teen-age girl, I had a hero. I went to hear him talk after school. I asked him for his autograph. I was one of his most ardent "fans." But he had no resemblance to any of the idols of teen-age girls in Canada today.

He was a thin, bald little man of seventy-seven with metal-rimmed spectacles who used to visit a house in the next block to my parents' home in New Delhi, India. He became known to the world as Mahatma (great-souled) Gandhi, India's great political and social leader who, after studying law at London University and practising law in Africa, returned to his native India to crusade against child marriage, poverty, caste and the British rule. Later, as leader of the Indian National Congress, he furthered the nation-wide non-violent, non-cooperative resistance movements, called Satyagraha, that won for India her independence from British rule.

I saw him often, talked to him often, and was a few steps from him when a fanatic stepped up in an attitude of prayer and put three bullets into his body. That was twelve years ago. But today, in my job as social worker with the Family Welfare Association in Montreal, I still feel the strength of his presence. I still benefit by his teachings and personality. He was the most saintly man I've ever known.

Gandhi's granddaughter and I were playmates during my childhood and were in the same class at school. His youngest son, who was an editor of the Hindustan Times, which was published in New Delhi, lived a block from us.

During my childhood, I saw Gandhi simply as a kindly elderly man who was very fond of us children and who loved to speak to us. He had long ago given up dressing like an Englishman, which he had tried while studying in England, and had adopted the

dhoti, loin cloth and sandals that became symbolic of his simple personal needs. I was too young to understand but the things he worked all his life to abolish from Indian life existed all around me. Marriages were arranged by parents, often between very young children. Frequently the bride and groom set eyes on one another for the first time only after they were married. Untouchability was still very much in force.

One of my earliest recollections is of my grandmother, a very orthodox Hindu, taking me to a temple. I happened to touch someone passing by on the road. My grandmother, who had been pulling her clothes aside so that the fringe of her sari wouldn't come in contact with anyone, turned right around and took me home. She took a bath, then set out again for the temple, alone.

My mother explained it to me. "You see, Urmila, you might have touched an untouchable, and your grandmother was afraid that she might touch you." I couldn't understand it. It was all beyond me.

As a child I had no idea that the life of my own home was closely involved with Gandhi. My mother and father had taken part in Gandhi's Satyagraha. My mother, a religious woman, who came from a family that was prominent in public life, and included an uncle who is finance minister of Bombay state, had been sent to jail for five months for picketing British goods. My father was one of Gandhi's close associates.

I had my first real contact with such things when I was nine, one day when I was on my way home from school. I lived in a big old house with galleries front and back. Other families lived in the same building. I had got off the school bus and was walking up our street on my way **continued on page 40**



The author (left), as a young girl in New Delhi, often shared the honor of walking with Gandhi. In this group, Jawaharlal Nehru is behind her.



Captain Fogarty Fegen

"I promise you this much," he said to his men. "If the gods are good to us and we meet the enemy, I shall take you in as close as I possibly can." Moments before the order was given to abandon ship, he was found lying dead on the deck.

The gallant death of

In one of the most heroic actions of World War II, a converted merchantman pointed her pathetically inadequate guns at a prowling German battleship and invited sure destruction while the rest of the convoy ran for cover



AB Walter Darnbrough

His dash to the lifeboat station "was like running through an ugly nightmare, with the flames, the smoke and the fumes, the twisted wreckage, the dead and wounded sprawled grotesquely about." Though wounded, he survived the sinking.



Stoker John T. Smith

At sea for the first time, he wrote home: "This is a big ship. You've got nothing to worry about." During battle he scoffed at the superstition about lighting three cigarettes on a match. He lived, but those who warned him were killed.



th of the Jervis Bay

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

By Richard O'Hagan Illustrations by Don Anderson

DURING THE SUMMER AND FALL of 1940, the Battle of the Atlantic, though not yet christened by Winston Churchill, had already developed into a fearful struggle that threatened to choke the life from a beleaguered Britain. Though the Germans still had relatively few U-boats at sea, their operational effectiveness was greatly increased by the new Atlantic bases acquired at the fall of France.

The Allies countered as best they could but their ill-equipped naval and air forces were soon stretched to the breaking point. They seemed wholly unable to gain any significant reduction in the terrible price that was being paid in both cargoes and lives.

The toll for June was sixty-one British ships of 282,560 tons; July, sixty-four ships of 271,056 tons; August, fifty-six ships of 278,323 tons; September, sixty-two ships of 324,030 tons; October (when, in three days, thirty-eight ships from three convoys were sunk) 301,892 tons. Then came November, the worst month of all when seventy-

three ships of 303,682 tons were sent to the bottom.

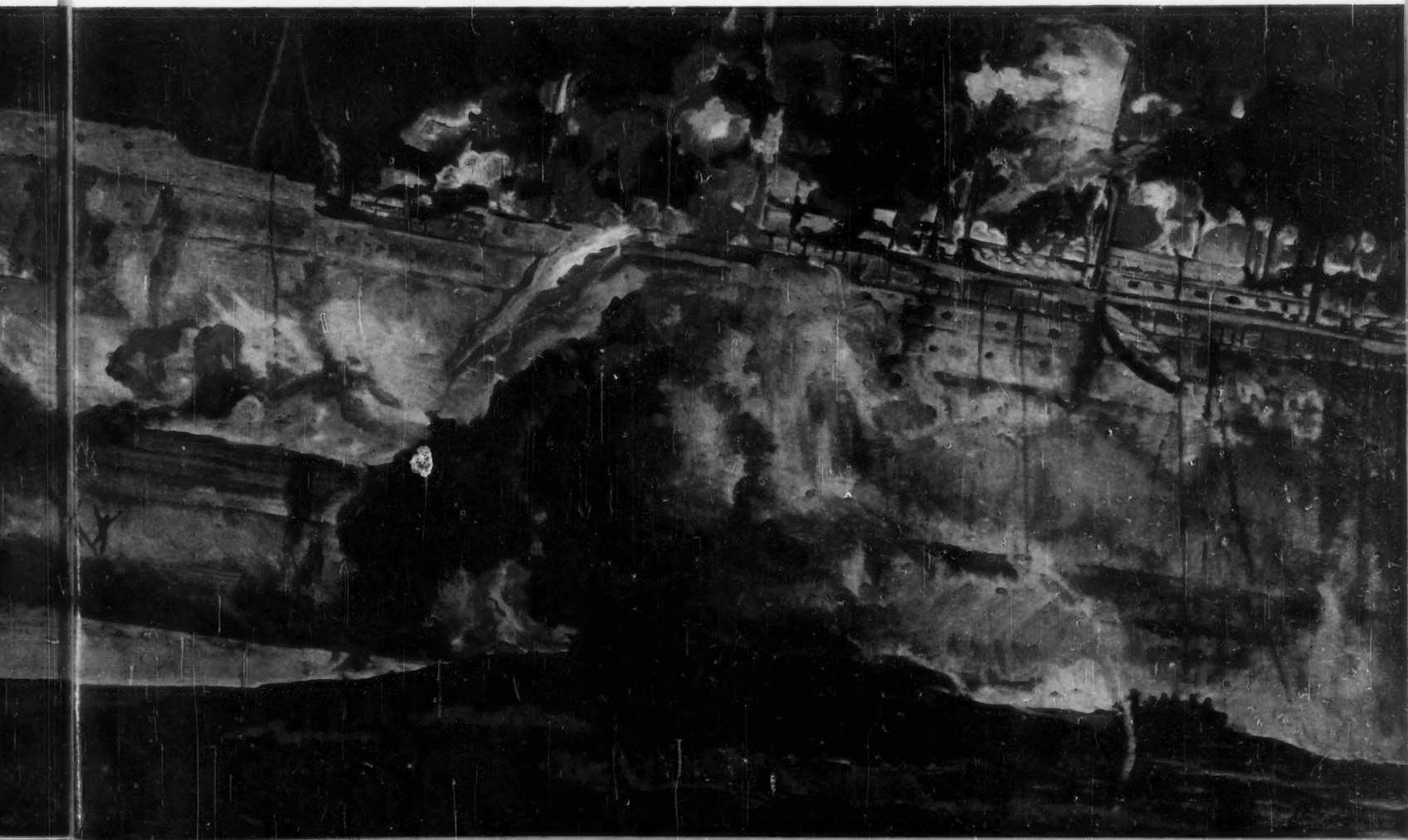
For merchant seamen on the North Atlantic convoy routes, the prospects were dimly bleak. If a man's ship were sunk, the odds against his survival were 3 to 2; but there were men who had three and even four ships torpedoed under them. Survivors, picked up from rafts and open boats, were landed daily with arms and legs ripped off, skin burned black and sometimes frozen.

Ashore, merchant seamen revelled with a kind of last-chance determination, but even then they could not escape the haunting fear that the next crossing might be the last. Onto this grim and darkening stage, on Nov. 5, 1940, plodded convoy HX 84, thirty-eight grey ships huddled together as if for warmth on the infinite face of the mid-Atlantic.

Their sole guardian was HMS Jervis Bay, 13,839 tons, fresh from a refit in Saint John, N.B., an eighteen-year-old merchant liner that had been requisitioned by the government and converted to serve, how-

continued on page 68

"The bow of the sinking ship rose higher and higher until it stood like a fiery beacon . . . then it vanished, leaving eddying debris."



Leonard Brockington
 Douglas Fullerton
 Peter Dwyer
 Lillian Breen
 Dr. A. W. Trueman
 Very Reverend Father
 Georges-Henri Lévesque
 Eugène Bussière
 Dr. Frank Leddy
 Emile Tellier
 Mrs. Angus Macdonald
 Dr. Norman MacKenzie



This is the Canada Council, except chairman Brooke Claxton, who was ill when the council met last August in Charlottetown, and Gerald M. Winter, out of sight at the foot of the table.

Mrs. Margaret Harvey
 Dr. Eustace Morin
 Vida Peene
 Sir Ernest MacMillan
 Mme. Alfred Paradis, Jr.
 Frank Lynch-Staunton
 Dr. W. A. Mackintosh
 Dr. Frank McKinnon

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

UNLIKE MOST PEOPLE, who seldom have trouble getting rid of money, Dr. Albert Trueman finds it difficult. Every two months he gives away, roughly, one and a half million dollars. "It's easy to give away money," he says, quoting Andrew Carnegie, "but to give it away intelligently is as hard as it was to earn it."

Trueman heads the Canada Council, our chief patron of the arts, and the money he doles out (to organizations, colleges, scholars and artists) belongs to us, the people of Canada. This is possibly why he describes his job as "a fearful and wonderful exercise of judgment." When it comes to spending tax dollars we are rarely in agreement, much less when it comes to art.

Yet the council, the nation's biggest giveaway, the most generous sugar daddy Canadian art has ever known, draws surprisingly few brickbats. True, editorial writers have called it a waste of tax money, a futile attempt to "buy" culture, a huge cultural pork barrel for artists and scholars to dip into. But this, like the praise, is opinion, with little force of fact to support it.

The truth is that few people *know* what we're getting for our money. The council scatters its largess across four thousand miles, over the whole range of arts and a broad segment of scholarship; it has so many facets it's hard to see it whole, as one of the most ambitious efforts a nation has ever made to lift its level of public taste.

As a philanthropic institution, eighth-largest on the continent, the council can be described as a large body of money completely surrounded by people who want some. In its two and a half years it has been asked for cash to build an aquarium, design a Canadian flag, and construct an overnight guest house with a mammoth roadside toilet open to travelers "night or day, 365 days in the year."

An inventor has asked for its help to patent a new brassiere. A mathematician asked for help to perfect a formula. An athlete asked for a grant because "physical education is an art," an aspect of logic that also occurred to a chess player, a farmer and a nurse. A Californian wanted to publish a song about the Dionne quintuplets. And Senator Harold Connolly of Nova Scotia has suggested that the Council look after Canada's tourist publicity.

These requests are a bit outside even the council's terms of reference: "to foster and promote the study and enjoyment of, and the production of works in, the arts, humanities and social sciences" — the biggest broadest franchise in the crowded field of philanthropy, which can count, in the U. S. alone, more than 7,200 foundations.

Their evolution is significant. They were started late in the last century to aid the sick and the suffering. Then, turning to the cause of disease, they subsidized medical research. Then they looked beyond this at society and branched into social science. Then, their last and final flowering, and this quite recently, they began to endow the artist and the thinker.

Right there they were in hot water, accused of encouraging subversion, of undermining education, of waste. The U. S. Congress investigated them twice, and about three years ago, every foundation but one, the Guggenheim, backed away from the arts. And it was precisely at this time, in this field, that Canada launched the council.

It grew out of the 1949 Massey Royal Commission on the Arts and Sciences, out of eight subsequent years of steady pressure by local art groups. And when the estates of Isaak Killam and Sir James Dunn were settled, **continued on page 72**

Are we getting our money's worth from the Canada Council?

At the rate of \$25,000 a day, it's pouring money into the arts, humanities and social sciences. Critics say the scheme is "a futile attempt to buy culture;" to others it's "a sound and wonderful investment." Opinions aside, here's an up-to-date report on what the chief spender himself says is a gamble



Sixteen died when this rabbit-warren Montreal apartment house burned down; there was no record it had ever been inspected.

WHY CAN'T WE STOP THE SLAUGHTER AND WASTE OF FIRE?

Canada holds a record — the world's worst — for loss of life and property by fire. At the current rate, seven thousand persons will die in flames in the next decade. This national report by KEN LEFOLII offers stringent advice from experts on how to save these lives

FIRE WILL KILL seven thousand Canadians in the 1960's and maim twenty-two thousand more. The angry flames will reduce two billion dollars worth of the Canadian skyline to smoke, soot, and ashes.

Although many nations publish no records, the reports of those that do leave little doubt that fire will ravage Canadians more viciously, person for person, than any other people on earth.

The hurt and the homeless will nonetheless continue to be a small minority. The unscorched majority will continue to regard the charred corpses, the seared invalids, and the smoldering rubble as a regrettable but normal charge against our way of life.

We have learned this cynical view at great cost in the

last decade or two, but it contains a tragic error. Fire is more often a work of man than an act of God, and though the devastation of the Sixties will be statistically "normal" — the estimates given here are simple arithmetical extensions of the fire rates established in the Fifties — it will be morally abnormal. Burning alive is a horrible death. Knowingly exposing a single child to death by fire is a cruel and barbarous betrayal.

During the 1950's fire killed fifty-four hundred Canadians, scorched sixteen thousand more, and incinerated a billion dollars worth of real estate. It is certain that at least one child, one woman, one man among these thousands was knowingly and barbarously betrayed. Their actual number is greater: it may be hundreds, it may even be many thousands.

The same betrayal is waiting for many of the seven thousand who will perish in the fires of the Sixties. This report tells why they will die and where:

Some Canadian fire victims in the Sixties will die in firetraps whose owners are knowingly and obviously violating the law.

These firetraps will have some things in common with an apartment block at 2 Oldfield Place in midtown Montreal, which burned on the night of Nov. 9, 1958. Witnesses first heard screams from the building at **continued on page 54**

My first forty years behind a newsreel camera



From the days of nickelodeons and beauties in bloomers to stereo sound and bikinis, I've been photographing a fascinating world—including three men trying to make a moose climb stairs. King George VI was different—he photographed me

BY ROY TASH as told to FRANK CROFT

FOR MORE THAN forty years I have been peering through a piece of glass less than half an inch square at fires, floods and famous people; at hoboes, beauty queens, athletes and statesmen. The regattas, cornerstone layings, and disasters which you see in newsreels at the theatre, I see first through the viewfinder of my camera, which works for Associated Screen Industries.

I have photographed the last eight governors-general. Take any page from the international Who's Who and many of the names will have come before my lens. I have "shot" Sir Winston Churchill, Sir Anthony Eden, Lord Attlee, Billy Bishop, Sir Arthur Currie, General Jan Smuts, General Charles de Gaulle, Prime Minister Nehru, Mary Pickford, Queen Juliana, King Olaf of Norway, the Duke of Windsor and nearly all other members of the royal family. I love taking pictures. When I'm not at work with the movie camera, I am taking color transparencies with my Leica for my own amusement.

Anyone turning a camera on me, for a change, would get a shot of a lanky, slightly greying, thin-faced man with a perpetual worried frown. I can't explain the frown, for I am never mad at anybody or anything.

A movie news photographer is always rushing to where things are happening, but often things happen to him. I was the first movie cameraman to arrive at the bleak Dionne farmhouse at Corbeil, Ont., a few hours after the quintz were born. There was no electricity so my photo-flood equipment was useless. For a frantic hour I became my own technical assistant by rounding up all the car batteries I could find in North Bay, and hooking them up until there was enough juice for my lights.

There is a framed photo in my office of Khrushchov sitting in a Cadillac on the Canadian side of the Rainbow Bridge at Niagara, grinning at me as I rest the camera on the door of his car, shooting right into his face. Visitors look at it and exclaim, "When was Khrushchov ever in Canada—when was that taken?" It was taken in May, 1959, and the Khrushchov in the picture is from the Canadian waxworks exhibition set up by Tussaud's of London at Niagara earlier



With King George VI, the Queen and Mackenzie King On a royal tour



With Sir Anthony Eden

Tash photographed him on one of his many trips to Canada. Here, Tory Eden kids the author about a shot of Labor's Clement Attlee.



twenty years ago, Tash cranks an old Bell & Howell camera on the terrace of the Banff Springs Hotel. By hand, he had to grind at exactly two turns per second.



With Mary Pickford

Tash shot "America's sweetheart"—the Canadian girl who became one of Hollywood's major stars—when she opened her Toronto bungalow in 1943.



With General de Gaulle

Tash recalls the newsreel he made of de Gaulle at the French embassy in Ottawa began as a comedy of errors — neither could speak the other's language.

continued
next two
pages

"LOOK AT ANY PAGE OF WHO'S WHO," SAYS TASH. "THOSE ARE THE NAMES I'VE SHOT"



With Lord Alexander

He is one of eight governors-general Tash shot.



With Field Marshal Smuts

The South African P.M. was here during the war.



With Lord Attlee

They check the script for a newsreel at Ottawa.



With R. B. Bennett

Since Bennett, Tash has shot all our premiers.



With Lord Tweedsmuir

The governor-general who wrote as John Buchan.



With Sir William Mulock

Canada's grand old man on his 100th birthday.

this year. The shots are an example of how you have to work sometimes to get a few feet of good film. When people go into a movie they expect to see pictures that move, so even the news photographer must see that there is action in those brief shots sandwiched in between the cartoon and the feature. The opening of the Tussaud exhibition was news but wax dummies are rather lifeless. To make a picture of it I had the director seat Khrushchov in a Cadillac (courtesy of the Niagara Falls dealer); the dummy was driven to the bridge and the car backed out a few hundred feet. Then, as it drove up to the Canadian shore again I got my moving pictures.

Last summer when the Golden Age Club of Montreal visited Ottawa I had to arrange for action. The club is composed of people over sixty-five, determined to enjoy the golden age of life. Taking a standing group shot with a movie camera is as good as handing in your resignation: I got them assembled on Parliament Hill and when I was ready to shoot they all broke into a square dance, on cue. That made it a movie.

The picture arrangement which gave me my greatest buzz was the take-off of the Boyd-Connor trans-Atlantic flight in 1930 from St. Hubert's airfield in Montreal. Trans-Atlantic flights were still exciting news. It occurred to me that if the movie audiences in London could see the take-off shots at the same time they saw the landing at Croydon it would make them sit up and perhaps add a brief chapter to cinematographic history. Boyd agreed to stop just before becoming airborne (it always amazes me how co-operative most people will be when you're trying to juice up a picture), return to the starting point and pick up my film of the take-off. Then he made the real take-off. I cabled the London studios telling them what to expect. The film was processed and spliced to the shots made of the landing at Croydon and shown in English cinemas that same day. That footage was shown all over the world, and news stories of how it was done appeared in papers everywhere. Sometimes your lucky star can be in the ascendant without your knowing it. You may recall a short Easter feature, a couple of years ago, showing a toddler crying with fright in the centre of a large flock of newly-hatched chicks. The youngster, who is my grandson, was frightened by all the chirping and by the nearer chicks pecking at his toes. I couldn't reassure him. I was about to pack up in despair when it struck me that the picture was at least unusual, so I shot it anyway. Audiences thought it was cute. More favorable remarks came back to me about that one than about many which have been more newsworthy or spectacular. Except for that minor role, my family hasn't joined me on the firing line. My two daughters, Norma and Bette, both married, have always been keen on still photography; there may have been some unintentional paternal influence there, but that's as far as photography goes in my family, apart from my own work.

Of course you don't have to arrange them all. In 1955 I was sitting at my desk in Toronto wondering what to do next when the building was shaken by a terrific blast. People started running through the streets, so I grabbed my camera and ran with them. The lower part of Spadina Avenue, just a couple of blocks away, had been shattered by a gas-main explosion. Fissures rent the pavement, broken glass was everywhere, and I was in time to photograph the last few people rushing panic-stricken from buildings.

But I'm not always that lucky. In fact, I have had my full share of bad luck. One day in Montreal, in the twenties, the studio got word that the

famous song writer Irving Berlin was about to arrive. Berlin was known to be camera-shy. I hustled down to Windsor Station, fairly sure that I could recognize him as he came through the gate; but I had the inspiration of buying a copy of his latest hit, bearing his photograph, on my way. At the station I soon spotted him amid the crowd surging through the gate from the New York train. I stepped up and asked if he would pose for a moment and "say something." The something he said was, "Don't bother me, mister, I am not Irving Berlin." I whipped out the song sheet, studied the photo and the man in front of me for a moment and replied, "Come on now, Mr. Berlin. This is the price you must pay for greatness—just a couple of shots please." He turned on his heel and walked away. I followed, dodging among people, camera grinding away, trying to get some good angles. His anger, the crowd's amusement, and my embarrassment mounted steadily, so two hundred feet of film later I decided I could afford to call it quits. Back at the studio I plunked the film on the boss's desk and reported, "He was as tough as they say he is, boss, but there he is—Irvig Berlin in the can." When the film was processed and studied on the screen the boss wearily had his say: "That guy was telling the truth—he isn't Berlin."

I was equally embarrassed in 1938 when the famous old Rainbow Bridge at Niagara Falls started to buckle under the pressure of an unusually heavy ice jam, caused by a sudden thaw. Within a day or two engineers were certain that another twenty-four hours of such punishment would bring down the bridge. The suspension bridge was a sentimental landmark at the Falls, and when the news of its expected collapse was spread movie-news cameramen flocked to Niagara from all over the continent. We set up our cameras on the Canadian side, the best vantage point, and waited. We waited for a day, two days, three days, while neither ice nor bridge changed position. By the end of the week, on a cold, raw morning, we all decided that the situation could be ignored for just a few minutes while we hied to the coffee bar in a nearby hotel for a much needed break. We gave a boy a couple of dollars to stand guard over the score or more of cameras, and hurried away. And while one boy stood impotently amid a small forest of tripods, the ice moved with a roar we could hear in the hotel, the bridge buckled, sagged, and subsided like a baited beast brought down by growling dogs, and our sprint from the hotel didn't get us to the scene fast enough to get any of it on film. Later we learned that an amateur with a 16-mm. camera, more vigilant than we, had got it all. I hope he made his fortune.

In spite of that experience Niagara Falls has always fascinated me as a place to work. It's a natural for a cameraman. One February day several years ago I picked up a hitchhiker just east of Hamilton. He told me he was a cold-water swimmer. He didn't say whether he made a living at it or just did it for kicks, but I turned the car, pointed out that I was a cameraman, and hadn't we better go to work. We went to the Falls and were just making some dandy shots in the lower river, with the Horseshoe Falls as a backdrop when the police chased us away. I still wanted a few more feet to complete my story so we went on to the lake shore and found a spot where the snow and ice were heaped up as high as in the Niagara River. My friend peeled off his clothes again and jumped in. I dubbed in the Falls for this sequence, to maintain the background, and had a complete picture. I think that was the only time I faked a shot without anything in the sound commen-



With Vincent Massey

Puzzle — find the governor-general. He's wrapped in the third parka from the right.

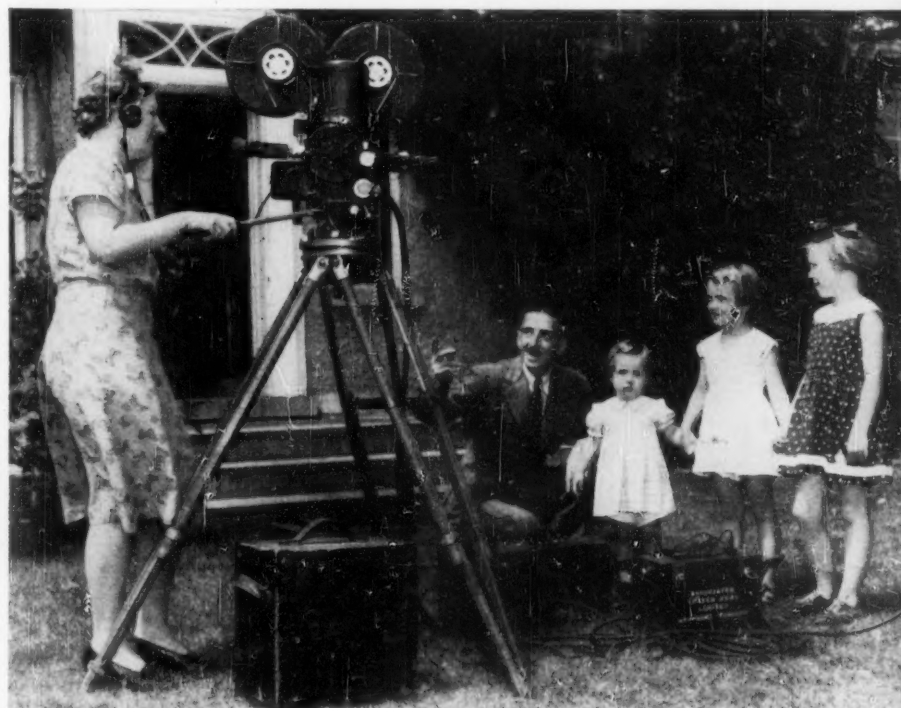
tary to let the movie audience in on the fact.

Whenever I tell anyone I'm a newsreel cameraman I have to answer one of two questions, and sometimes both. Where do I get my information which gets me to all these spot news stories, like fires, explosions, and so on? What kind of a camera do I use and what kind of film? The latter question has become more and more frequent in recent years, I suppose because amateur movie-making is so popular.

As for the first question, news tips come from all kinds of sources. I keep the radio tuned in to newscasts and my wife does the same. And then, a tip may come from the most unexpected quarter. The first word I had of the burning of the pleasure steamer Noronic, when it was tied up at a Toronto dock one September night in 1949 and more than a hundred people sleeping on board were burned to death, was a telephone call from a Columbus, Ohio, TV station. They wanted to know if I could supply them with some footage and how soon! I still can't understand how they knew of me, and why all my usual sources of information failed

that night. Anyway, it got me on the job. And the Spadina Avenue blast isn't the only such incident to happen under my nose. When oil warehouses on the Toronto waterfront burned in a three-hundred-thousand-dollar night blaze in 1948 I arrived with the fire engines. I was on my way home from a job east of the city and was passing the very spot where the fire started.

As for the news cameraman's equipment and technique, the camera is a Bell and Howell 35-mm. hand-held job. It weighs about fifteen pounds. Ninety-nine percent of newsreel work is in black and white. Like any cameraman, movie or still, I use a tripod whenever I can, but hand-holding, by a pistol grip, is necessary much of the time. There is usually an exposure meter in my pocket but it is seldom used. More than forty years behind a camera have made my eyes trustworthy exposure meters and besides black-and-white film has more tolerance than the color stuff the amateurs use. The camera holds one hundred feet of film, when hand-held. A four-hundred-foot magazine can be clipped on **continued on page 62**



With Queen Juliana and her children

A famed Ottawa wartime resident, the Netherlands queen turns the camera on Roy Tash.



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN recalls that,

when he was a boy,
animals weren't cute cartoon characters
that talked and walked upright
and sold motor oil on TV just like people.
No, animals then were sleek
and inscrutable wild things.
He remembers:

"We liked animals better than people"

One thing wrong with these times of increasing populations and expanding cities is that people only know people. Nobody knows any animals any more, the way they did when there were delivery horses and flocks of sparrows on city streets; chickens, geese and an occasional cow in suburban back yards; and every boy longed to own a guinea pig, rabbit, white rat, ferret or flock of pigeons, which we found a lot more interesting than human beings.

We talked animals, thought animals and dreamed of animals and were always pestering our parents for pets.

"Can I have a guinea pig, Mom? Mrs. Ford's cat had kittens, can I keep one of them? Mom, can I have a racoon if I find out where I can get a racoon?"

We told her we'd take care of it, that she'd never see it, that we'd make a house for it and take it for walks and train it to do the dishes and anything else we thought there was a chance of her believing.

"That's all you need, the way you've been standing at school," she'd say. "A racoon."

But now and then we were allowed to have rabbits and we'd build them cages from orange crates and chicken-wire netting. We'd raid the kitchen for carrots and lettuce, and gather dande-

lions and milkweed and watch them disappear through the netting in little jerks. We stuffed the cages with clippings from the lawn and thought about our pets all through dull periods at school when we were studying something like the British North America Act.

If we couldn't have a rabbit we visited some other kid who was having a winning streak and had a rabbit — or maybe a white rat. He'd let you hold it and let it go up your sleeve and out the collar of your shirt, and you'd stand there laughing ecstatically at the feel of its cold nails digging into your skin.

There was a kid up our street who kept pigeons, and if he was in a benevolent mood he'd let you climb a ladder behind a cherry tree in his back yard and look right into the bright, greenish world of the pigeon coop and listen to the pigeons go "a — rackata — cool!" and watch him let them out to circle over the roof tops. You helped him control them by clapping your hands to make them fly and whistling a certain way when you wanted them to land. It never made the slightest difference to the pigeons but it made you feel wonderful. I'd go home full of dreams of Bob Allen and his Pet Pigeon, which I could take anywhere and which always knew where home was and flew right to it with a **continued on page 65**

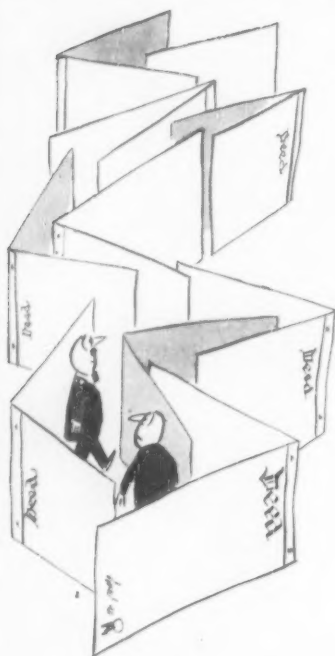


Illustrated by Lewis Parker

*A boy who owned a rabbit was in on
— and could dream about —
the great world of wild things.*



Sweet & sour



Searching the deed



Clearing the site

PETER WHALLEY'S Eight steps to a place of your own



Shaping the materials



Getting the know-how



Planning in harmony



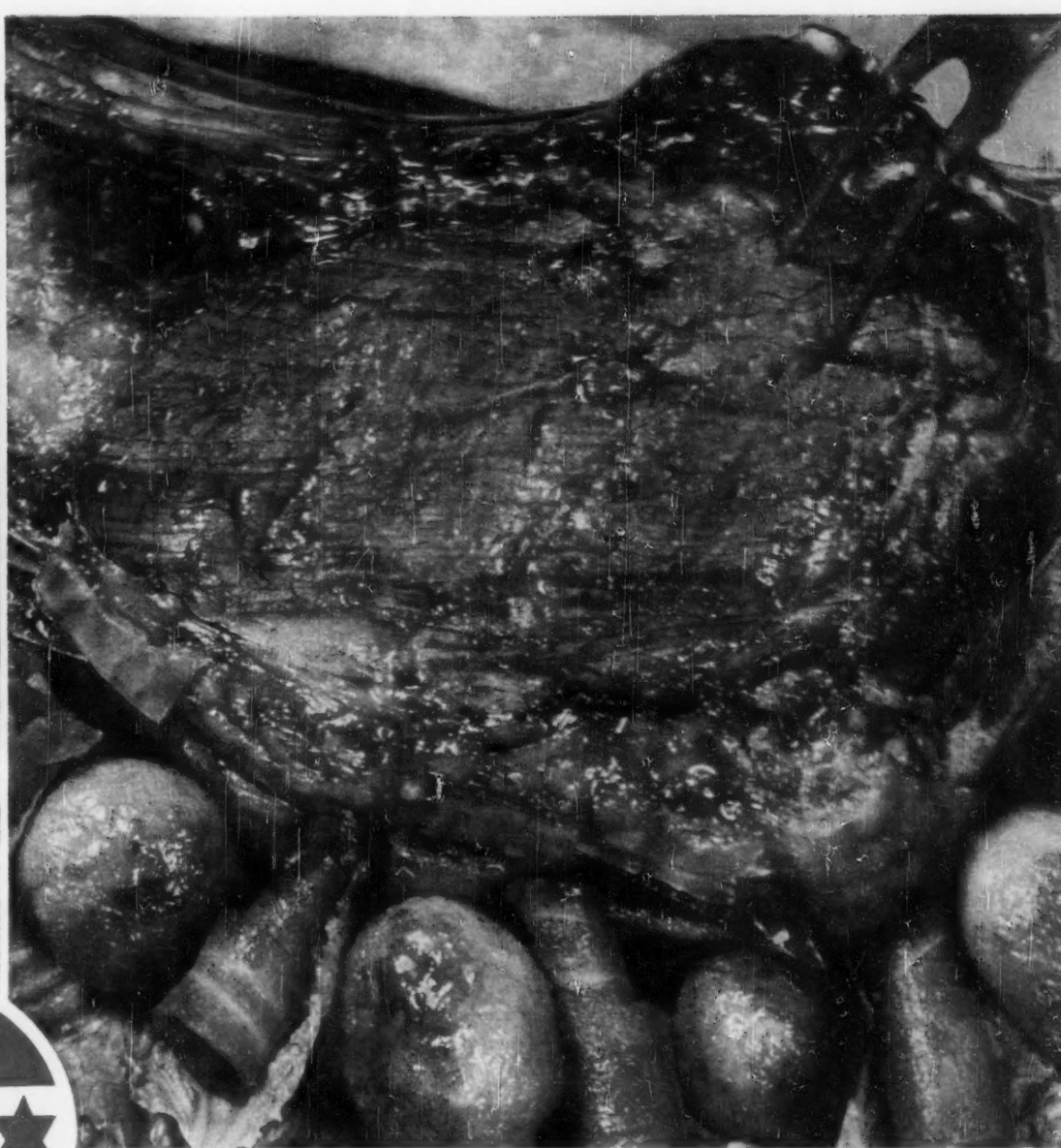
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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

THE LAST ANGRY MAN: Actor Paul Muni, seldom seen on the screen in recent years, here offers a convincing reminder that he is still one of the finest craftsmen in his profession. His role—in a sentimental but often deeply moving film version of Gerald Green's novel—is that of a tough-minded old Jewish doctor in a Brooklyn slum. There is humor as well as drama in his abrasive clashes with TV hucksterism, slick medical specialists and other targets for his invective. David Wayne, Betsy Palmer and Luther Adler are in the skilful cast.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING: Rona Jaffe's popular novel about the fiscal and physical struggles of a bunch of Manhattan career girls has been turned into a handsome but shallow movie. Several well-handled scenes fail to atone for the soap-opera glibness of the package as a whole. With Joan Crawford, Hope Lange, Suzy Parker, Stephen Boyd, Diane Baker.

THE BLOODY BROOD: A successful effort to manufacture, in Canada, a piece of competent trash for the international sex-and-violence audience. Made in Toronto by Julian Roffman, it tells of two sadistic psychopaths (Peter Falk of New York, Ronald Hartmann of Toronto) who murder a messenger boy "for kicks" and then try to prevent his brother (Jack Betts) from discovering their guilt. The atmosphere of a "beatnik" hangout in an unidentified North American city is vividly conveyed.

BOBBIKINS: A boy fourteen months old suddenly begins talking like a grown-up and ferreting out stock-market tips for his father (Max Bygraves) in this British comic fantasy. The basic idea is promising but the fun dwindles wearily before the finish.

CAREER: This Hollywood drama obviously tries to do a definitive job on the oft-told tale about an ambitious actor (Anthony Franciosa) and his bitter ordeals on the road to fame and fortune; but the characters themselves are uninteresting and the story (based on James Lee's off-Broadway play) sags badly in its latter phases. With Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, Carolyn Jones.

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY: Robert Mitchum's lethargic but ominous demeanor is ideally suited to his role in this good and unusual western. He appears as an American who has grown up in Mexico and become an unsanitary gunslinger for a Mexican politician (Pedro Armendariz) in the period just after the Civil War. After he kills a man in self-defense he finds both sides of the border too hot for comfort. With Julie London, Gary Merrill.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Anatomy of a Murder: Courtroom drama. Excellent.
Ask Any Girl: Comedy. Good.
Blue Denim: Drama. Fair.
The Bridal Path: British comedy. Good.
But Not for Me: Comedy. Good.
Carlton-Browne of the F.O.: British comedy. Good.
Darby O'Gill and the Little People: Comic fantasy. Fair.
The Devil's Disciple: GBS comedy-drama. Fair.
Ferry to Hong Kong: British comedy-drama. Fair.
The FBI Story: G-man drama. Good.
5 Gates to Hell: War drama. Poor.
The Five Pennies: Biop-musical. Good.
A Hole in the Head: Comedy. Good.
Inside the Mafia: Crime drama. Fair.
It Started With a Kiss: "Naughty" comedy. Good.
Look Back in Anger: Drama. Good.
The Man Who Couldn't Talk: Courtroom drama. Fair.
Middle of the Night: Drama. Fair.
North by Northwest: Comedy-thriller by Hitchcock. Excellent.

The Nun's Story: Drama. Excellent.
On the Beach: Atom-survival drama. Good.
Pillow Talk: Comedy. Excellent.
Porgy and Bess: Music-drama. Good.
Pork Chop Hill: War drama. Good.
Power Among Men: Documentary about atom-age co-operation. Excellent.
The Rabbit Trap: Drama. Fair.
The Roof: Italian comedy-drama. Excellent.
Room at the Top: Adult drama from Britain. Excellent.
Sapphire: British whodunit. Fair.
Say One for Me: Comedy-drama. Fair.
The Scapgoat: Drama. Fair.
Sign of the Gladiator: Drama. Poor.
A Summer Place: Drama. Fair.
Tamango: Sea drama. Fair.
10 Seconds to Hell: Suspense. Fair.
That Kind of Woman: Drama. Fair.
They Came to Cordura: Drama. Good.
Third Man on the Mountain: Alpine drama. Good.
Tiger Bay: Suspense drama. Good.
Yellowstone Kelly: Western. Good.
Yesterday's Enemy: War drama. Good.



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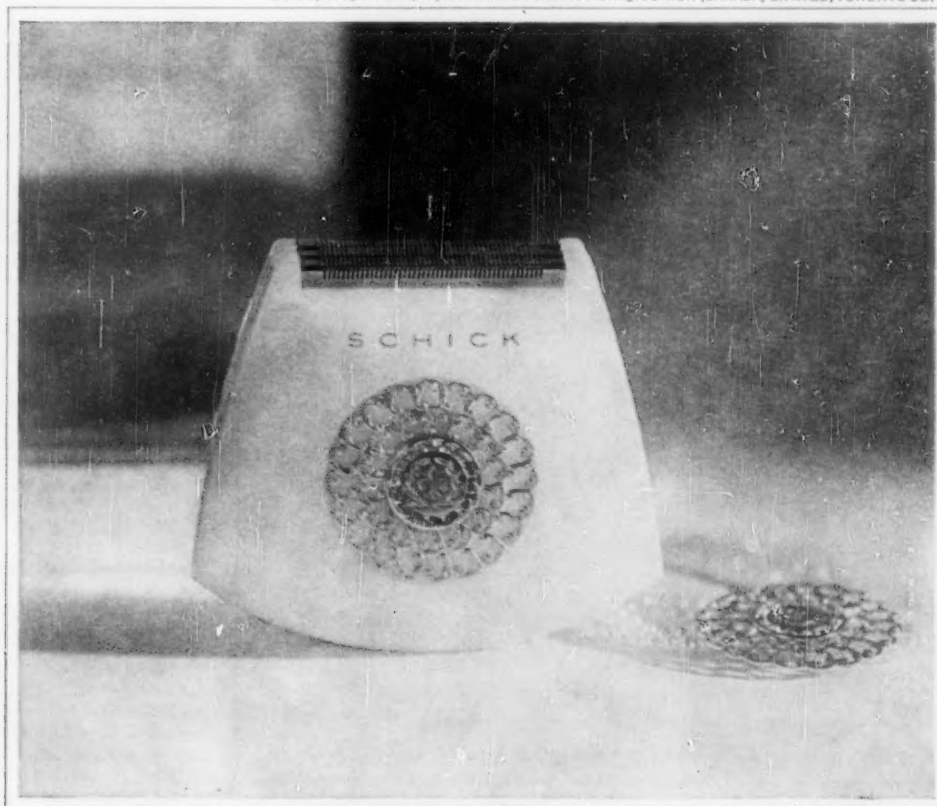
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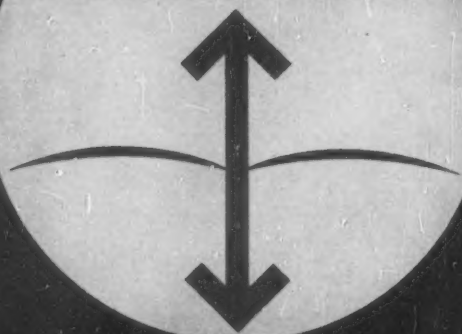


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I saw Gandhi assassinated continued from page 22

"I felt that he was the most important man in the world and I hung on every word he uttered"

home, when a neighbor's boy called my name from a veranda.

"Urmila! Urmila! Kaka is arrested."

Kaka, which means literally "uncle," is a term used loosely for close friends, and I wondered to myself, "What do you mean, Kaka is arrested? Who is Kaka?" Inside our house, my mother was sitting quietly in the living room with Gandhi's daughter-in-law. They broke the news to me that my father had been arrested for taking part in the Satyagraha in 1942 when the Indian National Congress passed the resolution that the British quit India. I was so shocked I couldn't believe such a thing. Nobody could come into our house and take away a strong man like my father.

My father was in jail two and a half years. We had a small temple in our house, and my mother and I prayed for my father's release. We visited him regularly in jail. He would be called out into a small room to talk to us. I used to argue with the guards when they took him away again. "Why don't you let my father stay with me?"

"Next time, little girl."

"You said that the last time we came."

"You remind me next time you come."

But my father's spirits were high, and we were not alone in our misfortune. Many thousands of families had members in jail, proud that they were taking part in the future and freedom of their country. There was a spirit that bound all Indians together at that time, irrespective of political or religious affiliations.

I became critically ill when I was eleven with double-pneumonia and typhoid. My condition was considered hopeless and the doctors sent a recommendation to the jail asking for the release of my father. Eventually he was released on parole.

Gandhi had been arrested earlier than my father and now was released. He came to New Delhi in 1946, to take part in negotiations that were going on between the British government and the Indian political parties regarding the independence of India. He chose to live in the Bhangi colony of New Delhi, the district of the untouchables. The colony was right beside our school. I used to jump the fence and attend his prayer meetings, which he conducted for Buddhist, Mohammedan, Hindu and Christian. I didn't know very much about politics at that time, but I was devoted to Gandhi as a saintly man. I felt that I knew the most important man in the world. I hung on every word he said.

"When Urmila grows up she's to be strong mentally and physically so that she can serve the people," he wrote in a letter to my father, one time when he had been called to Bengal to pacify rioters there.

In the same letter he scolded my father for sending him a watch as a gift. Gandhi had received it in the presence of the chief minister of Bengal, who opened the package for him.

"When I saw it glittering inside the box, I thought it was pure gold. I was

stunned. When I saw that it was gold-plated, I breathed a sigh of relief. But I am an old man. I don't need a gold watch. Why did you spend so much money?"

I also attended Gandhi's spinning meetings, at which he taught us how to card and spin cotton so that Indians could weave their own fabric, called khadi. I had my own spinning wheel at home, and my father and mother each had one.

Gandhi always took an evening walk after his meetings with one of the girls of his family or myself at his side. We considered it a great treat. We used to stroll in the quiet of the evening to India Gate, a memorial which the British built after the First World War, along a road that led through a beautiful park to Viceroy Lodge. Gandhi never discussed politics with us on these walks. Al-



MACLEAN'S

though, as a man of non-violence, he was terribly depressed by the riots that raged throughout India, he patiently listened to us, intent on our problems. One time when he was called away to a riot area just before my school report came out, he made me promise to write to him and let him know the results of my school work.

On one of our walks I asked him for his autograph. He took my autograph book and said he wanted to keep it for a while. He had it for two weeks. He hadn't forgotten it, and mentioned it whenever I saw him. He said that he didn't want to put just his name in it—he wanted to give me a message.

What he wrote is difficult to translate into English, but it means: "Have only one governing craving in life—to serve people."

Gandhi used to tease me gently about growing up so fast. As in the case of all adults, it was a source of wonder to him that I was growing taller. I usually used to attend his meetings in a frock. The first time I wore a sari, and put a mark on my forehead in the red powder called kumkum, signifying a wish for a long and happy life for my future husband—whoever he might be—Gandhi made a special point of bringing it to the notice of an official who walked with us.

"Look. Do you see this big girl with a sari and gold earrings?"

He touched my earrings and said, "Why don't you give them to me? I could make better use of them for my



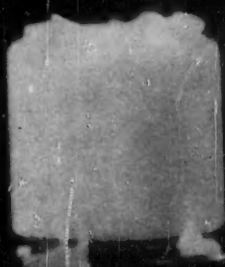
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Harijan fund. Gandhi called the untouchables *Harijans*, which means "sons of God," and he was always appealing for jewelry which he auctioned off at his prayer meetings to raise money for a *Harijan fund*.

I started to take them off to give them to him, but he cried, "No, no!" and stopped me, smiling. "You keep them."

When, later Gandhi was staying in Birla House, the residence of a rich industrialist, I used to visit him with my father. Birla House was a mansion standing inside sandstone walls, with a

long garden in the back where Gandhi held his evening prayers. One time my father stayed in Birla House late, and although he had a pass to be out after the nine-o'clock curfew then in effect in New Delhi, he did not have a pass for me and was worried about taking me back home. Gandhi suggested that I stay with his party at Birla House for the night.

I sat around Gandhi's office while he worked at his desk, happy to be near him. He was very particular about not wasting anything, including paper, and I remember him carefully opening envel-

opes and writing on the backs, something that I began to do myself. I still hesitate to throw usable paper away.

Gandhi was never too busy to notice the most minute detail, and this evening when his party returned from dinner, he said to them: "How could you go and have dinner when this girl hasn't had anything to eat?"

It was a fortunate incident of my life. When they brought his dinner in to him, they brought mine, too. Gandhi and I had dinner together, he on one side of his desk, I on the other.

He had a very heavy schedule. He was always up at four o'clock in the morning and worked through until eleven-thirty at night. The night I stayed at Birla House I asked him to please be sure to have me awakened in time to attend the early-morning prayer meeting for his associates. But no one woke me. I learned later that Gandhi had looked at me where I was sound asleep and said that I wasn't to be awakened. "She's not used to waking up this early in the morning," he said. "If she asks you why you didn't wake her, tell her because I said so."

But while Gandhi's personal kindness and saintliness had drawn me toward him since childhood, as I grew into my teens I was also absorbing his teachings, which have influenced me all my life. He taught me not to have many demands in life, and that all religions are the same. He didn't believe in converting people from one religion to another. He believed there was good in all religions—in Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism. He taught that it is not necessary to go to a temple or to follow ritual: that God is within us. He taught that good actions are the important thing.

At the evening prayer meetings in the garden of Birla House, the crowd would gather in the garden around five o'clock, and Gandhi would walk from the house under an arbor to a terrace at the end of the garden with his hands resting on the shoulders of two of us girls. There was such intense competition for this privilege that Gandhi had to rule on which girls were to accompany him to prayer meetings, and which were to accompany him when he went for a walk.

One evening at a prayer meeting, Gandhi was five minutes late. He had been in conference with Sadar Patel, the home minister. I was with my father. It was my turn to walk with Gandhi after the meeting. Two other girls were to walk with him through the garden, so I was waiting with my father for him to arrive.

About a week previously at a prayer meeting there had been an attempt on Gandhi's life. A bomb had exploded in the wall of Birla House. Gandhi, intent on his prayers, hadn't even realized what had happened. I hadn't been at this meeting but my father had told me about it when he came home. It seemed unbelievable to me that anyone could want to take the life of someone who was doing so much good. But the thought frightened me, and filled me with visions of death.

But now as I waited for Gandhi's arrival I began to feel the great inner calm, the sense of oneness with something that I always experienced at these meetings. During the day people had been working hard. Now the evening had come. The day was over. Worldly affairs, position, power, involvement with things, seemed futile and unimportant. I was standing near the terrace at the back of the garden. During the prayer meeting I sometimes stood in front of Gandhi on the shallow flight of steps facing the audience to sing hymns; sometimes I sat on the ground facing him.

Gandhi appeared from the house, leaning on two of his nieces. The crowd parted for him to walk toward the end of the garden; people stepped toward him and bowed, which is a custom in India observed toward elderly and respected people. Gandhi walked beside an arbor which extended from the house toward the end of the garden. When he reached the terrace he started to go up the steps quickly. He didn't like to be late for

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anything, especially a prayer meeting.

I was standing behind one of the girls on whose shoulders he had leaned while coming down the garden. Gandhi had taken his hands off the girls' shoulders to climb the steps. While I watched him there in the soft twilight, a man suddenly came out of the crowd, pretended to bow, then pulled out a revolver and fired three shots. Gandhi fell flat on his back before anyone realized what was happening. There was wild confusion. People scattered. Everybody was too startled to realize what had happened. Gandhi was wearing a heavy shawl. As he lay on the ground I could see blood seeping through it. I heard him cry: "O God! O God!"

These were his last words. His assassin had been caught on the spot. He was a Hindu who thought that Gandhi had betrayed the Hindu party in promoting brotherhood with the Moslems. The older people who were Gandhi's companions took Gandhi back to the house, but he died on the way. I went into the room where they laid his body. He was lying on a mattress on the floor of his office, the same office where he and I had had dinner together. I was so shocked that I couldn't cry or think. I couldn't believe that he was lying there dead. I remember people sobbing. But I was absolutely stunned. I couldn't lose the conviction that he would wake up and speak to me again.

I sat near him all night. People came the whole night through, the throng growing until Gandhi's body, which had at first been placed in a big room with glass doors, was taken up to an open floodlit veranda where the crowds of mourners could see him. From the veranda I could look out over the environs of Delhi. I saw people coming in hundreds of thousands. As far as I could see, right to the horizon, people kept coming.

Gandhi was cremated the day after his assassination on a plain beside the Jumna River in Delhi. All Hindus are cremated. Two or three layers of sandalwood are laid down, then the body, then layers of sandalwood are built up at the side and across the top. There is a religious ceremony. The priest sings from the Gita. Melted butter, as a pure thing, is put on the fire.

I was not allowed to go to the cremation, but in the evening I went with my family and Gandhi's son to the place of his cremation. The fire was still burning. I think that as I stared into those sandalwood coals, hearing again Gandhi's kindly voice, I knew what I wanted to do with my life.

When I finished high school, I went to the University of Delhi, took my bachelor-of-arts degree, then enrolled in a two-year course in Bombay for a master's degree in social work. While studying for my master's degree, I met the man I was to marry. He had left India for the United States, where he had received his master's degree in ceramic engineering at the University of Washington in Seattle. After receiving his degree he had worked in Canada for a year. He was the first of five brothers to choose his own wife. We were married in 1955. Neither of us was ritual-minded, but we went through an orthodox Hindu wedding to please my mother. It lasted all day. We chanted the Hindu equivalent of "I do." We touched things with our toes. We marched around a fire in the centre of the room. We tied knots. Priests chanted. Neither my husband nor I had the faintest idea of what they said.

After all this, they didn't even give us a marriage certificate!

After my marriage I finished my sec-

ond year of college in Bombay and received my degree. My husband left for Canada in March 1958. I followed in August.

I like my work with the Family Welfare Association in Montreal. It has given me a tremendous opportunity to learn about the people of Canada. I'm still trying to get used to the materialism: the two cars to a family, the refrigerators, the washing machines, the credit buying, the constant desire for something bigger and more expensive. I live in a three-room apartment in a suburb

of Montreal. In the evening I read from the same prayer book that I took with me to the evening prayers with Gandhi—the Gita—and when I do, I experience the same calm and peace of soul that I felt at the meetings in Delhi.

My years with Gandhi taught me a great deal. I think I learned from him self-control. I used to have a fiery temper, but I never feel anger now, although unfortunately when I get excited my voice rises and I sound angry. But I don't feel angry. I have no desire for great material possessions or luxuries.


I believe in being content with what I have. And I believe completely in non-violence. I don't believe that contentment means fatalism or lack of progress, or that non-violence means cowardice or lack of spirit. The man who taught them both to me was the most progressive and the bravest man I've ever known. He probably did more for his country's progress than any man who ever lived, and although at no time did he raise a hand against an enemy, he proved many times that he was ready to die for his ideals. ★

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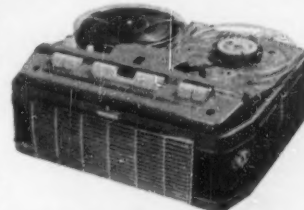
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The bottomless purse continued from page 19

"That's funny," Walter thought. "I took out the only dollar in the purse; now here's another one"

"If only," he said, half out loud, "I could just do what I wanted to do." This particular idea was constantly in his mind, and had been for the last two months. It was put there by a poet. Walter winced a little. Two months previously he had been invited, as part of a slather of Canadian literary men — poets, novelists, playwrights, newspapermen, editors, even critics — to a Writers' Conference. While Walter preferred to forget this incredible experience, one of the sessions had stuck in his mind.

Originally the Conference had been planned as a Poets' Conference, but when the Poets found they could get money only by inviting all writers they decided to swallow their pride and go ahead. Their initial reluctance gradually flowered into a kind of reforming zeal, as a matter of fact, so that by the time the Conference opened there was a clutch of poets who hoped to convert some of their unpoetical and even Philistine colleagues to sounder ways of thinking. The Philistines showed little willingness to submit to conversion, however, barricading themselves behind such blunt statements as, "Art must be understood by the man of average instruction."

THE session that disturbed Walter Gorn had begun auspiciously enough one morning at eleven-thirty when a young man who looked like a lumberjack stood up and proclaimed himself the Spokesman of Canada's Poets, a statement that was greeted with stony silence. "I feel entitled to this position," he said, "since my last book sold only a hundred and four copies." Everyone relaxed as he was rendered ineligible by a fat spinster whose last book had sold a mere eighty-one copies, but she was instantly toppled from her pedestal by a bank clerk named George McFergus whose last volume (his first) had a total sale of eighteen copies. By this time the room was in a paroxysm of anticipation. But no one challenged McFergus: the bank clerk stood supreme, a thin smile threading his face, king of the peculiarly eloquent silence that had now gripped the room. Seduced by his unexpected triumph McFergus made a speech (in prose) that became the rallying cry of the Conference.

"Do nothing but what you want to do," McFergus said that morning. "Write not for gain, but pleasure; work not for today but for tomorrow; please yourself and to hell with the others; if the shoe pinches throw it away." He continued in this vein for some time. They were sober Philistines in that room that day; after all, it wasn't yet noon. To a man they frowned.

Several coughed.

One eventually laughed.

As soon as they decently could they fled to nearby pubs and convenient hotel rooms for something to sustain them and to wash away the awful taste of that session.

Walter Gorn was as vehement as any man in his strictures on the poet-mind, "a vagrant cesspool of indolence and irresponsibility," as he put it after his third drink. "If people went around just doing what they wanted to do what

would happen to the world?" he said.

There was general agreement that lasted to the end of the liquor.

But as Walter discovered, the question was not so easily dismissed. In the weeks that followed he found himself pondering the episode. In the midst of tapping out a little homily on the Toronto Argonauts he would suddenly stop and think, "What would happen if I *did* do just what I wanted to do?"

It was as now. "Could I do nothing but what I wanted to do?" He shook his head. "What would I do?"

At that moment Barbara French, who had something cooking on the women's page every day, passed by. The answer she suggested to his questions so disturbed his thinking that he at once turned back to his typewriter and wrote: "If Punch Imlach doesn't win the Grey Cup this year he should hang up his bat and open a gravel pit!"

Walter Gorn stopped: he thought of his wife Ethel, and his two children, and his dog, and his mortgage, and the payments on his car; he thought of these simultaneously. Then he thought of Barbara French. Then he sighed.

"No one," he sighed, beginning to X out Punch Imlach's name on the sheet of paper in his typewriter, "no one could ever do exactly what he wanted to do. I don't think."

He finished his column and left the building. There was a light snow falling, enough to mute the sounds of the traffic but not enough to upset the street-cleaning commissioner. It was cold, but not cold enough to gladden the hearts of oil and coal supply men. Walter was walking up York Street and it was just in front of the service entrance to the Lord Simcoe Hotel that he found the purse, lying partly covered in the lightly falling snow, tattered, hardly worth a second glance. His impulse was to kick it into the gutter but instead he stooped down and picked it up.

"Might be some money in it," he said to himself in the mood of a man who lives uneasily with his overdraft.

It was a small black leather purse with a snap fastener. The leather was scuffed from heavy use and very soft. The purse felt empty. Walter opened it. "Just my luck," he said, taking out the single dollar bill it contained.

He looked to see if there was any identification but the purse was bare. Walter was getting cold so he snapped it shut, put the dollar in his pocket and started on. As he walked along York Street, however, he began to worry. "It might belong to some old lady," he thought, "and she needs that dollar. I don't need that dollar. Or maybe it was a boy sent out to get a loaf of bread." This seemed unlikely in the vicinity of the Lord Simcoe but Walter was never strong on logic. "What I should do," he said out loud, "is give it to a policeman just in case . . ."

He stopped, took the dollar, bill from his pocket, and started to put it back in the purse.

"That's funny," he thought, as he opened it up. There was another dollar bill inside. "I could have sworn it was



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empty." He laughed among the snowflakes. "It's a magic purse," he said to himself rather self-consciously, feeling nevertheless as he felt when he was seven, floating leaf boats down a willow-hung creek in Agincourt. He laughed again, took the second dollar from the purse, snapped it shut, and then opened it again. A third dollar bill was inside.

Walter Gorn stopped laughing. His hand trembled a little. He tried it again. Four dollars. And again. Five. He looked up and down the street. It was early in the morning and no one was around. He put the dollar bills in one pocket, the purse in the other, and began to walk. At the next intersection he tried it again. Six, seven, eight dollars.

"When I wake up this time I'm going to be very sad," Walter Gorn said out loud. He picked up some snow from a car fender and rubbed it on his forehead. The coolth was refreshing. There's no such word he told himself. He bit his finger and it hurt. Sometimes, the reality of his dreaming was so intense that when he woke up he felt he was going from life to dream rather than the other way around. It was like the Chinese philosopher who dreamt he was a butterfly and then when he woke up was never quite sure whether he was a man who dreamt he was a butterfly, or a butterfly who dreamt he was a man.

"Cut it out," Walter said to himself, and tried the purse again. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve.

His hand no longer trembled. The initial fever was passing. His step felt lighter. He turned along Queen Street, stopped opposite the muddy yawn of the proposed civic square, and with movements deliberate to the point of impudence lit one of the dollar bills with his lighter, and then lit his cigarette from the dollar. He watched the last of it burn right down to his fingers. He immediately tried the purse again. It worked fine.

At Queen and Bay he bought a paper, giving the man one of the dollar bills. "That's all right," he said grandly as the man reached for change. "Merry Christmas."

"Christmas is three weeks away," the man said flatly.

"So."

"I don't take no money from no drunks," the man said, stuffing the change in Walter's hand.

Walter went home, his ardor somewhat dampened.

When his first excitement passed and he was able to assess the situation Walter saw several dangers. Foremost among them was his wife who wouldn't believe in the purse even if she saw it working. Walter resolved to tell her nothing. On the other hand, he had no intention of going on working. So he decided to go into business. "Money, business," he chuckled.

"I'm going to make us a little money," he said to Ethel when he told her of his decision.

"It's about time," she said.

As a front he told everyone he was going to write as a freelance. He set up an office complete with Barbara French as secretary and, to keep his hand in, actually went on doing a limited amount of work, including a column for a brewery. But most of his time was spent closeted in his private office, opening and closing the purse, amassing piles of one-dollar bills, figuring ways to convert this mountain of paper into other forms of wealth — into buildings, into stocks, into wild gambles like an oil well just north of Kingston that turned out to be one of the country's richest uranium mines, into harmless frivolities like

backing (anonymously) a new play on Broadway that immediately threatened to run for years.

One day about two months after he opened his "office" he was horrified by the thought that the dollar bills might be counterfeit. It was the fifteenth of March, to be precise, and he shuddered at the consequences. But the RCMP, to whom he appealed for guidance, assured him that no one had passed him bad money.

After that he worked twice as hard. His wife Ethel, while proud of his industry (a quality she had missed in the previous fourteen years of their marriage) began to worry about his eighteen-hour days, about the increasingly haggard look on his face, and his steadily diminishing interest in the better things of life he could now afford. He stopped drinking. He gave up his weekend poker. She even suspected that he was no longer flirting with bright young things like Barbara French, and this really worried her.

But Ethel was totally unaware of the true cause of Walter's wealth and weariness. He was now a slave of his purse. He always carried it. When he arrived at his office shortly after six in the morning he went immediately into the private room at the back and began his daily chore, opening and shutting the purse, extracting and piling the bills. He became very proficient at it and was able to get about a bill a second from the thing. After about five months he developed an excruciating cramp in his right hand, but a clever and expensive doctor was able to keep it working well enough that he maintained the one-a-second average. In the first nine months of work the purse yielded about ten million dollars.

That, he soon realized, is a lot of paper.

As time went on he found he was spending a great many hours just getting rid of one-dollar bills. Some he was able to exchange in banks. He always disposed of fifteen or twenty when he went into a shop to buy cigarettes or gum. He bought everything he could with cash. The stock market proved a wonderful sinkhole for a lot of the money until he began to be lucky. But money that he made in this way proved no problem, for he felt it was legitimate.

He bought a lot of real estate, paying for it whenever he could with the fat wads of fifty- and hundred-dollar bills he had accumulated. The only thing that really worried him was the income-tax department, and for insurance he laid aside several million dollars in thousand-dollar bills. These he stashed away in safety deposit boxes against the day he might be required to pay up.

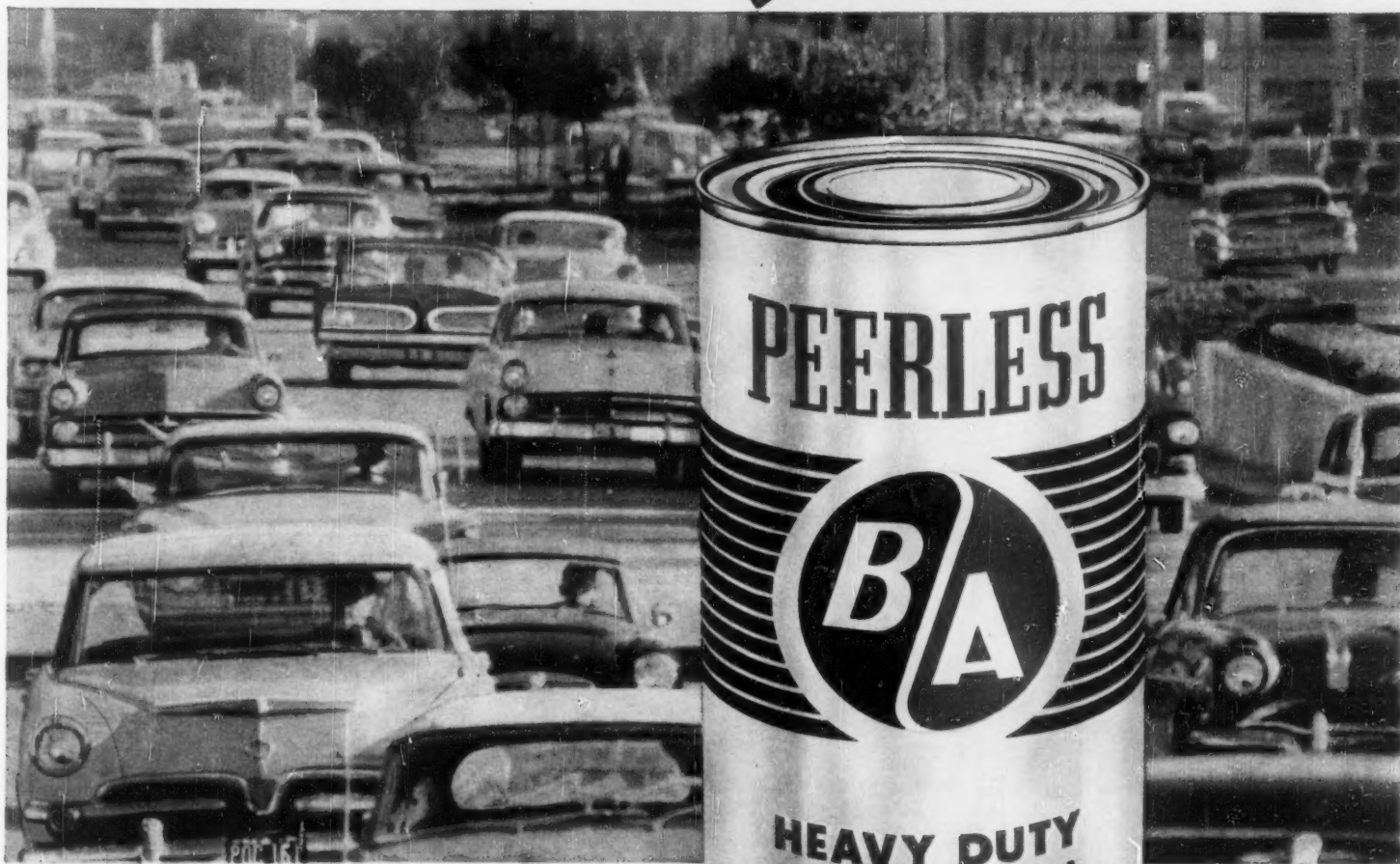
Besides making him rich the purse had another, more subtle effect on Walter Gorn. His manner began to change. At first he thought it was because he had given up all his former pursuits to "work" harder. That's what Ethel thought. But it went beyond that, as he realized the day he cut her household allowance.

"We're spending too much," he said abruptly as he was getting out of bed one morning. "You'll need to watch it." But later, as he drove through the dawn to work, he wondered why he had said it. It made no sense.

Yet as the piles of dollar bills and stock certificates and real estate grew he became more restless; he snapped more often at his children; his sleep came with greater difficulty; he grew thin. He complained of loss of breath and of a pain in his stomach: the doctors insisted there was nothing organically wrong, but he suffered in spite of the doctors (or, as he maintained, because of them).

And he began to dislike things. Walter

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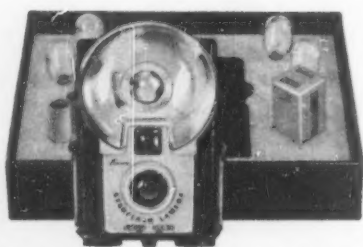
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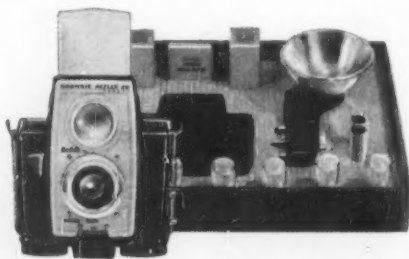
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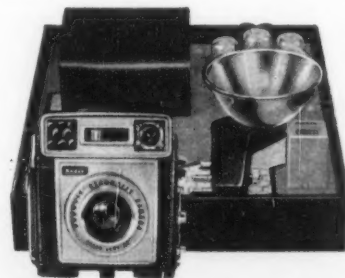
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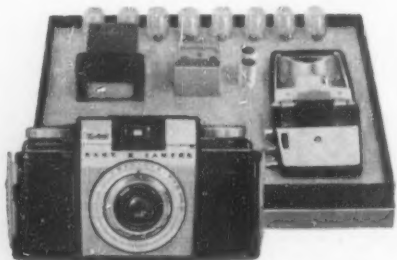
Instantly ready for snapshots: Complete outfit—ideal for beginners; perfect "extra" camera. Brownie Starflash Camera with built-in flashholder, bulbs, batteries, film . . . all for \$11.55.



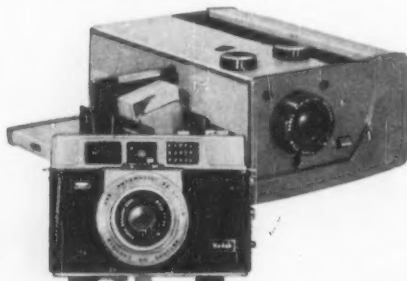
Sure, easy viewing. Brownie Reflex 20 Camera has convenience of reflex viewfinding. You see the picture big *before* you snap it. Camera, flashholder, bulbs, batteries, film . . . all for \$26.75.



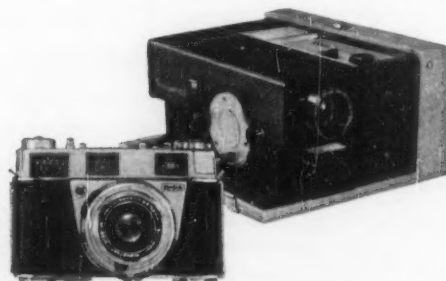
Automatic pictures—Brownie price! Brownie Starmatic Camera has built-in electric eye. Measures light, sets lens. Camera, field case, flashholder, bulbs, batteries, film . . . all for \$52.50.



Sparkling color slides. Kodak Pony II Camera has superb styling and performance. Camera with Kodak Pocket Flashholder, bulbs, batteries, Kodachrome Film, viewer . . . all for \$47.50.



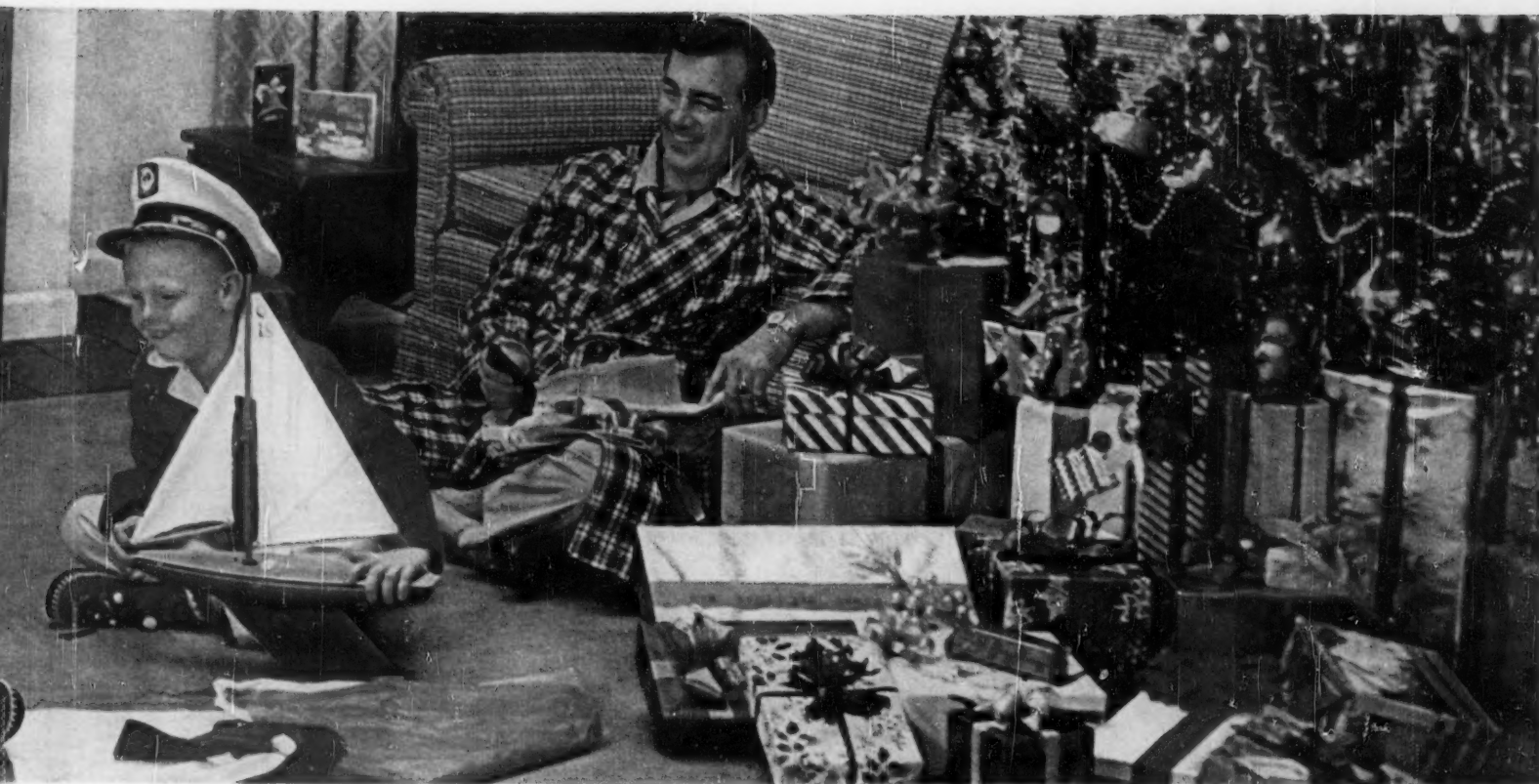
Automatic—for color slides. Kodak Automatic 35 Camera has electric eye, fully automatic exposure control; $f/2.8$ lens . . . \$98.50. Smartly styled Kodak 300 Projector . . . from \$74.50.



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Many Kodak dealers offer convenient terms. Prices are subject to change without notice.

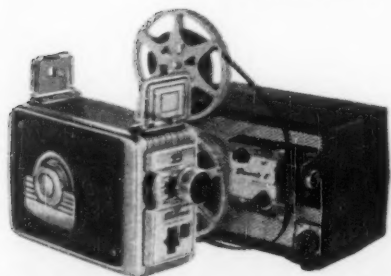


The rapture on a child's face on Christmas morning—capture it forever!

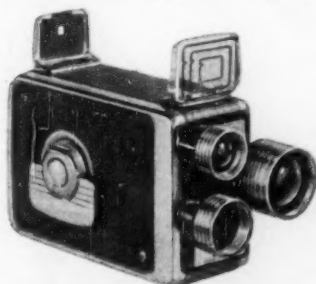
and Take" Christmas!

Take pictures to save and share the fun!

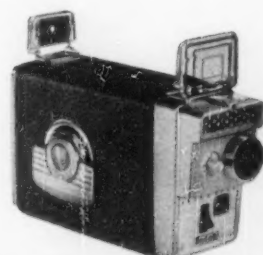
Christmas is for giving—and for *taking* too. With a Kodak gift, you'll take lots of clear, sharp, wonderful pictures to keep your Christmas fun, and to send to those who can't be there.



Movie camera and projector—only \$93.20! Brownie Movie Camera *f*/2.3, makes 8mm movies easy as snaps . . . \$38.25. Brownie II Movie Projector shows them big and bright . . . \$54.95.



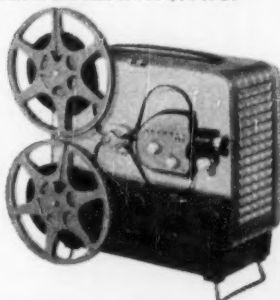
Three 8mm cameras in one—exceptional buy! Brownie Movie Camera, Turret *f*/1.9, has 3-lens range: regular, telephoto, wide-angle shots at a twist of the turret . . . \$79.95.



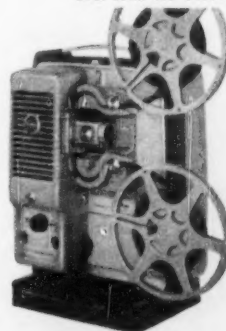
Automatic movie camera—Brownie price! Remarkable 8mm Brownie Automatic Movie Camera, *f*/2.3; built-in electric eye *automatically* sets lens for correct exposure . . . \$89.50.



Turret Movie Camera with exposure meter. 8mm Kodak Cine Scopometer Camera, Turret *f*/1.9, has built-in meter, filters. Takes regular, wide-angle, and telephoto movies . . . \$119.50.



Brilliant movie projector—wonderful buy! Brownie 500 Movie Projector for 8mm movies, has super-bright lamp. Reverse action and "stills" as well as forward projection . . . \$99.50.



Fully automatic 8mm movie projector. Kodak Cine Showtime Projector threads itself *all the way* right onto the take-up reel—and starts the show *automatically*. Has new high-lumen lamp . . . \$175.

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At last!
the truth
behind
Nap's
stance!

As you will recall from the print in your Aunt Emma's parlour, the Napoleon stance was downright peculiar. Was he hanging on to his wallet? Did his heart ache? Did he have a ridiculous legend tattooed on that hidden mitt? No! The truth is out. From a mouldering chest, in a historic chateau in the Province of Lorraine, has come evidence of the reason for Napoleon's stance. In this ancient chest was discovered a pair of suspenders with a broken adjuster on the right side. Attached to it was a note which the Academie de Calligraphise had authenticated as Napoleon's own handwriting. It was written to his tailor. Roughly translated the note reads:

"Henri: once again your confounded braces have let me down. All through the engagement at Moiry Bois I had to hold up my pants. When next I am in Paris I will take pleasure in personally choking you with the attached." Signed, Bonaparte.

The owner of the letter and the suspenders told the press that these relics were beyond price. He would not part with them for anything less than a bottle of Golden Velvet Canadian Whisky.



Gorn was never a great lover of humanity and its works. Friends knew him for a cynic, but a gentle cynic, a man of laughter rather than tears.

Now he began to take pleasure in disliking things. He disliked the design of buildings, the hats he saw on women, the headlines he read in newspapers, the walk of a fly up a wall, the distant untouchable noise of a fire engine in the early hours of the morning, the shape of his fingernails, even casual snatches of conversation he heard on the streets. He seldom smiled and was no longer heard to laugh.

One day when he had worked particularly hard he was returning to the office to put in a couple of hours work before going home. He stepped off the corner of Bay and Queen Streets and directly into the path of a car. For some reason he hesitated, or stepped back: the car's brakes were perfect; or it was a combination. He was not hit. A man who saw it was almost sick to his stomach it was so close. Walter Gorn only dimly realized what had happened. He sat down on the curb, breathing a little heavily.

"You just about got killed, Mac," a pedestrian said. "You okay?"

"Sure," Walter said.

The driver of the car came back. He was white and shaking. "You all right?" Walter nodded. "You sure you're all right?"

"It was close," Walter said. "I'm sorry." He managed to get to his feet and pushed a way through the small knot of people that had gathered. On his way home he stopped at a florist's and bought his wife a dozen roses.

"You said you weren't coming home for dinner," she said when he came in the door.

"I came home," Ethel cried when he handed her the roses. Somehow that upset him even more than the brush with the car.

"I don't think I'll go to work tomorrow," he said as she served the hash. "I've been pushing it a little hard. Let's go on a picnic."

Ethel was startled. "It's December," she said. "It's snowing."

"So it is. Let's go skiing."

The next day they went skiing.

It was while attempting to negotiate a particularly ornery slalom that afternoon that Walter Gorn realized with a pain that he was in a position to do whatever he wanted to do for the rest of his life.

"Good God!" he said, narrowly missing a hawthorn bush and falling down.

"Are you hurt?" Ethel asked when she caught up.

"Not permanently," Walter replied. "I'm alive."

The next day he considered the problem carefully and made his decisions. The very first thing to do was to get rid of the purse. He was going to burn it, but then it occurred to him that there were hundreds of agencies who could use it — the United Appeal — they'd love it. Or the CBC: what a way to solve the problems of sponsorship. Or the government. The government?

The government! Walter Gorn eschewed politics. He had never voted, and did not intend to start. He believed politicians to be dishonest, sly, and often sub-human. Nevertheless, he recognized the service they rendered humanity and it seemed to him that by helping solve their most insistent and persistent problem he might render the country a service himself. A dollar at a time wasn't much, to be sure, but it added up. He added it up. They could

get (if they could just maintain the one-a-second average, twenty-four hours a day) more than thirty million a year from the purse. Somehow it didn't seem so much, for a government. He decided to specify that the money be used exclusively for the Canada Council.

The very next day he went to Ottawa, and after only four days of chicanery and wire pulling was able to get an appointment to see the prime minister, who had just returned from an important fishing trip. In fact, Walter had the first appointment of the day.

The prime minister was having a little trouble speaking when Walter was ushered in, having listened to the CBC's Preview Commentary while driving to the office. But he pulled himself together and managed a smile.

"I used to read your column, Mr. Gorn," he said. "Shame you gave it up."

"I was too busy," Walter said.

"I thought that was your business," the prime minister said.

"It was."

"Well, what can I do for you?"

WALTER blurted out the whole story and at the end pulled out the purse and handed it over with an uncharacteristically melodramatic gesture.

"It's for the Canada Council," Walter said, his voice breaking from the emotion and strain.

The prime minister dropped the purse on the desk in front of him and looked at it. He looked at Walter. He looked back at the purse.

He looked uneasy. For once in his career he really didn't know what to say. He reached nervously for the intercom but thought better of it. First Preview Commentary and now a lunatic. So many days, these days, began in tragedy.

"Mr. Gorn," the prime minister began.

"You don't believe me," Walter said, sensing his mood. He picked up the purse, opened it, took out the dollar bill, snapped it shut, opened it, took out another dollar bill, elaborately showed the prime minister the empty purse, snapped it shut, opened it again and took out the dollar bill. He shut it again and very carefully laid the purse and the three one-dollar bills on the desk.

"Try it," Walter said.

The prime minister looked at the purse and shook his jaws once or twice. Then he picked it up, opened it, and took out a bill. He looked at Walter. Walter looked at the bill. The prime minister tried again. The purse was producing thousand-dollar bills. Walter sat down heavily in a chair.

"The damn thing tunes itself to the need," Walter said to himself. He quickly figured it out in his head. "It'd give you about thirty billion dollars a year," he said to the prime minister, who went white at the words and poured himself a glass of water. The prime minister tried the purse again and added another thousand-dollar bill to the pile.

"Oh dear," the prime minister said. "Oh dear!"

Walter was overwhelmed. "Well," he said. "What do you say now? That's some gift I'm making you — eh?"

The prime minister rose from his chair. He picked up the three one-dollar bills, the three thousand-dollar bills and the purse, and handed them firmly back to Walter.

"I can't use it," he said.

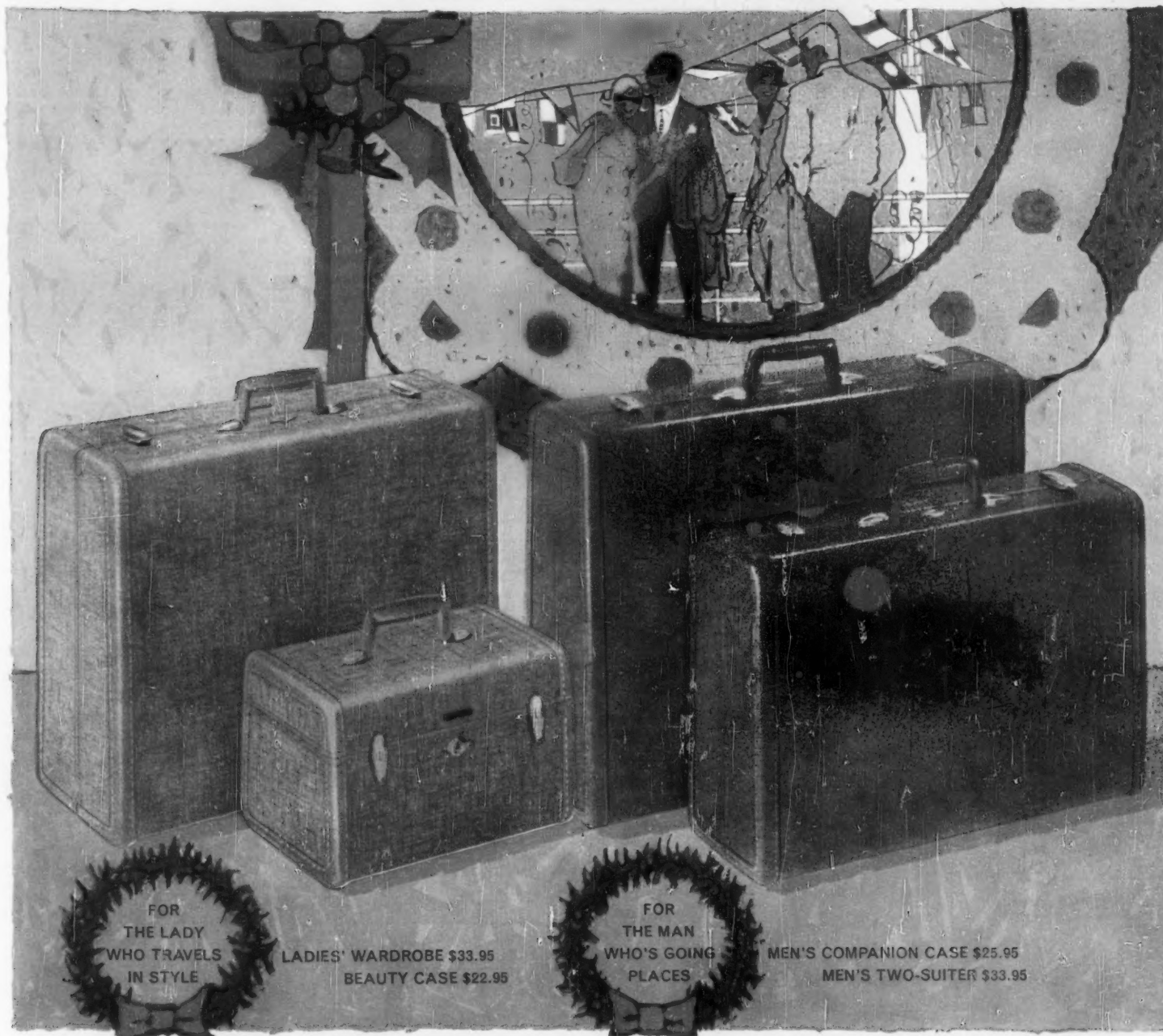
"You can't what?"

"It's very kind of you to think of me," the prime minister said, "but I couldn't survive it."

"Are you refusing . . . ?"

"Yes, Mr. Gorn. That purse would

GIFTS THAT WILL ALWAYS STAY IN STYLE



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THE LADY
WHO TRAVELS
IN STYLE

LADIES' WARDROBE \$33.95
BEAUTY CASE \$22.95

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THE MAN
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PLACES

MEN'S COMPANION CASE \$25.95
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structed...smartly vinyl-surfaced with a "Travel-Tested" finish that resists scuffing . . . comes up smiling trip-after-trip! Extra roomy interiors keep clothes looking fresh-pressed. Classic styling stays in fashion forever. Samsonite Streamlite is the greatest gift value in luggage! In Hawaiian Blue (featured), Saddle Tan (featured), Ebony Grey, Rawhide Finish or Colorado Brown.



Keeps its first trip look

Samsonite Streamlite

SAMSONITE OF CANADA, LTD., MANUFACTURING PLANT, QUEENS HIGHWAY, EAST, STRATFORD, ONTARIO

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 5, 1959



Say Merry Christmas with ...

train boards, tree platforms, Santa Claus, his sleigh and reindeer, Christmas Greetings displays

Make them yourself— with foolproof patterns



These Christmas figures and displays are big and bright and colorful. Yet you make them yourself—easily, quickly and with professional results.

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Your lumber dealer will sell you the Easi-Build® Patterns you want. Each pattern includes the full list of materials and paint you will need. You buy these from your lumber dealer, too.

Each pattern is full-size. You simply trace it onto a sheet of 3/8" Homasote—then cut it out with a key-hole saw. Your pattern includes complete instructions for the painting. It's as easy as that and the results are truly professional.

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ruin the country. Money would become worthless"

"Become!"

"Money would become worthless. Work would be debased. The government would no longer be in control of the destiny of the people, and I would no longer be in control of the government, for the very sinews of the nation, pulsing with life, our ability to handle the warp and woof of the financial heart of the country: in short, Mr. Gorn — tight money and taxes are among man's greatest inventions. Destroy that and you destroy the nation — the government — I'd never survive."

"I don't understand," Walter said. "You're not meant to understand."

"But think of the schools you could build," Walter said.

"Please," said the prime minister. "Not so loud. I've just got a new secretary from Quebec."

"Think of the highways you could construct — to Ungava and Frobisher Bay. Think of the culture you could spread around: every hamlet could see Hamlet, every village could hear Verdi . . ."

"Mr. Gorn . . ."

"You could start a free national health service. You could even afford to send policemen wherever they were needed."

"Mis-ter Gorn!" the prime minister said severely. "That is the way out. Take the purse with you. You may expect a visit from the income-tax department."

"I wonder what would happen," Walter said, getting angry, "if the opposition learned that you had turned down a gift worth — conservatively — thirty billion dollars a year?"

The prime minister considered the question. "You're threatening me," he said.

"Tit for tat."

"Perhaps I've been hasty," the prime minister said.

"Perhaps you have."

"What do you want?"

"What do I want?" Walter Gorn said, genuinely surprised. "I came to give you . . ."

"I know, I know. But what is it you're really after?"

"You people," Walter said, his indignation rising again, "you people lose touch . . ."

"Just name it, Mr. Gorn. It's yours — if we can agree on a few things."

"I want to be Minister of External Affairs," Walter said airily.

"What?"

"Well, I haven't got any experience, so it's about the only post I fit into, don't you think?"

The prime minister held his temper with difficulty.

"I was only kidding," Walter said. "I'll settle for a senate seat," he added facetiously.

"Done," said the prime minister.

"You mean, you're going to make me a senator?"

"You are a senator, Mr. Gorn, as of this moment." The prime minister pushed a button and dictated the appointment of Walter Gorn to the Senate of Canada to the secretary who appeared. "It will be published in the Canada Gazette the day you destroy that purse," the prime minister said when the secretary had gone.

"But . . ."

"It's a little thing the country's asking of you," the prime minister said.

"Destroy the purse?"

"Destroy it. Dispose of it so that it can never again give away money."

"Are you aware of what you're saying?" Walter said.

"I did not become prime minister of

Canada for nothing," the prime minister said.

"That's true."

"Then you agree?"

"How could I ever agree to such a thing," Walter said.

"You must," the prime minister said.

"Suppose I said it's for Canada?"

"Now look . . ."

"Suppose I said it's for the Commonwealth?"

"Mr. Prime Minister . . ."

"Suppose I said it's for the Queen?"

"Aw come off it," Walter said.

"Would you, Mr. Gorn, do it then, to satisfy me?"

"I don't want to do it for anyone,"

Walter said. "I've got this thing and I want to give it away. I want it to do some good."

"I appreciate that," the prime minister said. "But you're not really giving us anything. You've heard of the printing press?"

"Yes."

"That's how we make money, Mr. Gorn. It's faster and safer."

The prime minister was no longer sure what he was talking about, but Walter Gorn seemed impressed. "You do understand," the prime minister added.

"I think so," Walter said.

"The greatest service you can render Canada is to take that purse home and get rid of it."

WALTER finally agreed, and went away, the purse lying heavily in his right-hand pocket. He had never been more miserable in all his life. When he got home he felt a stranger in his own house. Ethel merely tolerated his presence now and her greeting was perfunctory. "It's my bridge night," she said as she left after supper. "Don't wait up."

A little later Walter went down to the cellar and got kindling, canned coal, and some paper and made a fire in the living-room fireplace. After looking at the flames for a long time he took out the purse and for half an hour or so amused himself by extracting dollar bills and feeding them to the fire. But that stopped being amusing and at last he dropped the purse itself into the fire.

The first thing he noticed was that his clothes seemed to be evaporating. In any case, they disappeared. A few seconds later the fire seemed to flow out of the

fireplace and the house began to burn. The firemen seemed unable to control it. "Even the bricks burn," a discouraged deputy chief remarked. But this was only a prelude.

In the next twenty-four hours Walter Gorn was wiped out. His mines caved in, his oil wells went dry, his real estate burned down or fell down or proved to have been badly surveyed. When, in a mood of quiet desperation, he dropped into a bank to collect a little of the cash he had tucked away in the safety deposit boxes he found only a pile of soft fluffy grey ash. Everything the purse had brought him was gone.

"Oh, well," Walter said philosophically, as he came back from the telegraph office where he had sent the prime minister a wire to say the purse was now no more. "Oh well, at least I still have the senatorship."

As it turned out, he didn't. The prime minister tried to explain that he had been a bit hasty, that what he had actually said was . . . but it didn't matter. "I understand," Walter wrote. "I understand perfectly."

In the end he went back to the newspaper. They had always considered him a fine sports columnist on the Mail, and told him so. They even gave him his job back. "Do anything you like with it, Walt," the editor said, "just keep it clean."

And so, a few days before Christmas Walter Gorn found himself back at his old desk. He wondered what on earth he'd write about.

"I can do anything I want," Walter said. "I can breathe. I can laugh. I can feel the moonlight on me in the evening. I can . . ."

A trim pair of young legs clicked by. Walter watched them disappear among the desks. For the first time since the night he had found the purse he felt a sensation in the ends of his fingers.

He picked up the phone and dialed. When his wife answered, Walter Gorn said: "Ethel?"

"Yes."

"I love you."

"That's nice, dear. Don't forget to bring home the pork chops."

"No."

He hung up.

Whistling, he turned back to his typewriter. ★



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**More flavour, more life, more satisfaction!*



"MABEL
BLACK
LABEL!"

"Whatever the death toll in illegal firetraps, it will be many times greater in legal ones"

1.45 a.m.; the screams stopped at two. Sixteen people, most of them under thirty, died in the intervening quarter hour.

The fire commissioner for western Quebec, Henri Beaulieu, investigated the

Oldfield fire for several months. His inquiry failed to find the immediate cause of the outbreak. It did find: Between 1951 and 1958 the owners of 2 Oldfield Place subdivided the original thirteen apartments into forty-six (as they did

with similar buildings at 4, 6, 8, and 10 Oldfield, where, with a few doors removed and a few hand-size fire extinguishers installed, the tenants are now living in much the same conditions as the sixteen who died next door almost a

year ago). Fibreboard and plywood were the main materials used to rebuild the apartments. Raymond Paré, fire chief at the time, described the rebuilding materials as "tinder"; there were two fire escapes in the building. They were "insufficient" and both were behind the locked doors of private apartments, "contrary to municipal regulations"; no building permits had been applied for or issued to cover any of the reconstruction at 2 Oldfield Place or the four adjoining buildings. The Montreal building code and the Quebec law on electrical installations were both violated repeatedly; there was a serious fire at 6 Oldfield Place in 1955; another at 4 Oldfield Place in 1956. Before or after these fires, there is no record of the Oldfield Place firetraps undergoing inspection by either the city planning department or the fire-prevention bureau.

The fire commissioner's report concluded that the condition of the building "showed a remarkable disregard for the safety of the public."

Like the Oldfield Place firetrap, thousands of apartment blocks in every Canadian city have been hived off in the post-war scramble to shelter an exploding population. It is unlikely that many of them show quite the "remarkable disregard" for human frailty displayed in the ashes of Oldfield Place. But it is certain that firetraps proliferate among them—nobody knows how widely, because inspecting every old building in town is beyond the manpower of any planning department or any electrical-inspection bureau in any big Canadian city. Without exception they are hard pressed to inspect and reinspect all the construction that is legally covered by permits.

Nor is simple inspection a foolproof guarantee that more firetraps will not be built. In 1958 James McIsaac, who recently retired after thirty-five years as chief of Montreal's fire-prevention bureau, issued 150 complaints against new or almost new apartment blocks—blocks that did have building permits, had been checked out by the planning department, and still had defects built into them that, technically, make them firetraps. Most of the owners of these buildings have since paid fines, some as high as forty dollars. The owners of at least six, a row of elegant, forty-unit blocks on Ridgewood Avenue high on Mount Royal, have now undertaken to provide their tenants with an escape route by enclosing the stairways.

When these six are subtracted from the illegal firetraps across the country, a lethal but uncounted number will remain.

Other Canadian fire victims in the Sixties will die in firetraps the law is powerless to act against.

Whatever the death toll in illegal firetraps, the toll will be many times greater in legal ones—buildings that are older than the building codes and fire laws, most of which have been passed since World War II. In no Canadian city are these laws retroactive; firetraps erected before the local bylaws were enacted are immune, permanently or until they are rebuilt on a scale requiring building-code approval. These "potential death traps," as Winnipeg's deputy commissioner of buildings, E. G. Simpson, describes them,

WITH MEN WHO CAN'T BE VAGUE



Successful men, in sport, in business and in industry have that uncommon touch that achieves for them their objectives. Here, in the holiday season, are four men who have gathered to celebrate the winning of a trophy. They know they triumphed because each played his part skillfully and their skip made decisions correctly and with foresight.

Perhaps that is why you find Haig & Haig in the picture with men who can't be vague. In ordering Scotch Whisky, they naturally name the brand they know through experience to have singular virtues... the original Scotch flavour and gentleness that in 1627 set the standard for all to follow.



DON'T BE VAGUE... SAY HAIG & HAIG
Scotland's FIVE STAR Scotch Whisky
 DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND—AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

62Q

cover a large and sometimes predominant part of every Canadian city's area. Any city-dwelling Canadian can recognize buildings he visits every day in Simpson's enumeration: "... buildings of all types of construction and occupancy which have inadequate or improperly located exits; buildings of combustible construction which exceed today's code limitations on heights and areas; buildings with stairways and elevator shafts which are not enclosed, thus providing perfect flues for the rapid passage of smoke, toxic gases and fire; buildings where the heating equipment is not properly enclosed or there are inadequate detection, alarm, or extinguishing devices."

These buildings would all be outlawed if they were on the drawing board today; on the street, they are untouchable. They include every kind of building in the country—homes, hotels, hospitals, office buildings, stores, industrial plants.

Consider two suggested by Ontario fire experts:

"The biggest fire trap in Canada is the Toronto city hall," according to Harold B. Price, supervising engineer in the special risks department of the Canadian Underwriters Association. "At least the city hall has some sprinklers and an alarm system," counters Stuart Hornby, a fire surveyor and statistician in the Dominion Fire Commissioner's office. "But take a look at the Ontario Parliament Buildings some time. Queen's Park has everything the city hall has for a good fire, without the sprinklers and without an alarm system."

These buildings raise a crucial, entirely unanswered question: "Why," Winnipeg buildings expert E. G. Simpson asks, "should we neglect the older, sub-standard buildings where most of the loss of life occurs during fires?"

Other Canadian fire victims in the Sixties will die in villages and rural areas where there is no fire law whatever, nor any fire-fighting force.

An arresting but little-known peculiarity of Canadian law is that it classifies fire not as a scourge but as a right—a branch of property rights. As such, fire law is a provincial matter. The provinces dabble in fire law—some, like Ontario, more effectively than others—but turn over the bulk of their authority to the village, town, and city councils. The local councils pass such fire bylaws as they can agree on (the laws discussed in the preceding sections) and budget for such fire-fighting forces as they see fit.

In effect, every Canadian property owner has a right to his own fires, subject only to arson laws and any local bylaws that may be passed. No Canadian, property owner or not, has a right to demand fire protection from anybody. He gets as much protection from fire as his local council chooses to give him.

There are forty-three hundred incorporated municipalities in Canada. Two thousand of them choose to maintain fire-fighting services. Perhaps twenty-three hundred have so far chosen not to, largely for reasons of cost and sparse population. In the Sixties there will be many times more death and devastation by fire in these undefended municipalities, per capita, than in the defended ones: the fire-death rate for all Canada in the Fifties has been 3.6 deaths a year for every 100,000 people; the toll in the sparsely settled and largely undefended Yukon and Northwest Territories has been 15 deaths for every 100,000 people.

There is no record of how many local councils have chosen to pass building codes or other fire laws. Most authori-

ties estimate that only about one municipality in ten has so far enacted a set of building bylaws. This leaves builders in as many as nine out of ten municipalities free to put up more firetraps alongside the ones that are already standing.

There are other loopholes in our defenses against fire that gape less widely. In Ontario, electricians are licensed locally, not by provincial examiners. Many local councils will allow anybody who can hold a pair of pliers to wire a building. Electrical contractors in both provinces condemn this practice as deadly,

and they have been unsuccessfully demanding provincial licensing for years.

Rooming houses, unlicensed in most parts of the country, are a special hazard in the eyes of many fire authorities. They insist rooming houses and tenements should be licensed, and should be required to pass a stiff fire-hazard examination or be put out of business. Unlicensed nursing homes are included in the same indictment.

Many new industrial chemical processes, the emerging hazards of nuclear-power installations, the storage of in-

flammable liquids, the transportation and handling of manufactured and natural gas, all call for special safeguards that are not generally in force.

Each of these lethal flaws in our counteroffensive against fire is known. Each is on the public record. Each is a standing accusation, indicting this nation for betraying the charred corpses of the Fifties and the human ashes that will be raked from the rubble of the Sixties.

It is true that all the defenses the most ingenious legislators and engineers can devise will not entirely subdue fire in

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Canada. The climate makes us live too many months of the year in furnace-dried air, and our miles of dried-out wooden buildings burn too readily. But between 1948 and 1957 fire destruction in Canada doubled, from \$67 million to \$133 million. The death rate by fire remained constant while the population grew—fire killed 493 people in 1948 and 638 people in 1957. In that decade we stoked our furnaces no hotter, nor did we increase our construction of wooden buildings. What did we increase? Our hazards — without corresponding safeguards.

This report has examined the most glaring of the hazards—the weak or non-existent fire laws, the erratic enforcement of such laws as there are, the callous indifference of many property owners to fire hazards, legal or illegal, all abetted by common carelessness: the dropped cigarette that turns a potential fire hazard into a flaming firetrap. This is the "moral factor" in fire, in the words of J. N. Pryce, assistant superintendent special risks division of the Canadian Underwriters' Association.

Pryce and most other fire experts believe the Canadian inferno cannot be curbed without curbing the moral factor. The record bears them out:

Attempting to curb the flames while the moral factor is unchecked, Canadian fire departments are now spending almost sixty million dollars a year to keep well over two hundred million dollars' worth of flame-dousing equipment rolling. They have 11,600 professionals on the payroll and 40,500 volunteers standing by. In the last ten years they have tooled up with two-way radios, fog nozzles (it is often more effective to smother flames with a cone of fine spray spread over a large area than to hit a smaller target with a solid jet of water) and agile, short-wheel-base ladder trucks. Ontario has worked out the first province-wide mutual-aid system, which cuts across county and municipality lines to funnel men and equipment to the point where the fire is burning. Other provinces are following suit.

The National Research Council outside Ottawa is burning sample walls in giant furnaces, igniting test materials, examining plastic hose, in an elaborate new fire research laboratory. Ontario fire-department officers are learning new methods at the first residential fire-training college in Canada, at Gravenhurst, Ont.

By their own report, Canadian fire-fighting forces are now at an almost astonishing pitch of battle readiness. Maclean's asked the chiefs of half a dozen large-city fire departments if there was anything—men, money, equipment—they needed to do a better job. Not one brought up a serious deficiency. R. C. Malmquist, who is chief of the Minneapolis fire department and past president of the International Association of Fire Chiefs, told a meeting of Canadian fire experts not long ago that "our strategy and techniques of fire control and extinguishment" in the U.S. and Canada "would seem fantastic to the veteran fire fighter of only a generation ago." He also told the Canadians: "You have done much more on the subject of fire research than we have in the States."

But Malmquist was then obliged to add a less heartening question: "Why, then, are we apparently fighting a losing battle against fire? We have never had so many big and costly blazes, so many disasters. We are continuing to lose lives at a frightening rate."

Here and there, while the technical fire-fighting improvements Chief Malmquist mentions have been coming about and the fire rate has been rising, piecemeal attempts have been made to fight the moral factor before the flames break out. The results have sometimes been remarkable.

Most of Canada's large cities have been experimenting with new systems of putting fire fighters to work rooting out fire hazards between fires. Maintaining a constant radio connection with the fire hall in case of emergency, the men work the streets of their district house by house. Any householder has the right to refuse them entry; if they're allowed inside, the

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

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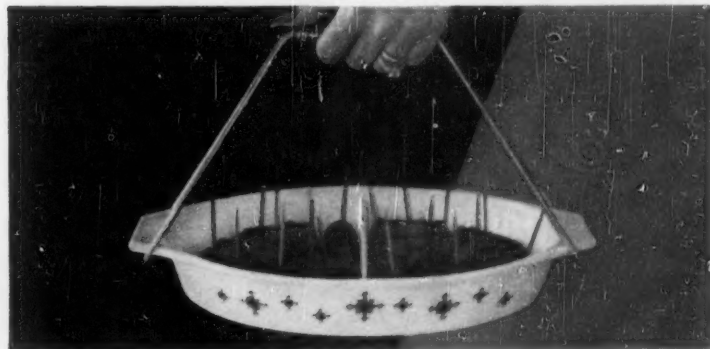
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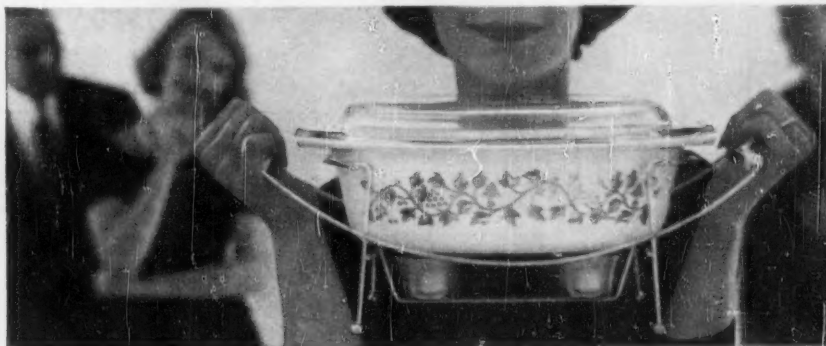
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men go over the building against a detailed check list of danger spots, from fuse boxes to rubbish heaps.

Vancouver is now adding a variant of this system to its standing machinery of inspection by fire wardens, building and electrical department inspectors, and health inspectors, all of whom report on fire hazards. In 1958 these inspections uncovered 14,245 fire hazards in 58,500 homes, and 4,685 hazards in 12,141 commercial and industrial buildings. Vancouver has almost certainly been the most toughly inspected city in Canada for the last few years, and probably not by coincidence it is also one of the few Canadian cities with a reasonably tough, consolidated fire code to back its inspectors up. Between 1955, when this inspection program started, and 1958 the number of fires in Vancouver decreased from 3,089 to 1,898. The number of fires in Canada went up from 76,096 to 86,563.

Several expert organizations, among them the National Research Council, the Canadian Underwriters' Association, and the National Fire Protection Association (U.S.), publish model building codes and fire codes in constantly revised editions. Most cities have adapted parts of these codes, but in all Canada only Calgary has passed a fire-prevention code that includes the toughest clauses in each of them. The Calgary code passed city council only in October, 1958, and no measure of results is yet available. Businessmen will probably be interested to learn, though, that fire-insurance premiums, rising fast in most parts of Canada, are falling in Calgary.

Winnipeg has no consolidated fire code after many years of political backing and filling, although a special hotel-safety code, backed up by rigid inspections, has made Winnipeg hotels an anti-fire model for every city in North America. Toronto has no fire code. Vancouver has a code, although not a particularly tough one. Montreal, after thirty-one years of kicking a fire code around the council table, this year adopted the first two of about twenty bylaws that will make up the code. A city engineer who has watched many of these scrimmages from the sidelines provides a commentary that can be taken as more or less typical of fire-code debates in Canada:

"You may be sure that property owners are well represented at city hall. They are understandably leery of added controls that may mean spending money on their buildings.

"They don't argue against fire protection; they argue against interference with property rights. Most often, they manage to water down new measures or stall them off until the next session. And the next. And the next."

There is no statistical yardstick yet available, but slum clearance and redevelopment projects like Montreal's new Jeanne Mance and Toronto's Regent Park projects are almost certainly more effective fire baulks than a fleet of pump trucks. In August, 1959, two men died in a Vancouver tenement fire. Fire Chief Hugh Bird described the entire block the tenement stood in as an appalling deathtrap. Slum clearance, he insists, is "the only hope" he can see for this block of firetraps and "hundreds more like it" throughout the city. No large Canadian city is free of the same dilemma: "We have a fire-hazard problem in our slums," says Winnipeg's deputy building commissioner E. G. Simpson. "But when I first saw the tenement districts in Ottawa and Montreal, I shuddered."

Redevelopment, whether of slums or the normal rebuilding of aged and inefficient apartments, office blocks or in-

dustrial plants, involves a special hazard of its own. Concrete-and-steel construction, and a great deal of uninformed talk, have convinced many people they are now living or working in "fireproof" buildings. "There's no such thing as a fireproof building," says Gordon Shorter, the engineering chief of the National Research Council's new fire laboratory. Insurance men say the same thing differently: "The only safe fire risk is pig iron under water."

This, then, is the ugly record. Seven thousand Canadians will die by fire in the 1960's. Some of them will be betrayed by the many small knowing betrayals that combine in the moral factor. Means to curb the moral factor are known, but they are being used piecemeal, haltingly, half-heartedly, when they are used at all.

A prediction, of course, is not a fact, and if the moral factor is boldly curbed in the Sixties by men humane enough to enact strong laws and tough enough to enforce them, some of the seven thousand predicted victims will live. As yet there is too little reason to expect the number who might escape to be very large.

Conscience stirs slowly

For so long that their indifference to death when it is sufficiently widespread is apparently ingrained, Canadians have largely ignored the slow climb of the fire toll into the thousands. Almost all the piecemeal measures in force against the moral factor have waited to follow a single overwhelming calamity.

Winnipeg decided to clean out the firetraps in its hotels only after 180 people died in two hotel fires in the U.S. in 1946. Inspection showed that not one of Winnipeg's fifty-seven hotels was completely safe at the time. There is no way of knowing what the condition of these hotels would now be if the American tragedies had not taken place.

Since 105 children died last winter in a blazing Chicago school, almost every Canadian school board has called in fire experts for the most severe inspections the schools have ever undergone. Millions are now being spent on removing fire hazards in these schools—a million dollars in Vancouver alone. Why did these improvements wait for an American disaster before the Canadian conscience stirred?

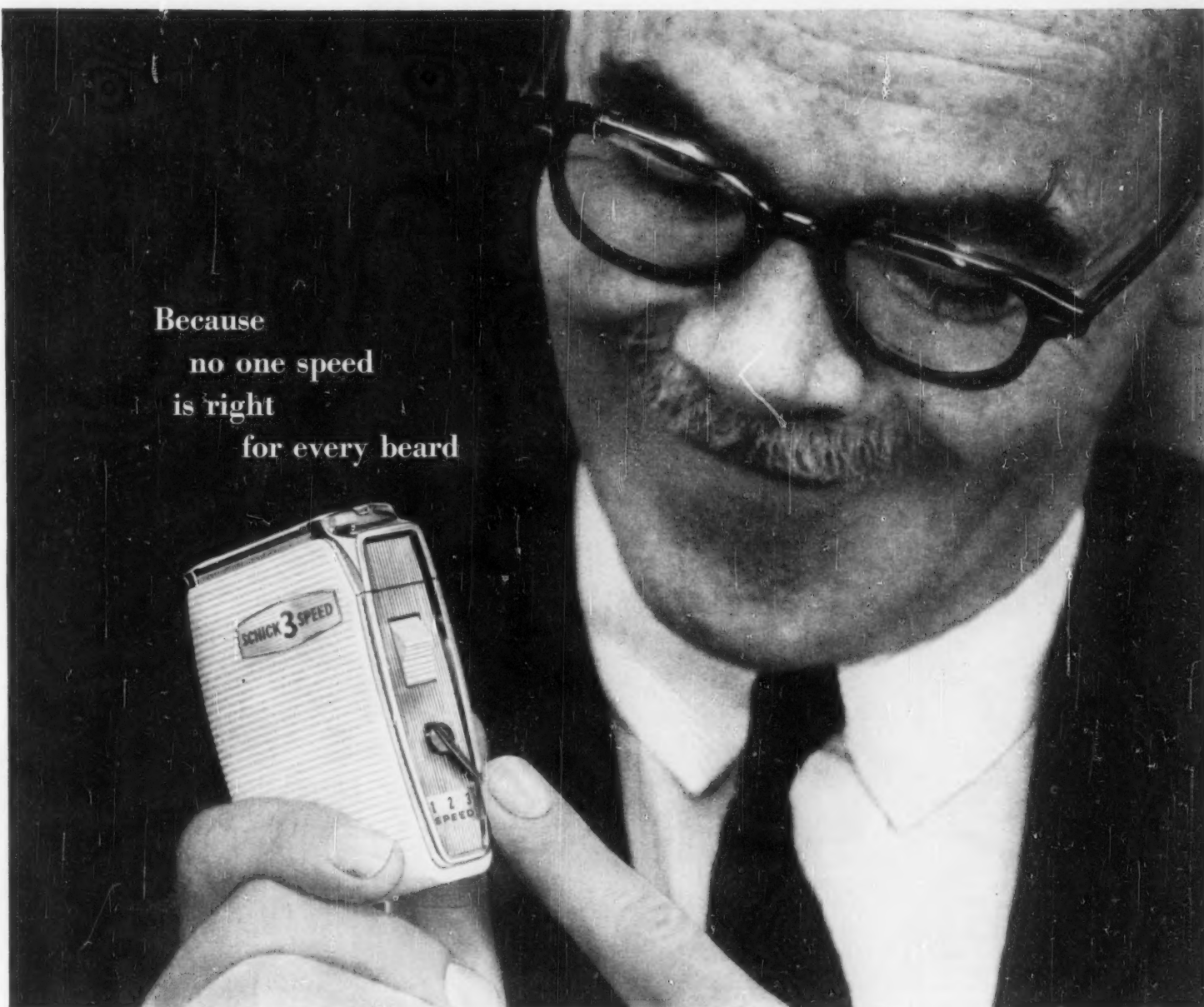
Montreal's two fire bylaws have been passed only since the Oldfield Place fire killed sixteen people last November. At the time the chairman of Montreal city council's executive committee, J. M. Savignac, charged: "Whenever we request (certain local proprietors) to effect alterations and improvements against fire hazards, they say they are being persecuted by the civic administration. I claim their attitude is criminal . . . I assert their refusals are criminal."

In September, 1959, when the fire was almost a year in the past and the political climate had cooled to normal, a Maclean's writer asked Savignac for his then-current views on fire laws and their enforcement. "There is nothing to talk about," the executive-committee chairman said, and suggested there was nothing to write about either.

Savignac was close to the heart of the moral hazard when he alleged criminal attitudes. He is farther from it now, as are most local legislators across Canada.

Meanwhile the bodies of Canadians continue to drop among the ashes, flame-bitten, each a mute and damning witness in the case against betrayal by fire. ★

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 5, 1959





For the sake of argument continued from page 10

"In '39 it made sense to plan to meet a mighty power in head-on war; today it's nonsense"

ting aggressive thermonuclear war against the West, I would not recommend that we quit NORAD. On the contrary, I would approve all our present defensive measures as far as they went and recommend that we mobilize entirely and immediately for total war. Any lesser defense against thermonuclear weapons than this is no defense at all. There would be no point in trying to get the whole population, their means of sustenance, and our defense industries dispersed and underground in the two-hour warning time given us by the DEW line.

This points up the fundamental error of our whole defense policy. Either we are getting ready for thermonuclear war or we are not. If we really are, then we—all of us—must disperse and go underground. If we are not getting ready for thermonuclear war, why did we spend \$400,000,000 for the Arrow and why are we now allowing Bomarcas to be installed in Canada? Such defensive weapons will not prevent the utter destruction of the nation unless allied to the most rigorous civil defense arrangements. We would have to make ancient Sparta look positively Athenian.

We're "a U. S. satellite"

Our half-and-half defense policy is partly a result of allowing our disunited armed forces to continue as such into the thermonuclear age. The air force is given the job of air defense, so the air force goes all out to build up the best air defense possible. The fact that air defense is impossible, that even the best will still leave business-as-usual Canada utterly destroyed, is outside the air force's terms of reference. At the same time, the navy takes all the money it can get to build up task forces capable of destroying a "reasonable number" of Soviet submarines—even though the submarines left over would fire enough missiles to destroy the nation. To complete the picture, the army in NATO develops nuclear tactics which can only be described as inadequate since they take no account of the Soviet air force's nuclear weapons.

The only "defense" against the thermonuclear weapon is possession of equivalent means of attack. American thermonuclear weapons, however delivered, deter Russian thermonuclear weapons and vice-versa — and that's about all there really is to it.

Since NORAD cannot, in the event of the thermonuclear war for which it was supposedly designed, prevent the utter destruction of Canada, there is absolutely no reason for our adhering to it. And at least one good one for our not adhering to it. Politically, our acceptance of American command of our air-defense forces makes us a satellite of the U. S. with a consequent fundamental abasement of our prestige—and power for good—among the uncommitted nations.

Of course, the NORAD people will claim that their fighters and missiles protect the Strategic Air Command bases, the essential American deterrent to Soviet thermonuclear attack. Another last-war concept! The only protection the SAC bases need is time—time for the American bombers to get airborne. And this time is provided by the DEW line and its extensions, including the Ameri-

can radar picket ships. If the Americans expect to have SAC bombers still on the ground two hours after the DEW line has given the alert, we might as well quit right now anyway. The whole idea of protecting SAC bases, of shooting down

Soviet bombers, stems from the notion of actually fighting a thermonuclear war. Such a war is suicide. What sort of defense policy is this? How can it be called a "defense policy" when two hours after the start of the war it envisages, the

nation will no longer exist as a power?

In 1939 it made sense to plan to meet a mighty power head on in all-out war. Today it is nonsense. After the terrible thermonuclear exchanges, it will be militarily feasible for some troops on each



THE

side to fight broken-back campaigns. But victory in such a war will scarcely be preferable to defeat. The victor will have suffered far more than the victory will be worth. The only sensible defense policy for Canada is one which does most to reduce the tension between the two great powers while ensuring Canada's territorial integrity against all but nuclear attack.

We cannot deny the facts of our geography. We are placed squarely between two mighty and still hostile powers. Since major war between these two powers will

surely be mutually suicidal and will in large measure be fought over our territory, it is only common sense that we should try to keep the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. apart. In short, be a buffer.

To be a buffer, one has to be neutral—in both directions. This means that we must withdraw from NORAD and have all American servicemen—including those in the three Newfoundland bases—quit Canadian soil. At the same time we must take over operation and full control of the DEW line or internationalize it under the UN, while allowing

American and Russian observers to sit in and report to their own countries any strange sightings. Our CF-100 squadrons should then be based near the DEW line where they could identify any aircraft flying over it. The CF-100 will always be good enough for this. The Arrow was a waste of \$400,000,000 from beginning to end. Whether our fighters can get close enough to foreign bombers to shoot them down is of no consequence: our fighters could never shoot down enough to save the nation anyway.

I suppose these ideas of mine will

annoy some Americans. They shouldn't, for they are a practical application of President Eisenhower's "open skies" proposal. The last thing either the Americans or the Russians want is to fight the other in all-out war. Even if either or both think they would not be wiped out, they both know they would suffer horribly. The Americans, basically, want to keep what they've got. The Russians want to communize the world without a hot war. It is therefore in the interests of both the Americans and the Russians that Canada should be a buffer between them, that both should know that they need fear no surprise attack across Canada. For it is this fear of surprise attack that history will record as the most direct cause of the third world war, should it occur.

It would be foolish to think that we can continue to tag along indefinitely as an American satellite. Time is not on our side. Although neither the Americans nor the Russians are plotting aggressive war on the other, each side must at least consider the possibility of a pre-emptive attack on the other—a sudden, forestalling attack so overwhelming that the victim, before being utterly destroyed, can only inflict grievous, but not mortal injury in exchange. Such a pre-emptive attack would become a political and military necessity for one power if it thought that the other was on the verge of delivering such a pre-emptive attack itself. The world will have attained this highly unstable and dangerous condition in two or three years.

It seems that the U.S.S.R. will soon be able completely to destroy the U.S. while only being badly hurt in exchange. It makes no military sense for the U.S.S.R. to wait for the U.S. to catch up to it in pre-emptive attack capabilities. In other words, it does make military sense for the U.S.S.R. to launch a pre-emptive thermonuclear attack on the U.S. in the next year or two. The only thing Canada can do to lessen the chances of so ghastly—but militarily reasonable—an event, is to give the Russians the same guarantees against American surprise pre-emptive attack as we at present afford the Americans against the Russians. In this regard, Prime Minister Diefenbaker's recently expressed invitation to the Russians to inspect northern Canada for aggressive bases provided our side may look over northern U.S.S.R., is inadequate. The Americans do not need to base the SAC in Canada to launch a surprise attack on the U.S.S.R. across Canada. Mr. Diefenbaker's offer in no way helps meet point five of Mr. Khrushchov's alternative disarmament plan: "Agreement on the prevention of surprise attack by one state against another."

Only by being a true buffer between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. can we play a positive part in averting thermonuclear war. With the money no longer wasted on useless weapons we can foster the building of the third force, and so help the underdeveloped nations choose the Indian rather than the Chinese solution.

We will thus help build a middle-of-the-road alternative to the two mighty and hostile powers—an alternative which may yet absorb even them. Here, and here alone, lies the hope for peace—a peace based on a reduction of the tensions between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. rather than on the subjection of one by the other. ★

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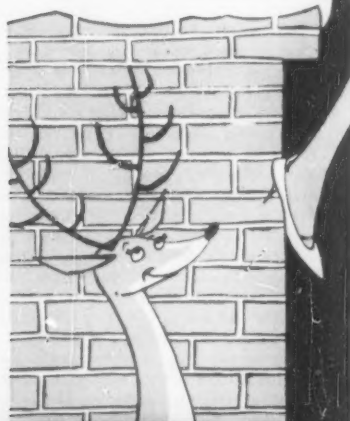
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Tash was the first newsreel man at the scene when the Dionne quintuplets were born. He had to power his lights with auto batteries.

My first forty years behind a newsreel camera continued from page 31

"When I began, a cameraman was part organ grinder and part hod carrier"

when necessary and if a tripod is bearing the load. Mechanical turning exposes twenty-four frames a second. My camera cost about a thousand dollars, with normal, wide-angle and telephoto lenses; I have a spare, just as good, which I picked up for \$250 from War Assets.

It was a different story when I started out in Chicago early in the century. In those days a movie photographer was part organ grinder and part hod carrier. The cameras, crowned with their two large magazines, or retorts, tripods, and maximum load of two hundred feet of film could weigh as much as a hundred and fifty pounds. It played you out just toting the things around. Film was exposed by hand cranking and you had to hit an exact speed of two turns a second, which gave you sixteen exposures a second. That was only the half of it.

Projectors were also hand-turned. The man in the projection booth had to synchronize his turning speed with the photographer's. It wasn't easy. No wonder characters in the early movies moved about as if they had ants in their pants. I once turned in a film which no projectionist could have coped with. It was a military parade. Quite unconsciously my hand began to crank in time with a Sousa march instead of the regulation two turns a second. Next day the proudest regiment in the American middle west was shown on Chicago screens alternating between a goose-step and a buck-and-wing dance. The film was quickly withdrawn.

My first effort was with a homemade camera, showing my family playing croquet. It was taken a year or so after I entered the movie industry by sweeping up the peanuts in a neighborhood nickelodeon after school. In 1914, when sixteen years old, I managed to scrounge a defective projector. I fixed it up, put in new gears, and enclosed it all in a light-proof box with only the crank and the lens protruding. Thus, it became a movie camera. It was as heavy as a branch bank's safe, and just about as awkward to move. It should have been mounted on a hay wagon.

There was a movie-news studio a few blocks from where I lived. The cameramen there would save me the short

lengths of film they snipped off bulk rolls when loading their cameras.

Enough two- or three-foot scraps put together gave me about fifty feet a month to play with. I was learning; and saving my earnings as a janitor. By my seventeenth birthday I was able to buy a proper camera, a used Universal.

Curtis Pritchard worked out of that Chicago studio. He was one of the greatest movie-news photographers of the day. He was a slight, dark, quiet fellow. He would take any risk to get an unusual shot, such as walking around on the high girders of skyscrapers then going up, or snuggling close to the rail to get worm's eye shots of approaching express trains. Pritchard took me under his wing and from him I really learned the basis of professional movie photography.

He fell 1,000 feet and lived

I came to Canada in 1919 to form a movie-news partnership with Blaine Irish, a former Chicago projectionist. We got some financial backing from Clifford Sifton, a wealthy newspaper owner, and Irwin Proctor, an aviation pioneer in Hamilton. Our two-man company, Filmcraft Industries, opened for business above the old Photodrome theatre across from the Toronto city hall, and our first job was a meet of the Toronto Hunt Club, with Sir George Beardmore master of the hunt. I believe the shots of horses jumping fences and hounds tearing across fields that afternoon were one of the first news films ever taken in Canada.

Those were eventful days for the cameraman and for a lot of other people too. Beauty contests were starting, and the girls didn't look any worse in their bloomed bathing suits than in the low-waisted dresses and coal-scuttle hats they donned when the contests were over. They looked awful in both.

It was the era of aerial acrobatics. It seemed that at least once a week I was aloft in a Curtiss "Jennie" taking pictures of some Hairbreadth Harry standing on his hands on the wing tip of an accompanying plane. George "Peanuts" Doan was such a daredevil. I was shooting him when he fell off the plane and dropped about a thousand feet into Lake Ontario.

Doan wasn't killed, but it was a long time before he felt the same again.

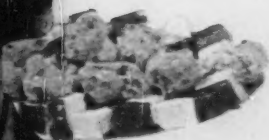
We were burned out in 1924 and the partnership was dissolved. I picked up a job with Associated Screen News (now Associated Screen Industries) and have enjoyed every minute of it since. In the summer of 1925 I was assigned to the Dominion Government's Arctic expedition under the famous Captain Joe Bannister. We crawled to within five hundred miles of the pole in the government ship Arctic. In addition to the documentary of the expedition which I was hired to make, the government got some bonus shots of a polar bear charging—charging me. The bear was first seen when several hundred feet away, on an ice pan which our ship was nudging at the time. I was content to get some pictures of the bear from the rail of the ship. Some of the crew urged me to walk out on the ice and get some close-ups. One man had a sporting rifle with which he claimed to be a crack shot; he would come and cover me if the bear became bellicose. We were several yards from the ship when my companion started firing in the general direction of the animal, "to get some action out of him." We got it. He turned toward us, studied us a moment, then charged. "Keep grinding," my friend urged, "I'll stop him." So I kept grinding; there wasn't time for us to get back to the ship anyway. It was the Roger Bannister of polar bears that was coming at us. He charged right into the lens for more than a hundred thrilling feet. My protector, as good as his word, brought him down with the ninth or tenth shot. The bear rolled and slid a few yards and came to a stop less than ten feet from the camera.

Shooting Joe La Flamme's pet moose wasn't as exciting but it was a lot funnier. La Flamme was a backwoodsman from Gogama, in northern Ontario, who won a certain notoriety twenty years ago because of a moose he had reared from a calf and kept for a pet. I had a letter from Joe one day asking me to come up and get some pictures of the moose and him, eating their meals together at the table! Joe must have been exaggerating his pet's prowess a bit, for when I arrived it took Joe and two of his pals half

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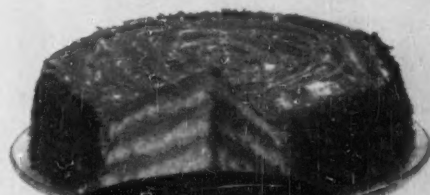
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an hour to push and pull the moose upstairs to the dining quarters in La Flamme's two-story frame shack. The moose showed no interest in food. But the shots of three men trying to get a full-grown moose up a flight of steps made one of the best newsreel stories of all time.

They have been wonderful years. And I'm far from through yet. I will go on adding to the store of episodes that crowd my memory whenever I look back—Mackenzie King's abhorrence of having a breeze lift that sparse little tuft of hair on top of his head, and his quick look of gratitude when you would stop grinding until he had patted it down again—Churchill, looking flabbergasted as I emptied his ash tray into my hand, after taking some shots of his Ottawa visit in 1941. "What are you going to do with those?" he demanded. "Put them in this envelope and save them, the ashes of a great man," I replied. He grinned, then walked over to me. "Have some more," he said, flicking fresh, hot ashes into my palm. And the time in 1934 when Billy Bishop invited me to photograph him when he took a refresher course, and the enraptured expression on his face as soon as we were airborne.

The one that tickles me the most happened during the royal tour of 1939. King George VI was a home-movie addict, and from the few questions he asked me I judged him to be a knowledgeable one. He carried a dandy 16-mm. camera, and it was no royal toy; he knew all about it. One day when the train had stopped between stations in northern Ontario and everyone tumbled out I started zooming some of the magnificent scenery. When my camera stopped I was startled to hear a similar mechanism purring just a few feet away. It was the King, taking some shots of me for a change. I gaped straight into the lens in amazement and he continued shooting for a moment. Then, with a wink, he walked to his coach.

Perhaps in the film library at Buckingham Palace there are a few feet of Roy Tash, photographer, at work. Anyway, it's nice to think so. ★



MACLEAN'S

"Then the cops made me walk a straight line to see if I had been drinking."



**"We liked animals
better than people"**

Continued from page 32

message that I was at latitude 80°, longitude 44°. I'd just enough food and water for one day, and he'd fly right in our kitchen just as my mother was serving supper. My mother and father and Mr. Ford would shake their heads in disbelief and say, "You can't lose that boy and his homing pigeon."

We spent long hours trying to teach our pets tricks. We tried to teach our dogs to walk on their hind legs, play dead and jump through our arms, and they'd just look embarrassed and disgusted. When we tried to teach them to sit up they held their fore legs up as if sitting in a sand pail and when we let go they just rolled backward slowly with their feet in the air, with absolutely no idea what they were supposed to do, and tried to bite us. We wrestled with them and curled up on our knees with our arms over our ears and let them try to find an unprotected spot, and they'd try to chew their way through our hair and it was a luxurious feeling, like getting a massage. And now and then a girl would go past with a cat or a dog looking hopelessly from a baby carriage, wrapped to the chops in swaddling clothes, and it just about made you ill.

Our dogs were quick-thinking

We never boarded our pets at ten dollars a week because we never went away that long and there were no animal hospitals for daintily fixing animals so that they can't become a nuisance. It would have spoiled half the fun of having a pet if we couldn't have played with pups and watched a mother cat carrying her kittens in her mouth looking for a new place to hide them. One of the highlights of our lives when we were kids was a time we had two female Boston bulls that both had pups at the same time. For a while we had ten dogs in the house. The mothers sat in big cereal cartons on opposite sides of the kitchen peering disapprovingly at each other's babies as they romped on the floor.

We never heard of scientifically balanced dog food with all the vitamin-packed yumminess that makes dogs happier. We fed our dogs scraps from the table — fat, crusts, cake, bones, beans, bananas — they ate everything. It was part of the fun of having supper, sitting there throwing pieces of food you didn't like over your shoulder when nobody was looking and hearing a sharp sucking sound as the dog caught it in mid-air. Our dogs liked everything except dog biscuits, which we kids found rather tasty, but I'll bet they could out-think any of the vitaminized results of canine charm courses I see today in little raincoats and plastic splash boots. They were fast-thinking, scheming and would have shocked Lassie with their lack of ethics. They watched us slyly from between stairway railings when we were hiding

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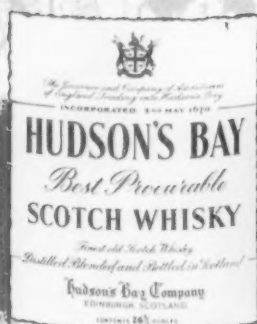
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"You could spend an enchanted hour watching the rats in the Don Valley"

some treasure like a pure white piece of fungus for drawing Indian heads on, which they chewed up as soon as we left for school.

And they were always in top fighting shape. One of the most demented fighters we ever had was a big, ingratiating, gentle Boston bull named Polly that we used to play with for hours, tapping her head and chanting "Anybody in Polly?" and making her break into a mournful solo.

We spoke to neighborhood dogs by name. Some spoke back, or seemed to, like a shiftless old street bum named Louis who used to join us on all our hikes. Some didn't, like a little female fox terrier named Bijou who spent all her time down on the Danforth and passed us walking sideways and pretending she didn't live next door.

We knew every animal for blocks around. There was a man down the street who owned a big, pink-eyed, big-chested bull terrier with brass spikes on its collar which he'd take for walks on a chain, both of them leaning in opposite directions as if they hated each other. But this man also owned a wonderful smelly ferret, and wouldn't say anything if we went into his yard and stood there watching the ferret behind its wire netting, smelling our way right into another wild, distant world. There also was a black bear chained over in Phippin's Lumber Yard on Pape Avenue, where you could stand for hours amid the scent of pine shavings, looking at the strange, foreign, snuffing, beady-eyed creature as it sat with its legs spread, front paws dangling, patches of its bare belly as black as shoe leather. It was practically like taking a trip to the Yukon. There was a CNR conductor on Browning Avenue with a racoon, and a kid on Arundel Avenue with a crow, and a woman on Bowden with a parrot that she used to put out on her porch about the time we went to school. We'd keep ourselves late standing there calling without the slightest effect, "Polly want a cracker? Polly want a cracker?"

We knew all the horses that appeared on the street pulling bakers' and butchers' wagons, and one of the Brown's Bread drivers would let us climb up on to the creaking shafts and onto the horse, where we'd sit looking around at the world as if we'd just landed on the moon. One man who drove a small covered butcher wagon used to let us sit in the seat and actually hold the reins and drive right past Frankland School. He'd join us in peering toward the school windows in the hope that some teacher would look out and get an idea of what really living was like.

There was a horse that used to graze in a field at the top of Broadview Avenue. I remember one morning climbing over a high fence to get closer to him and standing there watching him and longing to establish contact with him, to have him recognize me, and I started throwing little pebbles at him, which he ignored for a long time, until he suddenly reared, whinnied and galloped toward me. To this day I still have the impression of jumping right over a five-foot fence, although my reason tells me that I couldn't have.

Now and then a delivery horse took the bit in his mouth and you'd hear the cry go up, "A runaway! Here comes a runaway!" and there'd be the electrifying sight of a horse coming up the front lawns over petunias and wire fences with

a bread wagon careening behind it. I used to read in Boy's Own Annual how to stop a runaway horse by trotting along beside it with my Boy Scout hat on, grabbing one shaft in my left hand and the dangling reins in my right, gradually bringing the horse to a gentle stop, then turning to the father of a girl named Barbara Knowles, who was in my class, saluting smartly and saying, "Is this your bread wagon, sir?" But what I used to do when a runaway horse came up the street was find myself on my veranda, without remembering how I got there, with my mouth open, thinking what an impossible life a hero led.

We also read stories of Lobo and Vixen, White Fang, Wab the Grizzly, and just about crawled right into the drawings of glassy northern lakes and tangled moonlit forests. When we got a new animal book from the library we read it sitting outside the library on the curb. We spent hours curled over the kitchen table copying pictures of otter, weasel,



mink and muskrat out of books by Ernest Thompson Seton, Thornton W. Burgess and Charles G. D. Roberts — carefully lettering under each picture the title — THE MINK — THE WEASEL IN SUMMER COAT.

But our wild animals weren't like the wild animals of today. Today people see so few animals, and so many cartoons of animals talking and falling in love and playing pranks, and so many TV shows of chimpanzees cuddling up to Dave Garroway, that they're beginning to think animals are just quaint little people who would really like to join our Home and School Club. Our animals weren't little people. They were better than people. They were fierce, wild, free and lived in dark swamps and hidden pools and black rivers, and got wild and restless in the spring when a mysterious message on the breeze made them roam over great distances and fight other animals to the death. We weren't interested in animals from other countries. We never looked at books of the jungle. This was a foreign, slightly dull world often connected with Sunday school papers and missionaries, who looked as if they'd never stalked a wolf in their lives. Our animals lived in the far north, where we were going just as soon as we could get sprung from school.

In the meantime we took our wild animals where we found them, in a world adults passed through every day without noticing it. There was the Don Valley, where you could occasionally see an owl or a red squirrel, and the dump below Bloor Street viaduct where, on a hot

summer morning, you could spend an enchanted hour watching the rats appear and disappear like magic among the bull-rushes and broken baby carriages and hot-water boilers. And once in a while on a warm, sparkling winter morning down there in the stillness of the woods we were pretty sure we saw a muskrat track along the clay bank of the Don River.

Sometimes we trapped sparrows. We'd get a wooden soap box and prop up one end with a clothes peg, to which we'd tie a long piece of string. We'd lead the string in through the open cellar window and stand down in the cellar, peering out with the lawn at eye level, holding the string and waiting for a sparrow to hop in after the bread crumbs we had put under the soap box. We'd yank the clothes peg from under the box and race up the cellar steps. We'd hold the sparrow in our hand, look into its bright beady eyes, up close the way we wanted to. An old woman who lived a few doors up from us would spot us from her laundry stoop and call to us.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, you bad boys, torturing that poor innocent little bird?"

The thought would never have occurred to us. We weren't torturing it and we weren't ashamed of ourselves. All we wanted was to hold it, maybe even keep it, the way we used to keep the occasional fledgling English sparrow that fell into our alley from our roof. We'd make a cage for it, feed it worms, think of it all day at school and come home and find it dead. We could hardly believe it. Then we'd start looking for another one.

If we couldn't find any live animals we went to the Royal Ontario Museum to look at stuffed animals. It was a magic place to spend Sunday afternoons and dispel the terrible gloom of a world populated entirely by people who slept beneath the Sunday papers in houses that were dark, polished, dead and permeated with a faint smell of holiness, departed roast beef and boredom. We'd walk to the museum through the slush of a mild winter day and look at the display of two timber wolves snarling over the carcass of a deer; a mink beneath the surface of a pond with a minnow in its mouth; a group of black bears swatting bees. If you looked into some of the display cases long enough you'd keep seeing new things — a little frog on a lily pad, a chipping sparrow's nest with eggs in it, a meadow mouse making a runway, a snake curled in the grass.

A few weeks ago I followed a couple of kids around the same cases trying to look as if I couldn't hear what they were saying, and one boy kept repeating over and over to his companion: "Honest — honest — I'd give anything in the world to own a mink."

I knew just how he felt. I mean, if you owned a mink you'd be secretly and privately in touch with the permanent, mysterious world of nature. You could watch it, understand it, maybe touch it. You could let people see it, or refuse to let them see it; change its house; give it food. And often when you were walking through a crowd somebody would say, "Hey, there's that boy that owns a mink," and you wouldn't let on you knew everybody was staring at you.

It would make the world an even more fascinating place in which to live, which was one of the main purposes of anything, including animals, when I was a kid. ★



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The gallant death of the Jervis Bay continued from page 25

Their dash into the Scheer's big guns was "forlorn and heroic"

ever unsuitable she may have seemed, as an ocean escort.

She qualified as a limited man-of-war chiefly by virtue of her navy company of two hundred and fifty-five officers and men—some thirty of them Canadians and Newfoundlanders—and her seven six-inch guns, all cast around the turn of the century.

The sun was slowly setting as Able Seaman Walter Lloyd Darnbrough, from his lookout position on the port side of the Jervis Bay, peered through powerful binoculars and methodically traced a ninety-degree arc; forty-five degrees left and forty-five degrees right.

Since the convoy cleared Halifax eight days before, Darnbrough had taken his turn on every watch but had seen nothing. Now he was motionless, staring hard into his glasses. What he saw faintly breaking the horizon caused him to imagine an Indian wigwam rising on a distant plain. Jerking up the phone in his steel cubicle, he pressed the button and, speaking quickly, said, "Ship bearing red nine-O."

He had scarcely resumed his study of the far-off vessel, still only a conical-shaped object on the rim of the glistening waters, when the phone beside him buzzed. "Report to the captain on the bridge," a voice instructed.

Though this was his fifth convoy run in the Jervis Bay, Walter Darnbrough, a quiet, twenty-year-old from east-end Toronto whom his British shipmates called Danny, had rarely even seen the captain, let alone stood before him face to face. As he sprang toward the ladder leading to the bridge, two thoughts hung balanced in his mind: Did Captain Fegen intend to congratulate him for his alertness, perhaps tell him he was the first to spot the oncoming ship, or would he tick him off for not being more prompt? He never found out because halfway up he was halted in his tracks by the penetrating clangor of the alarm bells—a strident signal that takes precedence over all other things—and he hurried off to his action station. It was 4.55 p.m.

The events of the next crowded hour—a hellish kaleidoscope of death, fire, fury and frustration—were to send the names Jervis Bay and Capt. Fogarty Fegen pulsating around the globe. Indeed, these same events were to frame in laurel the pledge Captain Fegen gave the crew of the Jervis Bay on April 2, 1940, the day after he took command.

"So far," he said quietly, "we haven't met any real action. But I promise you this much . . ." and here he had the attention of his men . . . if the gods are good to us and we meet the enemy, I shall take you in as close as I possibly can."

Later in the House of Commons Winston Churchill used the words that probably best describe the way in which Fogarty Fegen honored his pledge—"forlorn and heroic." It was conduct that earned Fegen a posthumous Victoria Cross; his ship and men, a flood of emotional eulogies.

Not long after she tipped into view that late November afternoon, the rapidly approaching stranger was identified as a German pocket battleship. Fogarty Fegen must have known then that his fate was sealed. There could be no thought of flight. His duty was to occupy the enemy

as long as possible while the thirty-seven merchant ships in his care sought to escape.

At forty-nine, Edward Stephen Fogarty Fegen was a controlled, serious man, with deep-set eyes, thick tufted brows and a prominent nose. No matter how hopeless the odds, he was faced with a situation that his whole background, training and character had prepared him to meet.

Though born in the English naval town of Chatham, he came of an old Tipperary family. His relatives, paradoxically, had included prominent figures in the Irish independence movement, but it was for their dedicated service to the Royal Navy that the Fegens were probably best known. His father had been a vice-admiral, his grandfather a captain. One of his ancestors—a namesake, in fact—commanded a frigate at Trafalgar in 1805.

Standing on the bridge in his charcoal-grey duffle coat, Fogarty Fegen signaled the convoy to scatter. As the merchantmen, 220,000 tons of shipping in all, began to twist and turn behind him, he called for full ahead and the Jervis Bay surged toward her antagonist at an all-out fifteen knots.

Shrapnel flew everywhere

The pocket battleship Admiral Scheer, ten thousand formidable tons of modern naval architecture, could make close to twenty-eight knots. She was fitted with six eleven-inch guns in massive triple turrets, one forward and one aft. Even her secondary armament was impressive—eight 5.9-inch guns and an anti-aircraft battery. For reconnaissance, she carried a seaplane that the crew called their "parrot."

The Scheer's commander, Capt. Theodor Krancke, having established that the Jervis Bay was an auxiliary cruiser of some sort, apparently bent on standing in his way, resolved to dispose of her as quickly as possible. There was not much daylight left and he was impatient to be about the primary business at hand: destruction of the freighters and tankers that were making off in all directions behind a thick smoke screen and the oncoming darkness.

The Admiral Scheer opened fire at eighteen thousand yards. The first salvo fell short by about fifty yards. The bursting shells sent great columns of water spouting skyward, thirty feet above the Jervis Bay's boat deck. One piece of honed shrapnel sliced through the air and hit a man who was stationed on the No. 1 port gun. It severed his head from his body.

The second salvo passed over the target, striking the water about a hundred yards from the Jervis Bay's starboard side. The third found its mark; the fore topmast came crashing down, the bridge was hit, the range-finding and directional system were knocked out. A gun was blown over the side, crew and all.

Fires were breaking out all over the Jervis Bay and everywhere could be heard the sound of shrapnel—razor-sharp slivers and jagged lumps of metal—whining through the air and digging into the decks. Walter Darnbrough was at his action station—sixth position in the seven-man crew on the stern gun—when

he and his mates turned to see standing near them a wraith-like figure: a steward or cook, clad only in white pants and shoes, rivulets of blood running from a dozen wounds in his arms and upper body. He gazed mutely at them for a moment, then turned and walked off into the smoke and noise.

While the Jervis Bay shuddered and heaved under the Scheer's assault, she continued to head toward the pocket battleship. One or two of her forward guns were firing but, with an effective range of only twelve thousand yards, their shots plopped harmlessly into the sea.

In the stern, Darnbrough and the others stood tensely by a gun that was never to fire. One member of the crew had a full-rigged, four-masted schooner tattooed on his chest; Darnbrough remembers it as "the only beautiful tattoo I ever saw." Somehow, at the height of the Scheer's bombardment—probably cordite ignited by hot shrapnel—the man was instantly transformed into a human torch.

Quickly seized, he was plunged screaming into the gun tank, a large wooden cask that was used for cooling the head of the rammer. When they lifted him out, the richly detailed schooner was gone, seared off with most of the skin on his body.

While Able Seaman Walter Darnbrough, who had always wanted to be a sailor, was getting this first-hand introduction to the horrors of war, another young Torontonian, Stoker John Smith, was moving cautiously about the burning ship carrying two cartons of cigarettes given him by the first lieutenant, who had told him to keep the gun crews in smokes.

Smith, who had been drafted to the Jervis Bay in a party of Royal Canadian Navy stokers, was at sea for the first time. He had been so impressed with the size of his new ship when he went aboard her in Halifax that he wrote a reassuring letter to his parents. "This is a big one," he explained confidently. "You've got nothing to worry about." When action stations sounded, he was in the stokers' mess helping prepare tea. Until the first vibrations of exploding shells were felt, he thought it was just another drill.

After the cigarettes were thrust at him, Smith went doggedly about his assignment, though the futility of it all had become apparent to him. Then on the starboard side of the ship, where there was a degree of relative shelter from the enemy's fire, he encountered two stewards eager for a smoke. He decided to have one himself and all three hunched down on the deck to get a light.

After the two stewards were lit, one of them looked at Smith in surprise and said, "You're not going to take the third light, are you?"

"I'm not superstitious," Smith replied, bending down to the match. He was the only one of the three to survive.

Meanwhile, Fogarty Fegen, whose left arm had been torn away by shrapnel earlier in the action, climbed agonizingly down from the shattered and flaming bridge and made his way aft. Though pale and blood-soaked, he was still very much the captain as he surveyed his stricken ship. One of the most disturbing sights his eyes settled on was the Jervis



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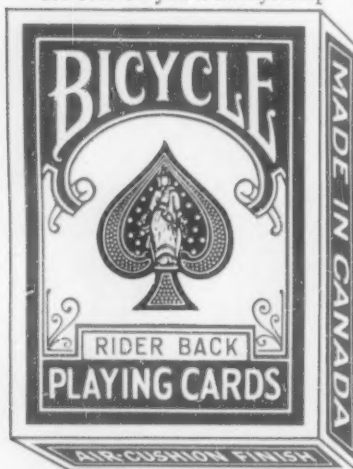
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Bay's ensign, lying nearby on the deck. It had been blown down with part of the gaff from the main mast. Amid bursting shells, a young sailor climbed perilously up the rigging to replace it. There it fluttered until the end, spotted, some say, with Fogarty Fegen's blood.

For twenty-two minutes and twenty-two seconds, while the convoy dispersed behind her, the Jervis Bay was the Scheer's exclusive target. Finally, her bridge was gone, her engines dead, her entire superstructure ablaze, the port side of her hull gashed open as if by a gigantic can opener. After Captain Fegen was found lying dead on deck, the senior surviving officer, Lt.-Comdr. G. L. Roe, who had been the Jervis Bay's chief officer in peacetime, turned to the petty officer at his side and said, "Pass the word — abandon ship."

They prayed aloud

When word reached the crew on the stern gun, Walter Darnbrough and another Canadian, twenty-year-old David Hawn of Ottawa, set out for their assigned lifeboat station. After a wild dash two thirds the length of the burning, shell-blasted ship, they arrived at their boat, only to find it a charred and riddled shell.

It was like running through an ugly nightmare, with the flames, the smoke and the fumes, the twisted wreckage, the dead and wounded sprawled grotesquely about, the gaping holes in the warped deck and, near the canteen, an incongruous cluster of money—notes and shining silver.

Overlooking the stern area of the ship, Darnbrough and Hawn were about to step on a ladder to join a party of sailors unfastening a raft two decks below when the concussion of a bursting shell hurled them to the deck. They had both been hit by shrapnel splinters; Darnbrough in the hand, back and leg; Hawn in the left arm and temple.

They crawled away to the protection of a steel lookout enclosure and began praying aloud. In a few minutes they were on their feet again and arrived below in time to help heave the raft over the side. Then AB Hawn, tall, slim and dark-haired, climbed atop the railing, stood straight and vulnerable for an instant, and jumped. Darnbrough crawled through the railing, hung from the lower bar by one hand and let go. He struck the water with a shock that took his breath away.

When Darnbrough and Hawn reached the raft, fifteen feet by ten, six or seven men were already on it. Willing hands stretched out to pull them aboard. Soon it was jammed, with others clinging to the sides. John Smith, who had lowered himself into the water by a rope, found a place on a crowded hatch cover but gave it up to swim thirty feet to a raft that looked less burdened.

Like the hatch cover, it was constantly awash, but for the moment at least, there was more elbow room. In fact, he clambered aboard in time to witness a strange sight: a sailor, tortured by fear because he was unable to swim, lay face down on the pitching raft, violently resisting all efforts to make him sit up. Smith watched in horrified fascination until the man drowned with his head in a pool of whirling green sea water.

The Jervis Bay, a great sloping pyre, was slowly expiring. Stoker First Class Warren Stevens knew there wasn't much time. Just then he heard a splash; part of a bunker cover had been thrown into the water. Four men tried to get on it, and when it wouldn't hold them all, they climbed back on the sinking ship.

Stevens knew this was his last chance. The Jervis Bay was now settling fast, stern first, her bow out of the water. He made for the bunker cover, untied the line that secured it to the ship and shoved off.

The bow of the sinking ship rose higher and higher until it stood in the sea like a fiery beacon. Two men who had been desperately trying to free a jammed lifeboat on the starboard side swung back and forth on ropes, like trapeze artists. After a muffled explosion, the Jervis Bay vanished, leaving a mass of eddying debris. Some of the thousands of steel drums that had packed her holds rocketed into the air and came down with a succession of smacks and bobbed there over her grave. It was 8 p.m.

Probably the last man to escape the doomed ship was Stoker Stevens. When she went down he was no more than thirty feet from her bow, alone on a piece of five-by-five bunker cover. Thirty-four years old, short and sturdy, from Second Peninsula, Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, Stevens had spent the whole of his working life as a fisherman. He knew the sea and its moods. A sharp wind was rising as he lifted the cowl of his duffle coat over his head, strapped himself to the crude raft with his money belt and prepared for the long night. Off in the distance, the Scheer's searchlights probed the blackness for stragglers from the convoy.

Sitting on a raft, waist high in water, Walter Darnbrough was holding Dave Hawn when his friend's head fell forward and he felt his body slump. "He died in my arms," Darnbrough says. "I didn't know how bad he was. It was his arm. He'd been losing blood all the time. But he never said anything. Maybe we could have put on a tourniquet."

Dave Hawn was given the only burial possible; he was rolled off into the sea. On John Smith's raft, a badly wounded young Newfoundlander died crying for his mother. Still others clung to the pieces of driftwood and the edges of the rafts until they had no strength left, or could no longer stand the paralyzing cold.

Darnbrough even fell asleep

One man who never lost his grip was a stocky rating from Lancashire named James (Slinger) Wood. He led the singing on Darnbrough's raft until nobody cared any longer, then he cajoled, encouraged and joked. In spite of serious wounds to both thighs he stood fast against any sign of flagging hope. "They'll find us," he insisted. "We'll be rescued."

The dark shape they saw looked like a ship but nobody could be sure. A young midshipman, the senior executive officer aboard the raft, flashed SOS on the torch that had been brought from the Jervis Bay. Then they heard the sound of oars and a foreign voice called, "How many of you there?"

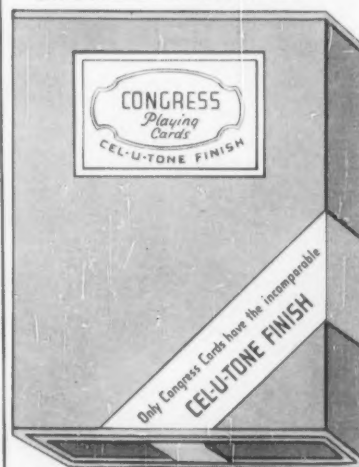
The lifeboat that soon appeared was one of the Jervis Bay's own, the only one, in fact, that got away. It was manned not by Germans but by Swedes. The reason for this was that at 11 p.m., some three hours earlier, the boat had come alongside a vessel that turned out to be the freighter Stureholm, 4,575 tons, out of Gothenburg, one of the ships of convoy HX 84. After the twenty men in it were taken aboard a party from the Stureholm's crew took over the boat and set out to look for more survivors.

The most seriously wounded were taken off Darnbrough's raft first. Darnbrough himself, completely exhausted, had fallen asleep hours before. A stout, middle-aged Englishman had wrapped



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his arms around him to keep him from falling off. They waited for the Swedes to return. Half an hour later Darnbrough opened his eyes on the towering hull of a ship; the raft was against her side, rising and falling with the waves. Darnbrough has hazy recollections of being helped up a ladder and of arms reaching out to him as he stepped onto the deck.

Earlier, John Smith and those on his raft saw a purple light moving through the darkness; they knew it must be a ship because of its height from the water. Weary men with grey faces, eyes red-rimmed and bloodshot, yelled and cheered at the top of their lungs, their voices falling away as that marvelous glimmer went blinking off into the night.

Hours later, with the seas growing rougher, the light reappeared and stopped. The raft drifted in on the Stureholm. John Smith scrambled up the ladder and as he swung over the side he was seized with the wild notion that if this were an enemy ship he would leap into the sea.

John Beaman, a twenty-two-year-old stoker from Halifax, had no such reaction when approached much later by the same boat that met Darnbrough's raft. He was long past the stage of caring whether the voices he heard over the water might be enemy or friend.

There had been six men with Beaman when he drifted away from the sinking Jervis Bay on a hatch cover. Four had been swept off to drown; the remaining two, as far as he could tell, were nearly dead. His own legs were virtually useless as the Swedish sailors in their stocking caps lifted him gently into the lifeboat, half full of water. Stoker Warren Stevens was taken aboard the Stureholm shortly before 5 a.m. He came drifting in on the hatch cover to which he had strapped himself nine hours earlier.

Only five merchantmen sunk

The Stureholm picked up sixty-eight survivors of the Jervis Bay, the *only* survivors. Three later died and were buried at sea. Those who lived knew they had but one man to thank; a bulky, round-faced mariner named Sven Olander, master of the Stureholm.

When the Scheer had hove into sight, Captain Olander had watched in troubled admiration as the Jervis Bay had steamed off to meet her certain fate. He himself had obeyed orders and slipped away behind the protective cloak of a smoke screen. This was not his war, nor his country's, but what he had seen stuck in his mind.

Five miles from the scene of the action Captain Olander had called his crew together, spoken to them of the Jervis Bay's gallantry and said he would like to go back and look for survivors. But he would not do it without their agreement, he had said, and he had asked for a show of hands. Every arm had been raised. Captain Olander had turned his ship around and headed back.

The Scheer, having disposed of the Jervis Bay, had begun to forage for strays from the convoy. Captain Krancke had found it taking far longer than he had expected to dispose of the escort, and the deepening dusk and banks of smoke screen made targets difficult to locate. But some were found.

When it was all over, Captain Krancke believed that in addition to the Jervis Bay he had destroyed seven ships and heavily damaged seven others. He actually sank five. The thirty-two merchant ships from convoy HX 84 that reached port safely included, remarkably enough, the tanker San Demetrio. One of the

Scheer's first victims, she had been shelled and set afire and her crew abandoned her. The next afternoon, sixteen of them reboarded the blazing derelict, fought the fires and, without compass or charts, sailed her into Blacksod Bay, County Mayo, Ireland. They arrived on November 13.

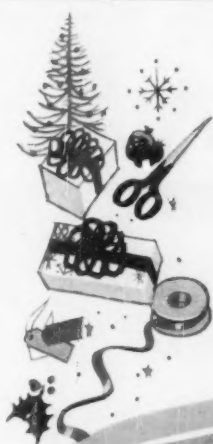
It was in the late afternoon of the same day that the motor ship Stureholm, laden with steel plates, scrap iron and sixty-five survivors of the Jervis Bay, sailed up Halifax harbor. A band played and dockyard workers cheered as the

wounded came down the gangway to the waiting ambulances. Those who did not require hospital care were taken aboard an armed merchant cruiser and issued a double tot of rum. They listened as a British admiral, tears running down his cheeks, talked of Fogarty Fegen, who had served under him as a midshipman, and the glory that was the Jervis Bay.

In London, the captain of the Polish steamer Puck, the smallest ship in convoy HX 84, wrote a letter to The Times. "On behalf of my crew and myself," said Captain J. Piekarski, "I should like to say

how much we commiserate with the relatives and friends of the courageous crew of the Jervis Bay who lost their lives in this historic action, but who may be proud of the role they have played in the fight for freedom."

In Halifax, from the hospital bed where he was to spend four days before going home, Able Seaman Walter Darnbrough wrote a letter to his family. "Did you see in the paper about our fight with the German battleship?" he asked. "It wasn't really a fight, it was bloody murder for us." ★



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How much? For what? For whom? "We had no blueprint," says Trueman. "We played it by ear"

and \$109,000,000 fell suddenly into the federal coffers, the last Liberal cabinet, in its last days of power, felt it could finally afford to champion the cause of culture.

It set up a twenty-one member board

with a bankroll of \$100,000,000, and gave it an unpaid chairman, astute ex-politician Brooke Claxton, head of Metropolitan Life in Canada, one-time little theatre manager, art collector, and the man in whose Montreal home the Group

of Seven first exhibited their paintings.

Claxton's forte is action. By fall, 1957, the council had a staff — now twenty-seven — headed by Albert Trueman, former National Film Board chairman, university president and amateur bari-

tone. It had two suites in a building across from Parliament Hill. Its money was invested, its scholarships advertised.

The ads drew 1,400 applicants. The council was in business, face to face with those cardinal questions: How much? For what? For whom?

Seeking ready-made answers Claxton whirled through philanthropy land in the U.S., that brave new world of calculated benevolence, but all he found out was what he was up against. Public funds for culture, as one foundation official put it, "in our country would mean pie-cutting. Each state would have to get its proper slice. Then there would be pressure groups making sure that every art, and every branch of social science, got its share too."

The council had to slice their pie without the help of precedent. "We had no blueprint," Trueman says: "We had to play it by ear."

Actually, they have two pies — two funds of fifty million dollars each. One, a capital fund, is for colleges and universities to build libraries, museums, concert halls, any buildings to serve the arts and humanities, and all to be spent as soon as possible. University officials agreed to a council plan to divide this money among provinces by population, and among institutions by the number of students. While grants from the capital fund are bound to vary greatly from year to year, they have been averaging somewhere around \$6,500,000 annually.

"More concerts, more plays"

The other fund is permanent. The council can only spend the interest, about \$2,700,000 last year. And this must be split between art and scholarship. Among music, painting, writing, sculpture, theatre, ballet, architecture. Among economics, political science, sociology, psychology, anthropology, education and philosophy. Among organizations and individuals in these fields. "An unenviable task," the Ottawa Journal notes, "destined to annoy more people than it pleases — for the council must give to fewer than it turns down."

In their first meeting, however, the council board found the magic formula that has staved off criticism and set the pattern of giving since. This year they gave away about \$2,600,000 from the Endowment Fund. They gave organizations \$1,400,000, with the lion's share, eighty percent, to the arts. They gave individuals \$1,200,000, seventy-five percent of it to scholars.

This means that individual artists get what might be called the short end, \$300,000. Yet foundation officials have always said that the individual artist offers the greatest return for the smallest investment.

Trueman answers that four times more scholars than artists apply for grants. "On the other hand," he says, organizations representing the arts are much more numerous — and clamorous — than organizations in the humanities and social sciences." He also points out that by helping arts organizations the council is building appreciation, a wider audience for artists.

"The council has given Canadians more concerts, more plays, more exhibitions," agrees the Vancouver painter and art teacher B. C. Binning. "It has

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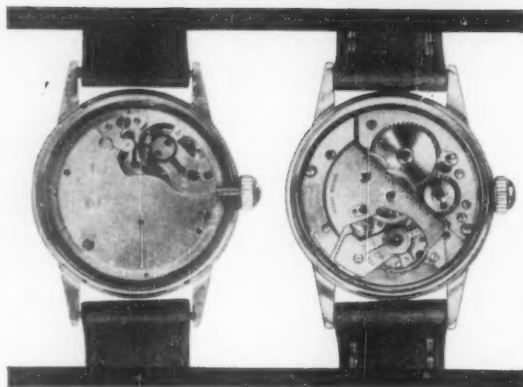
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given money to art societies, publications, art galleries, all of which has helped create a much more exciting atmosphere in which to paint and teach."

The council is giving us "new musical compositions, more performances of them, more students of composition," says Toronto composer Lou Applebaum, who now feels in our musical life "a sense of blossoming potential."

"Many of the major musical events of the past two years," says Boyd Neel, the doctor who is now the distinguished dean of the Royal Conservatory of Music, "would not have taken place without the council's support."

Council grants have sent our best orchestras on tour. They've let Canadians in outlying areas enjoy the National Ballet, the Stratford Players, Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, Le Cercle Molière, and the Canadian Opera Company. They've brightened up Canadian Art, the Canadian Music Journal, and the newsletter of the Dominion Drama Festival, which, says its director Richard MacDonald, may become, with council aid, our first magazine of the theatre.

The policy of helping only the best offers little hope for local groups — little theatres, orchestras, choirs, art associations, ballet and film societies. No matter how worthwhile they open a field so big it would break the bank. "Take libraries," says Trueman, "They want money to buy much-needed books. But Good Lord! Look at all the libraries in this country!"

An orchestra leader will sometimes pound on Trueman's desk and argue, "It's silly to say you won't support our orchestra because it isn't good enough. That's what you're for. To put money into our little orchestra until it is good enough."

Trueman's adamant answer: "It costs too much."

Last June, when the council reported to parliament, this policy drew the fire of the M.P. for Calgary, A. R. Smith, "It's a case of the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer," he said.

Claxton, reporting for the council, explained that they were following the advice of Britain's Arts Council: "Pick out the best and give only to it, don't fritter away your funds in grants too small to show much result."

But council officials themselves have had doubts about carrying this policy too far. "Suppose," Trueman explains, "we build up the Toronto Symphony until it's the equal of Boston's and then send it out on the road? You could support six orchestras on the money that would take. And where would the first-class players come from if there's only one good one? It seems better to have a regional standard of excellence. So we've picked the seven best symphonies in Canada and we'll give money to these and no others."

There was also the fear that their giving might dry up donations by wealthy men, corporations and municipalities. As one Toronto city official succinctly remarked: "If the Dominion has \$100,000,000 for culture but can't spare a dime for sewers, we'll have to think twice before spending any more money on art."

Both threat and fear have so far proven empty. Peter Dwyer, the ex-British foreign service officer who handles the council's arts program, last month added up the private donations to our ten largest symphonies for the 1956-57 season: \$370,000. Last season, 1958-59, they were \$540,000.

"Money breeds money," explains Louis Audette, chairman of the Canadian Tariff Board, whose spare time last winter was spent keeping the Ottawa Philharmonic solvent. "With one \$20,000



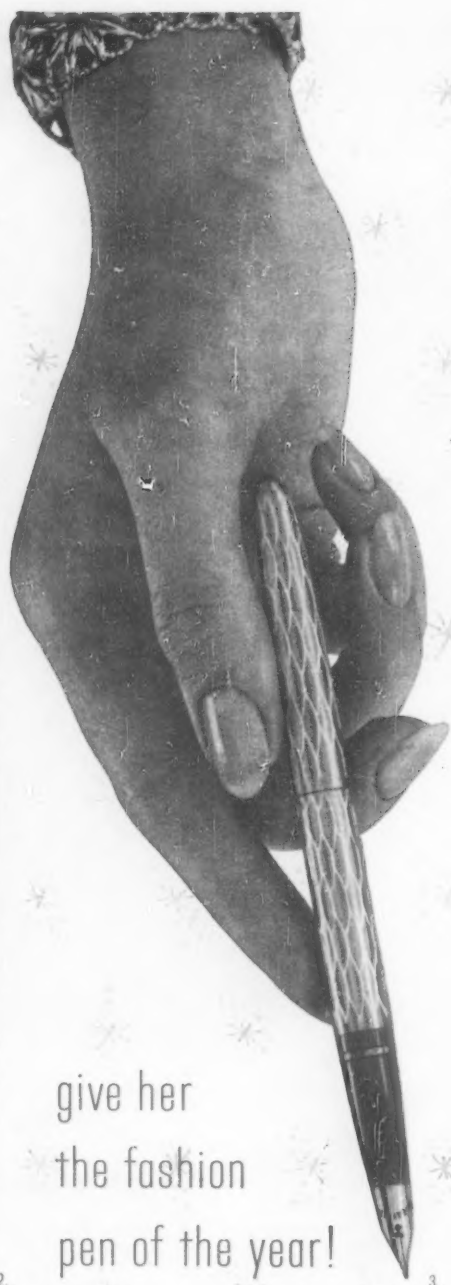
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grant we jumped our budget last season from \$30,000 to well over \$100,000. I'm not exaggerating. With the grant we were able to keep a nucleus of thirty-five musicians working all day for twenty-two weeks. They made the rest of the orchestra work that much harder, so we're producing infinitely better music. We gave twenty radio concerts and earned \$15,000—the year before we just weren't good enough to give radio concerts. Before last year we never sold more than 1,100 season's tickets. Last year we had a sold-out house, 2,350. And because we got this kind of local support, corporations gave us more."

Other organizations tell much the same story. "Our grant (\$50,000) enabled us to mount fresh productions," says the National Ballet's manager, Carmen Guild, "and that brought in new customers at the box office. We were able to chop \$109,000 off our debt. Without the grant I don't think we could have survived."

But making a grant to an organization, Dwyer admits, is easy compared with grubstaking artists. Critics take a generation at least to agree on an artist's work. He may lose the urge and produce no work. Worse, it could embroil the council in front-page controversy. A grant to an artist, per dollar, takes more time than anything else; per decision, much more brow-furrowing.

The "cultural drugstore"

And how do they decide? They call a messenger, who lugs the applications down Sparks Street to the small utilitarian office of Walter Herbert.

Herbert runs what he calls a cultural drugstore, the Canada Foundation, a casual efficient one-man fund set up in 1945 to boost home-grown talent, here and abroad. The fees of his members, now 900, and whatever support he persuades businessmen to give, he parcels out to promising young artists of every type. Across the hall he has his counterpart, Dr. John Robbins, who directs two other small foundations, the research councils for the Humanities and the Social Sciences.

Laboring unobtrusively on modest salaries these two friends have made themselves better informed in their fields than anyone in the country. "What better could we do than tie in with them?" asks Claxton, who sends each a council cheque that covers expenses but not their time.

Herbert has about 125 judges across Canada. "Suppose a man wants to study the violin," he says. "I'll send his application to someone like Geoff Waddington, whose spies are everywhere. I'll send another copy to a composer, like Lou Applebaum. Another, perhaps, to a musicologist. They have his record. They know his teachers. They know the school he wants to go to."

The judges grade the applications and Herbert passes their recommendations along to Peter Dwyer, who collects any

information the board members need for the final choice. Council secretary Lillian Breen does the same for the 400-odd scholars recommended yearly by Robbins' four standing committees.

The board's job is to keep a balance between categories, provinces, schools of art. Its members, criticized for their eminence ("Not a crackpot in the lot," said one editorial), don't pretend to be experts. For which, says Claxton, "Thank God! A board meeting would be a cat and dog fight. You'd have one member backing modern art and another conventional art. Yet the experts differ off the board."

Some writers have suggested that the council or its experts could dictate the kind of art we will have in Canada. "I suppose," says B. C. Binning, "we are naturally suspicious of state sponsorship of the arts, thinking of Germany before the war and of Russia now."

"We're not set up to impose standards of taste," Claxton replies, and Trueman adds, "We'd be mad to do that! The people who decide are those wild crazy people who paint and write."

Herbert, answering for his judges, says, "Some are older people, brought up on Bach and Beethoven. I'm sure they never listen to modern music. But they'll recommend a young person who wants to study modern music strictly on the basis of his teachers and his record. Take A. Y. Jackson. I don't think he likes modern painting. He thinks it has nothing to say. But he wouldn't dream of turning down a man who wanted to study modern art."

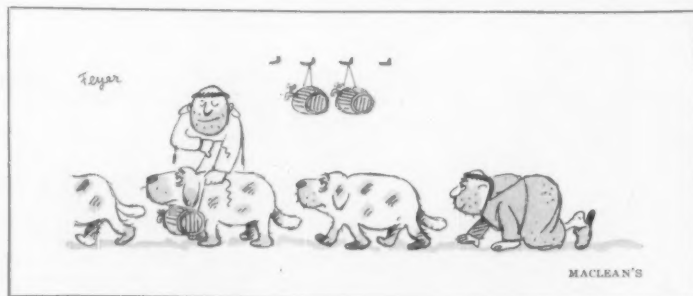
"In my field," says Aba Bayefsky, Toronto art teacher and painter, who made up to 200 sketches while he toured India on a grant, "the private galleries and societies control by their own preferences the future of the artist. The student and younger artist is almost entirely at their mercy. The Canada Council is quite impartial, and therefore introduces a new measure of freedom."

"The council hasn't tried to influence me in any way," states outspoken author and journalist Hugh Garner. "As a matter of fact, nobody knows what I'm writing about, and my novel could be calling for a revolution."

"The awards so far prove the council has no 'party line,'" says Malcolm Ross, editor, anthologist and English professor at Queen's.

In its seventy-four awards this year to artists, eleven fewer than last year, "the council has been very careful," says Doug Peacock, an Ottawa musicologist who, through a council grant, has become the outstanding expert on Newfoundland folk music. "Only those who have received critical acclaim and some public approval have received grants. This is only fair. However, I'd like to see them take a chance on relatively unknown people."

Mordecai Richler, who wrote his fourth novel "a lot sooner than if I had had no grant, and would have had to entangle



myself in endless commercial commitments to pay bills," thinks this chance is "necessary." He says, "Certainly there'll be lots of duds. But if after a hundred grants to young writers the council has helped one young Mr. Auden write one poem as fine as 'lay your sleeping head, my love' then the taxpayer's money will have been better spent than it was, let's say, on the DEW line."

Council critics claim that subsidy softens an artist, corrupts him, robs him of initiative. But Toronto sculptor Dora de Pedery-Hunt, who thinks that council grants are "a sound and wonderful investment affecting our whole group of sculptors, raising their working capacity," gently scoffs. "Michelangelo, Leonardo and Henry Moore were heavily subsidized. They didn't seem to lose their artistic integrity. I wonder what they would have created with 'additional' full-time jobs, half a kitchen as a studio, and people telling them if they cannot make a better living out of sculpture they'd better stop this nonsense?"

"The artist is a tough customer to corrupt," claims Doug Peacock. "He may languish for weeks or months, apparently just another bum looking for handouts. Then one day, when the machine is rested, the electronic circuits ready for action, he will bash out another masterpiece. It is difficult to predict these moods and I can understand what an embarrassment it would be to have him languishing at the expense of the Canada Council. Even so, it's worth it. A work of art is the only thing in this world that can't be produced by persuasion, bribery, coercion, or legislation. That's why we refer to it as priceless."

"I haven't felt robbed of initiative," says Joseph Schull, playwright, author and self-taught historian now researching in England on a grant. "I do feel, I think, the jab of a moral obligation to produce something; and I rather feel that's a good thing."

Is a grant a trophy?

Hugh Garner, however, thinks that a grant "to one who has not yet proved himself in the arts," might rob him of his independence and initiative. "Not those who really want to be writers come hell or high water, but those — and God knows there are plenty of them in Canada — who like to play at becoming writers. Looking back, I'm glad that I had to finance my early books. It gave me a lot of independence and arrogance which you need as a professional writer."

Garner fears that the council will subsidize "too many precious little bastards who write for the little magazines and the college quarterlies, dilettantes who make a career of being artistic tramps, living from grant to bursary to scholarship like college bums," and too many "respectable writers, of whom we have a plethora, thanks to our hyper-respectable publishing houses." But Garner, who fought with the International Brigade in Spain and has never yet been accused of respectability, is now writing on a grant "that has taken the economic pressure off my back for the first time in my life."

The council admits that some applicants look on a grant as a trophy, another scalp for their belt. "We can usually pick this out," Robbins says. On the other hand, he was disappointed when the council board turned down one of his recommendations last year. "I don't think he needed the money. I think he has private means. But he'd been doing good work and deserved recognition. I'd like to have seen him get, not the maxi-

mum, but some money as a token."

He cites the case of a Calgary boy, Donald Willmott, who graduated at Cornell University in the U.S. "That's extremely dangerous. You're likely to lose a man if the Americans think he's good, and they must have thought Willmott good because they gave him a big grant to do his thesis in Indonesia. He didn't need an award from us but he applied and frankly told us, 'I'd just like to say that a Canadian body is backing me. It can open doors.' So we awarded him two hundred dollars. Now he's a professor of sociology at Memorial University in Newfoundland. It could be that our award kept him from going back to the U.S. by giving him some recognition here."

The council is also accused of giving grants to people who don't need them, to one writer, for example, whose husband is wealthy. "But how can you tell if they need it?" asks Walter Herbert. "I remember a young man in Winnipeg who applied to us for a grant to study painting in Paris. We gave him \$2,000 and there was an awful stink. His father was one of the wealthiest men in the city. Now it happened that before he applied he and his father had a showdown. His father had said, 'If you want to be a painter, okay. But you won't get a red cent from me.' It would have been very unfair to turn him down."

The council never tells an applicant why he's been turned down. "It just provokes argument," Trueman says. "You find yourself engaged in a running debate which may even get into the papers and cause a great deal of harm." The best turn-down, Brooke Claxton was told by the head of a U.S. foundation, is a letter that declares: "We have nothing but praise for your proposal."

The council's newest scheme, one it thinks will help the best artists, is its grants to art galleries to buy paintings and sculpture, to publishers to print poems, to orchestras for new compositions, to theatre companies to produce plays.

The first play to appear, *Ride A Pink Horse*, a musical comedy, was recently panned by critics in Toronto and quickly folded. The authors, composer Lou Applebaum and John Gray (book and lyrics) took it philosophically. "You've got to write half a dozen before you get good," Gray says. "In the meantime the audience suffers. The producer loses money. And you've got to eat."

Most important, perhaps, the council wasn't fazed. Peter Dwyer insists, "Three or four things that aren't successful will eventually produce a knockout."

Once a grant is made the council asks for only two brief reports. They don't check to see if they've got their money's worth. "I recall a young sculptor who wanted a grant," Walter Herbert says. "He had children, very little money and he put up a strong case that this was his only chance to study. So we gave him a grant. What do you think he did? He went out and spent it all on one colossal chunk of granite. Naturally I was mad as the devil—until he took that granite and sculpted a figure from it and won an award in Mexico City. Then, of course, I was delighted. The point is, if an artist is good, he'll make good use of a grant. If he's not, the Council has made a mistake, and all the reports in the world won't make it better."

"It's a gamble," Trueman agrees. "We're dealing in intangibles. In this field there's no way to insure yourself against errors. But when you're digging for diamonds, you don't expect a shovelful every time." ★

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From the notebooks of Tyrone Guthrie

Continued from page 21

normally have to be very frugal. For the price of their ticket they want not only the pleasure of the play, they want to feel that for a brief and glittering three hours they have bought, and therefore own, something largely, loudly, unashamedly luxurious.

"The gravediggers in Hamlet aren't only comedians"

The contribution of the smaller parts is an important ingredient to the dish. But it is largely determined by the casting. For instance, in *Hamlet* it is possible to use the gravediggers as comic relief. It is also possible, and in my opinion more interesting, to have them make a simple but serious comment on the transitory nature of human existence—"passing through nature to eternity." It is possible to make this comment and still be amusing. The casting of the gravediggers largely determines the comment which their scene makes, the style in which it is made, and the weight which it carries in the evening.

"A proportion of the audience has come to be seen"

The technique of the film demands of an actor no sustained flight of imagination and makes only small demands upon his technical equipment. In the film studio it is possible to create an environ-

ment favorable for the inspiration which will carry an actor through the two or three minutes of a critical "take." Absolute silence, the concentrated will-to-win of a whole staff, a feeling of Occasion the more intense because it does not have to be sustained.

In the theatre inevitably there is more distraction. In a large audience there are always some stupidly incapable of concentration; on a first night, and especially a fashionable first night, a proportion of the audience has come to be seen, rather than to see the play, there is a high proportion of inattention, the mere presence of the professional critics can be a stimulus, but also a distraction, and an intelligent actor is aware that most of them are there not to write a serious and informed critique, so much as a gossip and readable "report." Also in the theatre there is no second chance. The least slip of memory, a single clumsy or mistimed movement can throw the whole machine out of gear. In the film studio, if a mistake is made, the shot is retaken.

It is not perhaps generally realized what a great physical, as well as intellectual and imaginative, effort is involved in the performance of a great role like *Macbeth*, *Lear* or *Othello*. A series of great "arias" have to be performed which, if they are to be adequate, make elaborate demands on the breathing apparatus, upon the full resources of the voice from top to bottom; at some stage of the evening, athletic demands will be made—*Lear* must carry *Cordelia*, *Ham-*



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let must carry the body of Polonius, there are duels, battles. Othello must, after a violent struggle with Iago, feign epilepsy; stairs must be gone up and down. In mere casual movement hither and yon upon the stage an actor will walk several miles in the performance of a big part, often in armor or dragging a great cloak; there will be several changes of costume all of which have to be accomplished under the strain of very limited time. One of the important things which have to be learnt in the course of rehearsal is where and how to rest, how to eke out limited resources of energy so that there will still be enough in reserve for the critical last lap. All these are problems which do not arise in the film studio.



Brando: to be recalled only for grunts?

"I would rather write on water"

It fills me with dread to think that the theatre of our day may "survive" in tangible form, recorded upon film or tape or wire. That posterity may remember not the legend of Helen Hayes, but will see her image, with period hairdo, long outmoded shape and gait, ranting and carrying on in the theatrical conventions of our own bygone epoch; that posterity may in Sir Laurence Olivier hear nothing but the laughably quaint accents of a long defunct British upper class; or in Marlon Brando the humphs and grunts and inarticulate croaks, which experts in the period may identify as "method acting."

For my part I would rather write on water; be remembered by a few and for a while with warmth and joy, or else be totally forgotten; than survive in crude mechanical reproduction to be analyzed, laughed at, misunderstood, or worst of all falsely revered by a posterity which through no fault of its own, or of ours, can never bridge the unbridgeable, because indefinable, gap between one historical context and another.

"I dread the word 'educational' when it is used in conjunction with the theatre"

The serious theatre is in grave danger of being divorced from any pleasurable or amusing connotation. It is becoming something which we must take, like pills, because it is "good" for us.

I dread the word "educational" when it is used in connection with the theatre and the great masterpieces of the stage. I see reluctant school children herded into performances of As You Like It, Twelfth Night or The Merchant of Venice, because these are supposed to be simultaneously masterpieces and "nice"

plays, containing little to corrupt youthful innocence (a total misconception of the plays, of corruption, and of youthful innocence) and thereby being taught to loathe and shun as long as they live three potential sources of great wisdom and great joy.

The serious theatre at this moment stands in danger of succumbing to the temptation of playing up its "educational" value and eschewing its duty to "entertain."

It is at this time possible to get money from "authorities" — educational, civic, and philanthropic — if we subscribe to the popular misconception that education and entertainment are mutually exclusive; if we go cap in hand and beg to be allowed to Educate and Uplift our fellow citizens.

I suppose beggars must always go cap in hand. But it seems to be dishonest to go in cap and gown, rather than in the traditional cap and bells.

To the official, fund-bestowing mind I have found the following is fairly typical mating: Shakespeare, yes. Greek tragedy and the great classics of the French and German theatre, less definitely, but still yes. Restoration Comedy, very definitely, no. Sheridan and Goldsmith are near the borderline. Ibsen, Shaw, Tchekov, Bridie and O'Neill are even nearer the borderline. A "modern" play, or a new play, no. A modern, foreign play, quite definitely No.

Even Shakespeare is not entirely reliable. Most of his plays are concerned with quite uneducational ideas, like adultery and murder; even the "nice" plays are full of uneducational words like "whoremaster" or "belly."

Ideas as to what constitutes education are, most rightly, inextricably intertwined with ideas about morality. Consequently theatrical people, who hope to get money out of Educational Authorities, have no alternatives but to pretend that their job is to Do Good to their fellow men, rather than to amuse them.

I am an unashamed advocate of what dry-as-dust pedagogues derisively term the play-way, for education, and all other activities. I contend that you really only apprehend what you want to apprehend and that the best form of education is to find means of inducing a student to want to teach himself.

It has not been my experience that any of us really wants anything because someone else says, "This is good for you." By bitter experience we have all learnt that, if people say a thing is good for you, it is merely a ruse to induce you to undergo a thoroughly unpleasant experience. And so conditioned are we to this proposition that, conversely and perversely, we are all disinclined to accept a thing as good for us unless it is also thoroughly unpleasant. No one thinks well of a medicine which tastes nice; to be good for you it must taste filthy and if possible smell filthy, and look filthy too; disinfectants must sting; a Good Book must be a penance to read—one of the reasons why the Bible is printed as it is. If by any chance you enjoy a piece of music or a play, you have to laugh off your enjoyment by some derogatory phrase, "purely frivolous, of course, nothing much to it," in order to pretend that you only get Real Pleasure out of far sterner stuff.

But isn't it the case that we really only learn from experiences which touch us emotionally — either with pleasure or pain and that the more intense the emotion the more powerfully the experience is etched on the plate of memory? That is why most of us have long forgotten the greater part of the knowledge which



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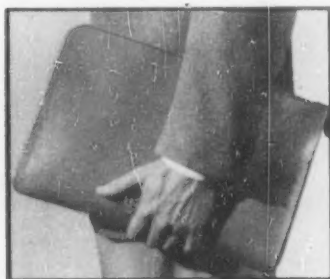
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was painfully stuffed into us at school. Important, interesting things are clean forgotten because they were never emotionally etched upon the mind; whereas we remember absurd scraps—the population of Cork in 1910; the specific gravity of cotton—because for some, usually irrelevant reason such scraps are associated with an emotional experience.

For this reason the Theatre should assert its claim to be educational, not because it is a short cut to examination answers, nor because it is morally uplifting, but because it widens the imaginative horizon by presenting ideas in the most memorable way. The ideas evoked by the theatre are, if the actors are doing their work adequately, primarily emotional. They drive consciously at the sources of pleasure and pain; and by that means produce impressions, not only far more vivid but far more lasting, than experiences which are more purely intellectual.

Therefore those who are concerned with education do well to be wary of the influence of the arts; and particularly the arts of the theatre. That must be admitted. The mistake, however, which they commonly make—I suggest this in all humility—is to apply the customary Puritan formula: What is good for you must be unpleasant; and its converse: What is pleasant cannot be good for you. What is pleasant *can* be, and usually is, good for you. Nature sees to that. What is bad for you is boredom, being made to undergo experiences which have for you no meaning.

"Audiences can be made too comfortable"

Audiences can rather easily be made too comfortable. I do not expect this opinion to be widely shared, especially on the American continent, where there is a tendency to confuse physical comfort with civilization. Nevertheless it is my conviction that audiences ought not to be coddled. They must be warm; no one can concentrate if his feet are cold; in summer they must be cool; no one can concentrate if the sweat is running down his spectacles. But the idea of ever larger and plushier seats is deadly. They induce not concentration but somnolence; and the larger the seats the fewer of them can be got into any given space. Also the mere fact of everyone being jammed together helps to create in an audience a feeling of unanimity. One of the reliable measures of how well a play is going, is the degree of unanimity which the audience achieves. Ideally, it should be one single, massive, composite beast, not a number of isolated individuals. Further, people value more dearly what is dearly bought. Pleasure is the keener for being purchased at the cost of moderate physical discomfort.

"For a film star, talent is almost completely irrelevant"

Again and again it has been demonstrated that to be a movie star acting talent, or accomplishment, is almost completely irrelevant. Beautiful dimwits, of assorted size, shape and sex, command tremendous salaries, are extravagantly publicized, accorded the rather perfunctory and ambivalent worship, half admiration, half envious contempt, which "fans" offer to "stars." But they are readily expendable. After a year or two, head office will decide that they have had their day. They are heard of no more. Another assortment of beautiful dimwits reigns in their stead.



Olivier in action producing on a film set.

"Off stage, Olivier was not notably handsome"

Laurence Olivier joined us at the Old Vic in the season of 1936-37. Not yet quite thirty he had already had considerable success both in New York and London and was, as it were, on the threshold of fame. Off-stage he was not notably handsome or striking, but with make-up he could achieve a flashing Italianate, rather saturnine but fascinating appearance. The voice already had a marvelous ringing baritone brilliance at the top; he spoke with a beautiful and aristocratic accent, with keen intelligence and a strong sense of rhythm. He moved with catlike agility and grace. He had, if anything, too strong an instinct for the sort of theatrical effect which is striking and memorable. From the first moment of the first rehearsal it was evident that here was no ordinary actor, not everyone's cup of tea—no very strong personality can be that; not necessarily well cast for Hamlet, but inevitably destined for the very top of the tree.

"In the theatre you don't need intelligence but an element of luck is essential"

In a desperately competitive profession, where there are always more aspirants than jobs, it is inevitable that an inflated value should be attached to success. In the theatre you cannot succeed unless you have exceptional energy, and either exceptional looks, charm or talent. You do not require intelligence; but an element of luck is essential.

This competitive aspect of theatre life has a good side. It is wonderful for discipline. A bad aspect, if not the worst, is the enormous and symbolic emphasis which attaches itself to success. You see the same thing in commercial business. Success becomes a symbol of manly courage and, at the same time, of prudence, strength and cunning, of all which raises great Men of Business to eminence, including luck. Success, on the stage no less than in business, is a matter primarily of prestige, self-justification. It is symbolized by celebrity rather than money.

I recall an occasion when a young actor's name was, entirely by mistake, omitted from a poster advertising a performance in which he was appearing. He burst into a paroxysm of tears like a child of eight. It was because his father was coming to see the performance, traveling by train from Bolton or Sunderland. There would have been posters at the railway station; and the young man was dying for his father to see his name, right there staring him in the face, when he got out of the train.

"Even the most realistic plays are not realistic at all"

Realistic acting can only be realistic within limits: even secrets must be spoken loud enough to be heard by all those people out there in the dark; every significant action must be broad enough for them all to see. Even a quick glance must "register." Even the script of a realistic play is only comparatively realistic, insofar as it must in the short course of one evening convey not necessarily a complete story, or a conclusive argument, but at least a coherent impression, and in so doing must eliminate most of the dull and irrelevant remarks of which all real human converse largely consists.

In brief, even the most realistic productions of the most realistic plays—Chekhov interpreted by Stanislavsky or Odets by disciples of the method—are not realistic at all; they are an elaborate exercise in style, in the selection and emphasis of some elements of Real Life, the elimination of others and the precisely realistic representation of only a very few.

"Actors flaunt oddities that clergymen try to conceal"

It is the strange paradox of acting that the more a person disguises himself in another character, the more, to a discerning eye, does he reveal his own. Actors know this about one another. It makes them tolerant of much that, especially in sexual matters, society at large regards with a very Puritan eye; and, in consequence, society is apt to think of actors as "odd" even "loose." Perhaps



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I have lived too much in their company to be very detached, but it is not my experience that actors are odder or looser than any other group of people, plumbers, say, or clergymen. They are, perhaps, a little inclined to admit to kinds of looseness which plumbers endeavor to deny, to flaunt oddities which clergymen, not always successfully, conceal.

"Irish Protestants hate a cross"

In Belfast I saw the road company of Saint Joan, with Dorothy Holmes-Gore magnificent in the lead. On the night when I was there, a small riot occurred. Some rabid Protestants made a demonstration when, in the cathedral scene, Miss Holmes-Gore entered, carrying on the author's instruction, a cross. There was a Catholic counter-demonstration, beer glasses flew about the auditorium, ladies ducked and squealed, and, for a time, the performance was suspended. However it all blew over and the play ended with no more fuss. It always seems odd that for Irish Protestants the cross is not a Christian symbol, nor a symbol of love; it is a detested and specifically Roman Catholic sign. If you want to be nicely received in Belfast or Portadown, carry a crescent, carry a hammer and sickle, wear, if you will, a scarlet letter or a green carnation. People will still be their wonted, wholesome, civil selves. If, however, you want to be beaten, reviled and very possibly stoned to death, display prominently that emblem which proclaims that the Son of Man died to save sinners.

"Stage stars are rarely less than forty"

Nothing has done greater harm to Shakespeare than the presentation of his young parts by ladies and gentlemen twenty or thirty years older than they are pretending to be. It is easy to see why this sort of casting occurs. Managers feel that they dare not offer a Shakespeare play without the insurance of a star or two in the leading parts. Stars, except in the cinema, where appearance counts for so much much more than skill, are rarely less than forty years of age.

"Let actors run public affairs"

I sometimes wonder whether actors and actresses ought not to manage our public affairs instead of politicians. It would seem so much more sensible to Entrust Things to people who are steady and realistic underneath the meringue of a fluffy and flossy exterior, rather than to people who are fluffy and flossy behind a steady and realistic stone façade.

"The compliment of theft"

No art is completely original; there are always influences. The artist is rarely conscious of the most important and significant influences. But in matters of style, in the externals, artists, especially young artists, invariably imitate what they admire. We all learn from, borrow from, steal if you like, from one another. But if this is theft, then all are thieves who have the wit to profit from other people's experience. I look upon this kind of theft as a compliment to the person whose ideas are used; imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. I have been sincerely flattered more than once by other and younger directors, and I am only grateful to them.



Sarah Churchill appears (second from left) as Peter Pan, "a work of great power."

"Peter Pan bores children at matinees; in the evening the adults are dissolved in a bath of tears"

Why is Peter Pan always offered as a children's play? I have seen it several times in recent years. At matinees it always plays to hordes of rather listless youngsters. It is the evening performance which comes to life. Then an adult audience hangs on the actors' lips; the poisoning of Tinker Bell produces a hush like death; when Peter comes forward and, with outstretched arms, pleads with the people for the life of Tinker Bell—"If you believe in fairies clap your hands"—then hard-bitten Hunting-Women from the shires, Usurers from the city, Field-Marshal in a bath of tears, rise in their seats and clap and cheer, and clap again, until the twinkling of her light proclaims that Tinker Bell's herself again.

Make no mistake: this is a work of extraordinary theatrical power.

"It's unwise to buy your actresses by the pound"

In casting, managers are often too much influenced by the appearance of actors and actresses when they come to be interviewed. The face, figure and clothes simply cannot be judged out of the context of performance. It is my experience that all you can get from an interview is a very rough and ready first impression. You can tell if you are attracted, or not, by a particular personality; but not if it is, or is not, in general, attractive. You can get a fairly accurate idea of stature; but that is not of prime importance. True, if your leading gentleman is a fascinating five feet, eight inches, you will be wise to seek a short, rather than statuesque, lady to play love scenes with him. But, in general, it is not a good idea to buy actresses and actors by the yard or by the pound.

Yet this is the principle which inexperienced managements, especially in America, constantly adopt. A part is to be cast; agents are called; a stage is hired; and on to it, merely to be looked at, troops a host of men and women. However courteously the manager and his assistants conduct this ceremony, it is still humiliating for the actors. They are being looked over like cattle and they know it. To counter the embarrassment, many of them develop a brassy, vulgarly

confident manner, which is either pathetic or else alienating, and makes it extremely hard to know what sort of a person it conceals.

"I believe live theatre will survive all threats from industries that pump prefabricated drama out of cans and blowers"

I believe that a theatre, where live actors perform to an audience, which is there in the flesh before them, will survive all threats from powerfully organized industries, which pump prefabricated drama out of cans and blowers and contraptions of one kind or another. The struggle for survival may often be hard and will batter the old theatre about severely; indeed from time to time it will hardly be recognizable; but it will survive. It will survive as long as mankind demands to be amused, terrified, instructed, shocked, corrupted and delighted by tales told in the manner which will always remain mankind's most vivid and powerful manner of telling a story.

I believe that the purpose of the theatre is to show mankind to himself; and thereby to show to man God's image.

I believe that this purpose is ill-served by consciously using the theatre as a moral, social or political platform: It cannot avoid being all three.

The theatre is the direct descendant of fertility rites, war dances and all the corporate ritual expressions, by means of which our primitive ancestors, often wiser than their progeny, sought to relate themselves to God, or the gods, the great abstract forces, which cannot be apprehended by reason, but in whose existence reason compels us to have faith.

Reason alone is not enough. Faith alone is not enough, though it can move a mountain. Faith allied to reason can move a mountain for a reasonable purpose. ★

This is an excerpt from *A Life in the Theatre*, copyright © 1959 by Tyrone Guthrie, to be published soon by McGraw Hill.

Winfield, the playboy of the family, was briefly married to "the best-dressed woman in the world"

began to move the debate was still unfinished. So three Siftons pulled the fourth one off the train and let his luggage go on to Winnipeg while he stayed in Saskatoon to finish the argument.

But though each in his way had some of the qualities of old Sir Clifford, the three eldest reacted very differently to their stern bringing-up. All three rebelled against it in one way or another.

Jack, the firstborn, is remembered as the least attractive of the Siftons. Like his two youngest brothers he rose to the rank of major in World War I, and unlike them he continued to be known as "The Major" for the rest of his life; but he spent most of the war as a staff officer at Camp Hughes, Manitoba. His only overseas service was with an expedition to Siberia just as hostilities ended. Jack was no teetotaler, in fact a bit of a tosspot, but he wasn't a convivial man either in the genial sense of the word. He was secretary-treasurer of the Winnipeg Free Press, but he showed no interest in the qualities that under its editor John W. Daffoe, certainly the greatest journalist and one of the greatest men Canada has produced, made the Free Press a great newspaper.

Winfield, the second son, was the playboy of the Sifton family. Invalided out of the army after an injury in England, he stayed in London for most of his remaining years as a company promoter and *bon vivant*. One of Winfield's exploits was to be a husband, the second of several, to "the best-dressed woman in the world" of her day, Mrs. Jean Nash. The marriage didn't last long, Mrs. Nash going on to more glamorous things and ending as the wife of a French wine tycoon, but it did produce a daughter, Elizabeth Sifton, who was one of the most brilliant and talented of the entire clan in any generation.

Harry Sifton was the gentlest and most lovable of the five brothers, perhaps because of his disability. (He fell out of his pram at the age of eighteen months, dislocated his hip, had it badly set and was lamed for life.) Harry seems to have eluded the harsh challenge that manhood presented to the other sons of a rich, self-made statesman. His own rebellion took the form of a quiet cynicism about his family's righteousness, and a delight in pulling the legs of his more serious-minded brothers.

A friend remembers Harry driving to the Sifton home in Toronto, and pointing from side to side like the conductor of a tourist bus:

"Over there," with a wave in one direction, "is the X mansion, built by iniquitous tariffs. And over there is the Y mansion, built by war profiteering. And now," turning in at his own driveway, "now you are entering the Sifton estate, acquired by pure unswerving devotion to the public good."

Clifford and Victor, the surviving brothers, are more serious, more industrious, perhaps more intelligent and certainly a lot healthier than any of their elders. Victor has to watch his diet (high blood pressure killed his three brothers, a nephew and a niece) and Clifford is bothered by a tic he has had ever since a bout of whooping-cough in childhood, but for two men in their sixties the Sifton brothers are uncommonly lean, hard-muscled and fit. In physical appearance

they look about the same age. In manner, Victor now seems the elder rather than the younger. This may account for a certain rivalry that friends have always noticed between the two men.

Once they were out together in Clif-

ford's boat, among the Thousand Islands near the family estate at Brockville on the bank of the St. Lawrence. As they headed through one channel, Victor said to Clifford: "You can't get through here, there's a rock in the middle."

Clifford said, "You're wrong. I know this channel — came through just the other day."

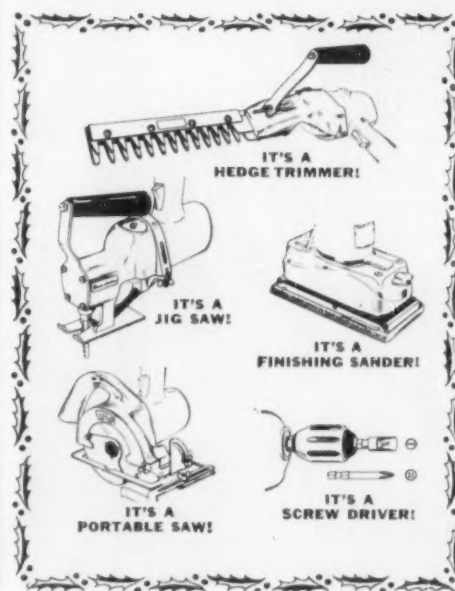
Seconds later they hit a rock and knocked one of the boat's two propellers off. Clifford, still incredulous, swung



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around and went back for another look. He hit the same rock again and knocked the other propeller off. The two then carried on a rather strained conversation until a tow-boat came and got them. The third man in the boat didn't dare to laugh.

It was Victor who got the treatment as baby of the family, and apparently he spent his youth fighting off this invidious distinction. Victor was his mother's darling and he returned her affection. He gave her name, Arma, to both of his own daughters, but he hated being coddled.

When World War I came Lady Sifton pulled every string within her reach, and they were many, to keep her baby first from enlisting, which he did at age seventeen, and then from going overseas. Victor got there anyway, a lieutenant in the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles, and was in France by October 1915. Three months later he was badly wounded, one eye virtually blinded, and most people took it for granted he was headed for an honorable discharge.

Instead, according to one old friend, Victor used the family pull as skilfully,

to get himself back into the trenches, as ever his mother had done to keep him out. He rejoined his unit in June 1917 as transport officer, a job in which, he told his anxious mother, he "would only be looking after the horses." In fact, the transport officer's duty was to escort the rations up the line each night over roads that were systematically shelled as a matter of nightly routine. After a couple of months of this Victor became adjutant of the battalion, then a company commander.

The Mounted Rifles had long since

been dismounted, of course, and turned into infantry, but Victor managed to take his bay mare Crocus to France with him. He would ride her, and put her through military exercises like picking up tent pegs with a lance at full gallop, whenever the unit had a spell of rest behind the lines. Like all the Siftons he was, and is, a skilled and devoted horseman.

Fellow officers remember him for this, and for the *pince-nez* glasses with the wide black ribbon that he always wore (he was practically blind in the wounded eye, as he still is). But they remember him best for sheer courage — especially the afternoon in August 1918 when, under fire that killed three CMR officers and wounded eleven more, he walked six thousand yards in the open to reorganize the front after another company commander had been killed. For that, and some other similar exploits about the same time, he got the D.S.O.

"We thought Victor was a man thirty years old," one CMR veteran said recently. "He was stiff, correct, urbane, courtly, always polite but a bit formal, never showing fear in any circumstances. We were mostly boys in our teens. If we had known that he had just turned twenty, which in fact he had, I don't know what we would have thought of him."

Meanwhile Clifford, in the artillery, had been earning similar if less spectacular distinction. He, too, was wounded, twice mentioned in despatches, and decorated with the D.S.O. But when the young warriors returned to civilian life in 1919 it was again as low men on the family totem pole.

Clifford studied law, set up practice in Toronto and also busied himself running the family estate along with his brother Harry. Jack was an executive of the Winnipeg Free Press, Winfield a promoter in London. For Victor there seemed to be nothing at all, and he frittered away nine years in the search for something worth doing. One year he worked for a milk company in Toronto, one for a broker on Wall Street. One he spent in Shanghai, a business venture which might have kept him in China the rest of his life but which didn't pan out. Victor came home by way of the Soviet Union, a memorable journey on the Trans-Siberian Railway in the last year of Lenin's life. But it was not until 1928, when the Siftons bought their two Saskatchewan newspapers, that he found a job with any satisfaction in it.

Somebody had to go out to run the new Sifton papers, and Victor was available. He had never lived in the west, nor had his wife, but they moved to Regina with their three-year-old son and set about making themselves part of the community. Within a year came two great changes. Sir Clifford died, leaving everything to the four sons then surviving. Winfield had died already. And in autumn of the same year, 1929, came the stock-market crash that set off the great depression of the Thirties.

The Sifton family could hardly be said to have suffered during the depression. Two years before he died Sir Clifford had taken out for his own needs an amount of two million dollars, safely and conservatively invested, and had made over the rest of his properties to his sons in the form of a family company, the Armadale Corporation. Just what the properties were worth was not determined, but it was more than the two millions Sir Clifford had retained — and that, too, went to the sons when he died. What with one thing and another, they were able to keep the wolf from the door.

But if the Siftons were comfortable their newspapers, especially the two new

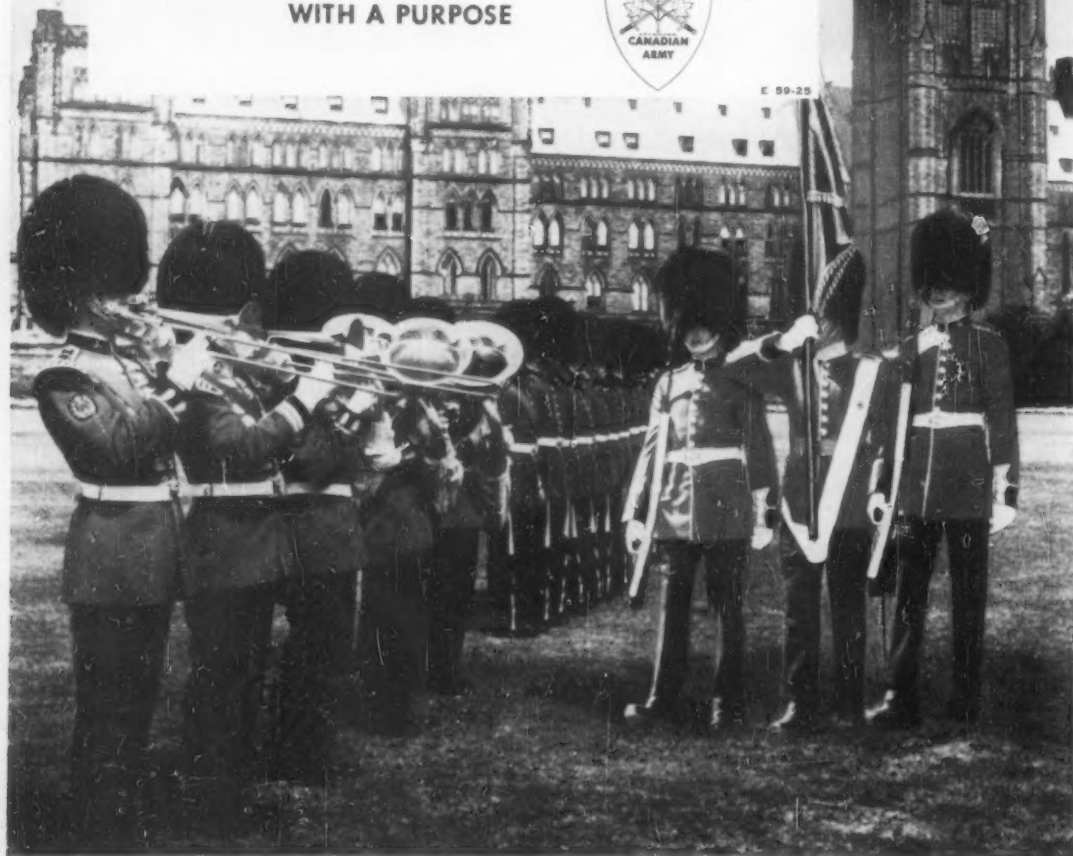
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ones in Saskatchewan, were not. In the Thirties hardly anyone on the prairies had any money at all. Salesmen for the Regina Leader-Post and the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix would take payment in sacks of vegetables, chickens, alive or dead, or any other barterable commodity. Thus in his first job as a publisher, Victor's urgent and immediate task was to stave off bankruptcy.

Sir Clifford, two months before he died, had written a valedictory to his sons that ended:

"Finally with respect to your newspaper properties, when great prosperity comes I adjure you not to regard it as a spending fund to spoil yourselves and ruin your families. Regard it as a sacred trust to buttress (*sic*) and strengthen these properties, and enable you to hand them down as a great and powerful influence for the good of Canada. In time of prosperity prepare for trouble. Follow the policy that I have followed."

The boys took this very seriously. Clifford has it framed on the wall of his Toronto office, and his young son Michael keeps a mimeographed copy under the blotter on his desk.

In 1930 it sounded like a Voice from Sinai. Victor cut salaries along with other costs, trying to keep his papers in the black. The Saskatoon linotype operators, advised by their powerful union, went on strike. Victor took this as a declaration of war. He imported strikebreakers from Montreal, also recruited non-union printers from country weeklies, and within days had the Star-Phoenix operating normally. It has been an "open" or non-union shop ever since.

The Free Press was in turmoil

Even in post-depression times the Siftons have not made it a habit to pay high salaries. Until lately the Winnipeg Tribune, a weaker newspaper but a member of the rich Southam chain, could hire men from the newsroom of its powerful rival almost at will.

In Saskatoon they remember Clifford arriving at the Star-Phoenix one winter day in a state of high exasperation.

"Look at these overshoes I just bought," he said. "Not a damned bit better than my old ones, and d'you know what they cost? Four ninety-five!"

After he had fumed for a while, an editor remarked: "I hear you've bought a new boat."

Clifford brightened. "Loveliest thing you ever saw," he said, "and it only cost thirty-five thousand."

This anecdote has probably grown a bit in the telling, but it's a favorite among the impetuous reporters of Saskatchewan. Also a target for staff sarcasm are the stables of fine horses that both the Siftons maintain. (When Ontario's new Highway 401 cut through the Sifton estate outside Brockville, the brothers arranged to have an overpass built so that Sifton horses can still be ridden over bridle-paths on both sides of the road.) A Sifton reporter on out-of-town assignment will often remark, when his turn comes to put a round of drinks on the expense account: "Poor Victor (or Clifford, as the case may be) will have to sell another horse."

Even the critics concede, though, that the Siftons are generous employers to a man in any kind of trouble. Victims of accident or long illness are paid full salary and often, in the days before hospital insurance, had their medical bills settled for them. Chronic drunks, too, get amazingly sympathetic treatment from a teetotaling publisher. So do men involved in any sort of family trouble, however ec-

centric. One was despatched on a foreign assignment, mainly if not solely to disentangle him from an untidy affair with a married woman.

The early years brought harder decisions and heavier loads than any of these on Victor's young shoulders. The Winnipeg Free Press, outwardly serene under the guidance of Dafeo, was in a state of inward turmoil resembling civil war. General Manager E. H. Macklin, the hard-drinking, hard-bargaining, self-confessed Philistine who ran the business side at the Free Press, had for years been

a jealous enemy of Dafeo. He and Jack Sifton, "The Major," who was secretary-treasurer of the Free Press, both believed a newspaper ought to play along with the party in office and reap the rewards of docility. Dafeo, of course, thought the right thing to do was stand by a set of principles, smite the enemy in season or out, and take the consequences. By the time Jack Sifton died in 1932 the quarrel had become implacable, and within two years it came to a showdown. Either Macklin or Dafeo would have to go.

Victor, coming from Regina to settle

the dispute, backed Dafeo. He "retired" Macklin with appropriate honors and took over the Free Press management himself. Except for two years in Ottawa as wartime master-general of the ordinance, the only one of two civilians to have held that important military job, he has been managing the Free Press ever since. Under Victor's regime, Dafeo got the same free hand he'd enjoyed in the days of Sir Clifford, for the remaining ten years of his life.

In many ways they were the best years of all, for Dafeo and for the paper. The

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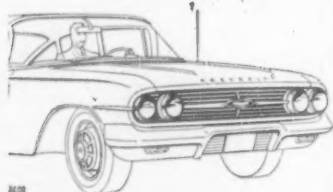
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Heir to half an empire, Michael Sifton (left) lunches at a hunting field day with his wife, Heather, and his father, Clifford.

Free Press fought Mackenzie King's "no commitments" as hard as it had fought Bennett's tariffs. It was the one paper in Canada to denounce the pact of Munich, and got thousands of canceled subscriptions as a result. But it went into and through the war with a great name for independence, for knowledge of public affairs, and for wisdom.

Dafoe's death in 1944 left a vacuum. He had put together a first-class team — Bruce Hutchison was a regular contributor from Victoria, Grant Dexter in Ottawa was the best-informed political reporter in Canada, and George V. Ferguson, who had been executive editor under Dafoe, was in Winnipeg to coordinate their efforts. But without Dafoe, the team didn't function. In less than two years Ferguson resigned; he is now editor of the Montreal Star, but when he left the Sifton service he had no job at all, he just quit.

Grant Dexter took over the editorship until his health broke down under the weight of what had become, for him at least, an impossible job. His successor, Tom Kent, an import from The Economist in London, also resigned last spring. Victor Sifton is now his own editor, though he does little or no actual writing.

Meanwhile, as Victor thus bore the heat of the day on the prairies, Clifford was back in Toronto practising law, running the family's holding company Armadale Corporation and the various radio stations they had acquired and also finding time to hunt, skate, sail and do other things that both brothers enjoy. To Victor it looked like a pretty soft life. His patience was visibly tried by the fact that Clifford, with no experience as a publisher, nevertheless held an equal share in the Sifton newspapers and had equal weight, at least theoretically, in policy decisions. Each of the brothers by now held two fifths of the Sifton property.

What held them together was the remaining fifth, in the hands of their nephew, Harry's son Clifford, known as Cliffie.

Young Cliffie was a real Prince Charming — tall, slender, handsome, friendly and unassuming, with a rare talent for making friends. His nature, like his father's, had been sweetened by adversity, for he knew before he was out of his teens that he hadn't long to live. But the knowledge didn't seem to depress

him—in Saskatoon, where he edited the Star-Phoenix for several years, he and his wife Geraldine are remembered as a gay, vivacious pair who at once became natural leaders of the town's younger set. He seems to have made no enemies at all; even people who hardly knew him still speak of him with affection. And, in addition to his talent for friendship, Cliffie was one of the only two Siftons who have had any real talent for writing.

The other was his cousin Elizabeth, Winfield's daughter, who was a child of thirteen when her father died and who grew up under her Uncle Jack's care. As an adult, she became estranged from the rest of the Sifton family (except for Cliffie, who was like a brother). A lawsuit over the terms of her father's will went all the way to the Privy Council before it was settled in Elizabeth's favor, and she then went to the U.S. as mistress of her own fortune. When she died, in her early thirties, she had already made a name for herself in journalism—but as an editorial writer on the left-wing New York Post, an odd distinction for a granddaughter of Sir Clifford Sifton.

If she and Cliffie had both lived, Elizabeth might have come back to the Sifton empire in the end. In any event the empire itself would have held together, for Cliffie was the natural heir apparent—older than the other cousins by seven to thirteen years, and already a successful editor. But Cliffie died in 1953, five months before his thirty-fifth birthday. His death brought matters to a head between Clifford and Victor. Clifford would have been content to let things go on as they were, but Victor said that would not work—one brother should buy out the other, and run the whole chain himself. He asked Clifford to set a "buy-or-sell" price. Clifford declined: he wasn't willing to sell for any price that he'd also be willing to pay. So Victor said all right, he would set a buy-or-sell price himself, and he did. To Victor's astonishment and consternation, Clifford decided to buy.

The agreement of sale was drawn up and about to be carried out when Victor made what was, to him, a horrifying discovery. He learned that Clifford, as a way of financing the purchase, had arranged to sell the Winnipeg Free Press to its ancient rival, the Southam newspapers.

To Clifford, the Toronto businessman, this was an ordinary business deal—he was already a partner of the Southams in a radio station in Hamilton, Ont., and got on with them very well. But to Victor, as to any newspaperman, the idea of selling the Winnipeg Free Press to the Southam chain was outrageous, worse than trading with the enemy, a sin against the Holy Ghost.

Victor took the agreement of sale to his lawyer, who found a hole in it, and the deal was off. Instead of selling out to each other the brothers divided the property, Victor taking the Free Press and Clifford taking the rest. For some years thereafter the two men did not speak to one another; they do now, but not casually. Their respective newspapers have no more in common than any other publications of roughly similar editorial philosophy. The Sifton empire in the old sense no longer exists.

Clifford is now, as never before, functioning as active publisher of the Saskatchewan papers. His editors, Dave Rogers in Regina and Eric Knowles in Saskatoon, say they have the same freedom of editorial judgment as they had before, but they now get more "suggestions" from the publisher, are summoned to more editorial conferences in Regina, Toronto, or Brockville, and are oftener marshaled in joint editorial campaigns against such dragons as inflation, government extravagance, or combines in restraint of trade.

What the long future holds is anybody's guess. Victor's son John works with the Free Press Weekly and seems to like it, but is more interested in the production than the editorial department. Clifford's son Michael is a hard-driving young businessman in Toronto, his father's trusted aide in running all the Sifton enterprises, who is now making an earnest attempt to learn the newspaper business from the top down. The two cousins are friendly enough, but neither has any notion of remerging the Sifton newspapers.

Under them it is most unlikely that the Sifton fortune will be dissipated or even diminished—but even more unlikely that any Sifton editor will be another Dafoe, advising prime ministers and shaping the future of Canada. ★

THIS IS THE FIRST OF TWO ARTICLES ON THE SIFTONS.

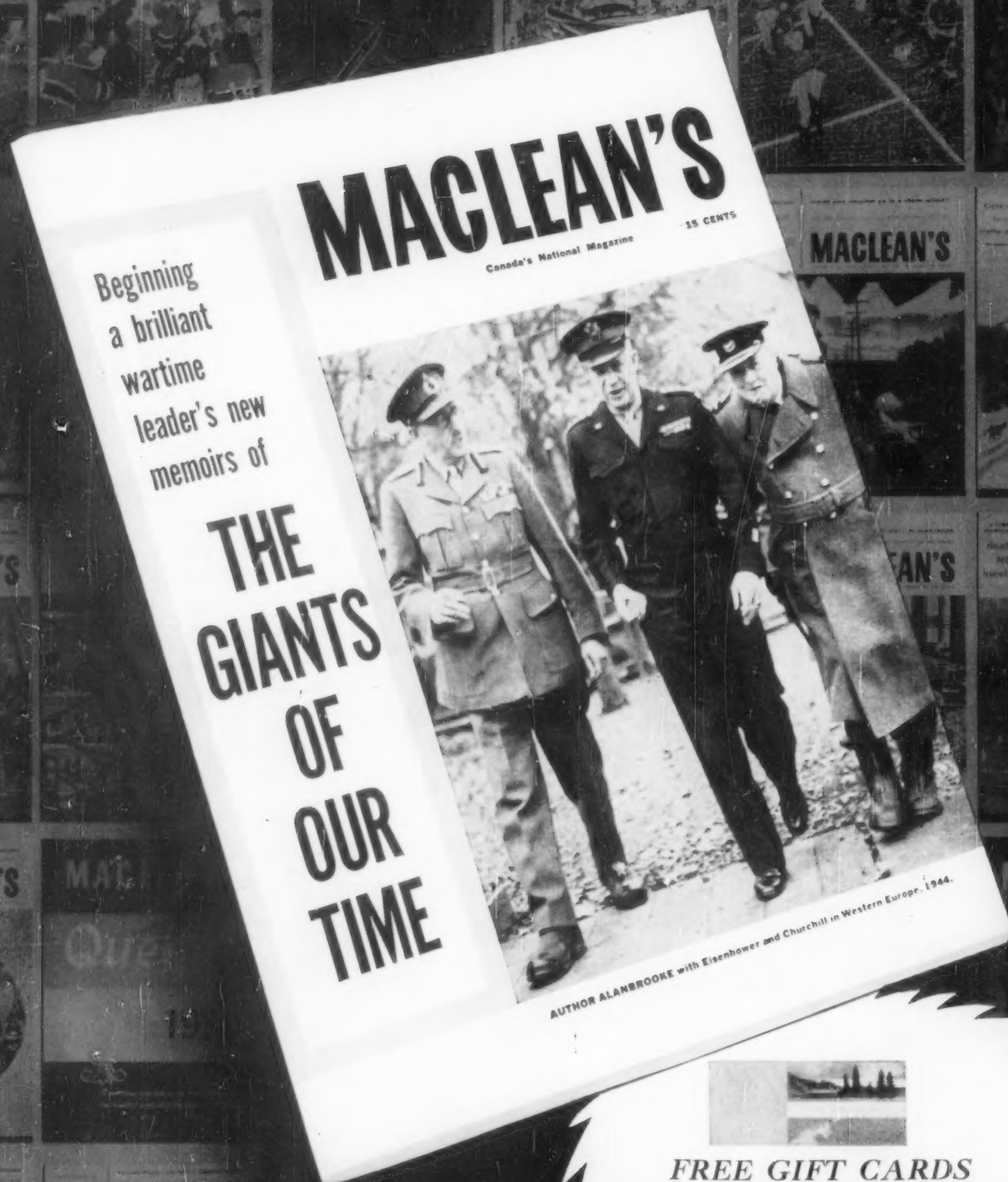
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Letter from Scotland

Continued from page 12

her is another rain-swept gravestone telling us that her husband died at the early age of 75. And here and there were modest pathetic stones marking the graves of little children. Every Sunday the church bells clang their command to the Borough dwellers, and the clergyman holds forth on the need of charity and the wickedness of lust. London seemed a thousand miles away.

Next morning we wandered among the shops, partly because we wanted to see them and partly because my wife, true to form, had to purchase this or that or something. But this was no mere commercial transaction as it would be in London or Toronto. The young woman behind the counter was more interested in us as visitors than as shoppers. And, true to Scottish integrity, she would suggest that this at five shillings was just as good as that at eight shillings.

It rains at the drop of a hat

On the Saturday we journeyed across the hills and valleys to Gleneagles — that splendid golf course which has humbled so many Americans and Sassenachs in their time. My wife and I are members of Gleneagles — and also of some twenty other golf clubs spread over the United Kingdom. How is this possible?

The explanation is that a wealthy eccentric Australian who came to live in England formed a Golf Society whereby you can automatically become a full member of many clubs for only one membership fee.

Cheering as it was to play for nothing at Gleneagles there was still the question of the weather. The links are set in the hills rather like the territory where Tristan and Isolde lived and loved and died. The clouds resent the challenge of the peaks, and on the slightest pretext will weep angry tears.

This time, however, it seemed that all was well. The sun was high in the heavens and I could hardly wait to show my son-in-law that maturity can hold its own with youth on a golf course.

So off we went, the four of us, but after a time the sun could no longer bear to gaze upon our blasphemous slices and hooks. About a mile from the club house the rain gods burst into tears. More than ever it looked like Tristan's tragedy.

At dinner that evening in Culross we had as our dinner guest a Roman Catholic naval padre. He was a man of spirited humor and good will — even to Protestants. We were delighted when he said that on the next day he would drive us in his car to Falkland.

So, in due course, we reached that famous hunting palace of the romantic Stuart dynasty. Here the kings and queens came to relax, spending their leisure in archery and tennis, hunting stags and wild boar and, in turn, being hunted by their enemies.

Near this grim palace the Earl of Atholl took part in the midnight assassination of his nephew, King James I, and as a result was beheaded after suffering excruciating tortures in public, wearing a red-hot iron crown inscribed "The king of traitors." A few years later King James III was stabbed to death during a rebellion led by his own youthful son, afterwards King James IV who, in turn, was slain on Flodden Field.

Eventually Mary Queen of Scots lived there but her husband was murdered and she herself was beheaded by her cousin the great Queen Elizabeth of England. But at least she did not live to see the execution of her grandson, King Charles I.

I was glad when our friend took us away from the palace of dreadful memories. Dusk was falling as our priestly friend turned the car homeward. I must say that if he had not been taken by the church he would have had a future as a racing motorist. However, we consoled ourselves that if we were killed en route we would be in good and godly company.

After driving forty miles or so our friend drew up at a small building which looked as modern as the calendar. It was a newly built Catholic church.

"What do you think of that version of the Crucifixion?" he asked as we stood in the church. It was a strange and incongruous spectacle. Here were the priests in their robes and choir boys in their cassocks, but the thing that caught the eye was a modernistic treatment of the Crucifixion on wires. Here in tiny brass figures were Mary the Mother, and Christ on the Cross, and all the familiar figures of the most shameful story of the ages.

"Some people don't like it," he said. Personally I could not make up my mind, yet strangely it lingers in my memory.

There was still a long way to go but our priest-driver was in full flight as a philosopher and an historian. Words poured from him in an endless torrent.

It seems that Shakespeare did a dirty English trick when he pictured Macbeth as a cowardly murderer without heart or dignity. "Macbeth," he said, "was a vigorous and wise ruler, generous to the church and famous as the only Scottish king who ever made a pilgrimage to Rome."

All this was going on while he was speeding along the darkened roads to Culross, but his energy never flagged and his words were pungent with wit and wisdom.

Now that we are back in that monstrous tuberosity called London I find myself wondering whether we who live in great cities are as wise as we like to think. No matter how many friends and acquaintances one may make there is always the vast anonymity of the metropolis. Someone delivers the meat, the vegetables, and the hundred-odd things that women order on the telephone, but we are strangers until we reach our destination.

But surely one would soon become bored in so small a community as Culross? Bless my heart, don't you know that St. Mungo was born there in the 6th century? And if you ask me who St. Mungo was I will scornfully leave you in your ignorance. Are you aware that here Sir George Bruce sank a coal pit from a bastion in the sea which was visited by James VI who created Culross a royal borough in 1588?

That is the worst of a compulsory education, we never learn the really important things. ★

When he couldn't find a drink, he cursed at me, kicked over the tree and left the house, slamming the door behind him. The kids were crying their hearts out. So was I — inside. I said to myself, 'Oh God! I can't stand this any longer.'

These two agonizing fragments of memory — one from a child, the other from a wife — underline the bitter life led by the families of problem drinkers. It is an existence compounded of bewilderment, humiliation, anxiety, economic and emotional insecurity and the ever-present prospect of disaster.

The plight of the problem drinker's family may add up to the most underestimated social tragedy of our times. Five in every six of Canada's estimated 200,000-250,000 alcoholics are men, and most of them are heads of families. As in the case of the undetermined number of excessive drinkers who may or may not become alcoholics, each of them disrupts the lives of four or five people — wives, children or other close relatives. Thus, the secondary victims of intemperate drinking may include as many as two million people. The magnitude of this problem is suggested by the results of a recent poll taken by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion. When asked, "Has alcohol ever been a cause of trouble in your home?" one in twelve Canadians replied in the affirmative. But the sad and unhappy story of this vast army of people has never been fully told because the alcoholic's family, stung by shame, usually prefers to suffer in silence.

When I was gathering material about the situation, I learned from family service agencies in the ten provinces that a large proportion of the cases they handle arise from alcoholism, excessive drinking and problem drinking — three terms that, technically, have different shades of meaning but which, for the rest of this article, I'll use as though they were interchangeable.

The Saskatoon Family Welfare Association reported that heavy drinking was, in part, responsible for "ninety percent of our family problems." The Calgary Catholic Family Service Agency said that alcohol was a factor "in thirty percent of our cases," and suggested that "this is well below the national average because we have an alcoholism agency to refer cases to, rather than handle them ourselves." According to the Victoria Family and Children's Service, "one in four families shows symptoms of excessive drinking... Things will get worse in the future before they get better." The Montreal Society for the Protection of Women and Children estimated that alcohol figured in half of their problem families, while another large family agency in the same city estimated thirty percent.

Yet even these estimates do not reveal the true enormity of the problem. "People from middle and upper income brackets tend to avoid social agencies. They'll drink excessively for years, at the same time maintaining a respectable front," says Dr. J. D. Armstrong, medical director, Alcoholism Research Foundation, Toronto. Nearly everybody helps the alcoholic conceal his drinking. Rather than expose their husbands, wives will go on, year after year, tolerating abuses and beatings and hiding the situation from relatives, neighbors and employers. "They come to us only as a last resort," says the Edmonton Family Service Bureau. Children tend to be silent about their fathers' drinking. "They're deeply

ashamed," says John Tapp of the Big Brothers Association, Toronto. "Besides, they desperately want to see their father (or mother, if she's the drinker) as a good person." Even employers sometimes enter this conspiracy of concealment. A wife may phone her husband's office or plant regularly each Monday and explain that he's in bed with "another asthma

attack." In many cases, the foreman, supervisor or manager is probably aware that the man is recovering from a weekend spree but won't penalize him. "They're often amazingly tolerant," says Margaret Cork, chief psychiatric social worker of the Alcoholism Research Foundation. "They know the man's family will suffer if he's fired."

While concealment delays embarrassment, it condemns the alcoholic's family to a life that is usually degrading and mentally and physically injurious. A Montreal family, with six children under the age of ten, were evicted from their home for non-payment of rent three times in less than a year. The father, customarily, gambled after he had been drinking. "I do it to raise money for my kids," he explained to a social worker.

But the most serious effects on the children are psychological. An eight-year-old Toronto boy, removed to a



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WHEN MOTHER WAS A WAR WORKER

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foster home after a severe beating from a drunken father, would go into hysterics at the sight of his foster mother pouring ginger ale into a glass. Discussing the eight children of an alcoholic, the Regina Family Service Bureau reports, "They can't seem to make friends with other children. They've been involved in rowdiness, theft and sex delinquency." The early years of turmoil in the home as well as the absence of a satisfactory father to serve as a model figure, leads many children of alcoholics into disastrous marriages. The girls, anxious to escape from home, rush into marriage with men who are often weak and inadequate, "so he won't push me around like my father." The boys, who grow up clinging to their mothers, tend to marry dominating women.

The final tragedy of the alcoholics' children is that a high proportion of them turn out to be excessive drinkers themselves. Social agencies and alcoholic clinics have discovered that as many as forty or fifty percent of their problem drinkers had one or two parents who had a troubled history with alcohol. Dr. J. D. Armstrong of the Alcoholism Research Foundation, says, "The son of the alcoholic tends to become an alcoholic, the daughter of the alcoholic to marry one."

Can the alcoholic's family expect greater understanding of their problem in the future? There are at least three promising developments. The first is the creation of two new types of organization, based philosophically on the famous "Twelve Steps" of Alcoholics Anonymous: Al-Anon is for the wives of alcoholics, while Alateens is for their teenage children. Second, social agencies are gaining more skill in helping the drinkers' wives (or husbands) and children to live with their situation. Besides offering individual counseling to wives, clinics such as Toronto's Brookside Clinic (operated by the Alcoholism Research Foundation), conduct group discussions. Third, social scientists are taking a new and searching look at the problem drinker as a family man. To what extent is marriage responsible for his drinking? Does a certain type of woman deliberately marry an alcoholic because of a deeply ingrained "need to suffer"? Does this need eventually lead her to sabotage her husband's efforts to stop drinking? How can the alcoholic's wife help her children to grow up as normally as possible in an abnormal atmosphere?

The investigators have started their enquiry by examining, in detail, the reasons why the alcoholic groom and his "normal" bride chose each other. Most people marry because they feel a need for companionship, love, sex, a home and children. They are also guided and influenced by needs they are unaware of — "unconscious needs." "When these needs are positive and mature, the marriage is happy and satisfying," says Thelma Whalen, of the Texas Family Service. "When the needs are negative and immature, the marriage is a vehicle for unhappiness." Many investigators, such as Drs. Samuel G. Bullock and Emily Mudd, of the University of Pennsylvania, have reached the conclusion that the needs of the alcoholic and his bride are usually negative and immature. "The partners," they say, "present a picture of difficult family backgrounds and emotional problems."

What is the nature of these "difficult family backgrounds?" Dr. Joan Jackson, a former McGill University sociologist now at the University of Washington, Seattle, notes that "the alcoholic is most likely to be the youngest or only child... he's been the spoiled favorite and his childhood has been prolonged. He's had

affectionate nicknames such as Baby, Angel or Junior." Dr. L. Navatril, director of a large Austrian alcoholic clinic, observes that as the result of being his mother's favorite boy, in future life "the alcoholic is filled with a deep longing for motherly love and care. Therefore, he often chooses a wife who is domineering but motherly."

As for the brides, the Neighborhood Workers Association of Toronto told me, "Most of them seem to have some psychological disturbance which led to the marriage in the first place." According to the Halifax Family Service Bureau, "The wives seem to gain satisfaction from their plight." Margaret Lewis, of the Cleveland Family Service, states flatly: "The personality patterns shown by the wife are almost as familiar as the patterns of the alcoholic. She's sexually immature and suffered emotional deprivation in childhood." Social workers and psychiatrists are no longer surprised to meet women who have married two or three times, each time to an alcoholic. "It's startling how often it happens," says

The way I see it

It's time to explode
this die-hard myth
And recognize
the futility
Of finding
a humble opinion with
The faintest trace
of humility.

P. J. BLACKWELL

Margaret Cork of the Alcoholism Research Foundation, Toronto.

After many years of observation in social agencies, Thelma Whalen, of the Family Service Agency, Dallas, Texas, recently set down a detailed account of the alcoholic's wife. "The wife," she says, "is not an innocent bystander in the sordid sequence of marital misery. She's an active participant and creator of problems which ensue." All the wives of problem drinkers, according to Miss Whalen, can be divided into four main types. *The Sufferer*: "She's the picture of uncomplaining endurance... she chose the alcoholic so that she can always be miserable." *The Controller*: "She has to feel stronger than the man... she could just as well have married a cripple or a person socially or educationally her inferior... A more adequate man would be too threatening." *The Waverer*: "As long as the man can't get along without her, she feels secure. She chose a weak husband who was unlikely to leave her. Drinking increases her husband's need for her. Only when the drinking goes too far does she balk. But his pleas make her return." *The Punisher*: "She's like a boa constrictor with a rabbit. She doesn't ask much of her husband — only that he stay swallowed. He can have everything except his manhood... She's aggressive, sees men as rivals... is often a club or career woman. When her husband doesn't need her, she punishes him... Since drinking is the only way he can assert himself, she's never free from underlying feelings of being angry."

Not all authorities agree that the wives of alcoholics can be assigned to a few personality types. "They represent a wide variety of people," says Deryck

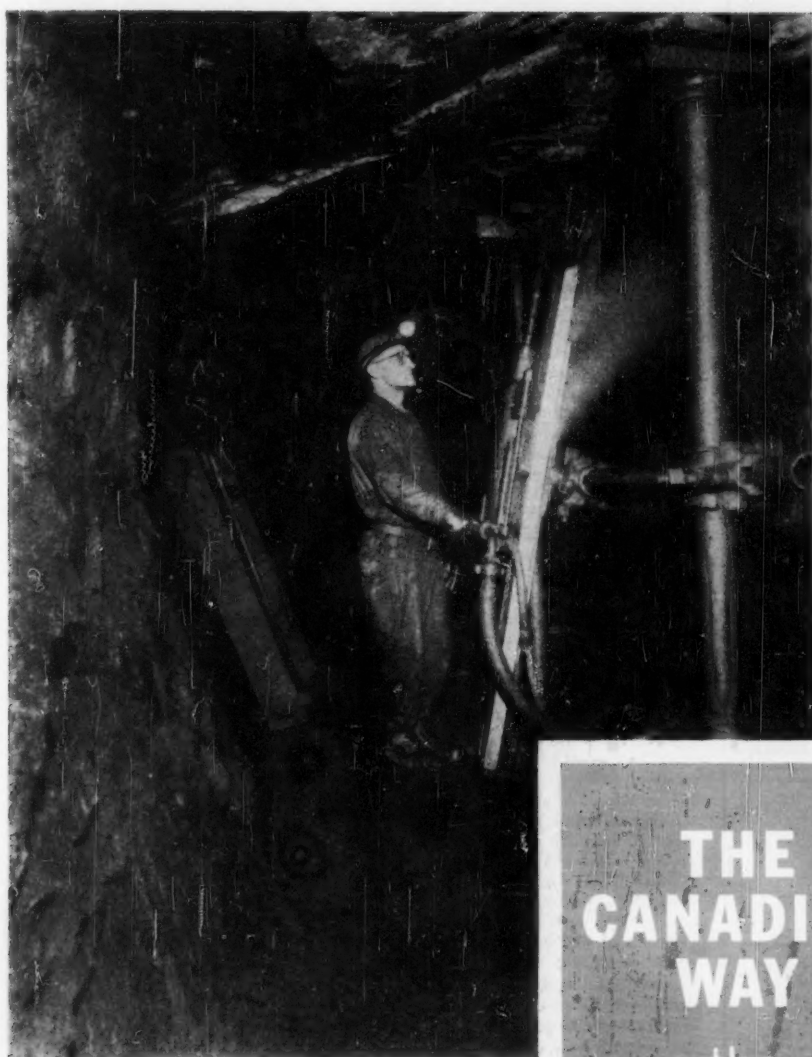
Thomson, executive director, Vancouver Family Service Agency, while Dr. Gordon Bell, a Toronto authority on alcoholism, says several controlled studies must be made "before we proclaim that these women are nearly all alike."

At any rate, it's been established that most husbands had started drinking — many of them heavily — before marriage. "The majority of women knew they were marrying a drinker or a person who was insecure," says Margaret Cork. "Very few of them were surprised by future developments." During the courting period some drinkers have the discretion to abstain or drink moderately when out on dates. Friends may keep the girl in the dark about the man's addiction because they are hoping that "marriage might straighten Bill out." However, even if the girl is aware of her suitor's excessive drinking, she may minimize it or be confident of coping with it later. "I felt sure that I could cure him if I loved him enough," explained one girl. Another woman was put at ease after her suitor, who frequently got drunk at parties, promised he would go on the wagon. Some husbands actually stick to this familiar promise. More often, if the man is a true alcoholic, he will begin drinking again.

Is the marriage itself responsible for this kind of post-nuptial backsliding? Many alcoholics insist, self-righteously, that "You can blame it all on my wife. She's always nagging. Her attitudes are all wrong and she doesn't understand me." While a disagreeable wife can spark a drinking bout, she is seldom the only cause. If the husband happens to possess what has come to be known as "an alcoholic personality" — an undefined term which connotes feelings of inadequacy, anxiety, pent-up hostility and sexual self-doubts — then various stresses and strains present in everyday living can lead to heavy drinking. He may resort to alcohol, for example, when his job is giving him a tough time. The birth of another child in the family may trigger him off. This means added inconveniences and, perhaps more important, less attention from his wife. "Love and affection are more important to the alcoholic than to most other people," says Margaret Cork.

Again, the alcoholic may be disappointed from the very beginning of his marriage because his voracious appetite for affection is not being met by his wife. He feels angry and hurt. (His wife may be feeling the same way and for the same reasons.) "He has a burning desire for vengeance," says Margaret Lewis, of Cleveland. At the same time, dominated by his wife, he doesn't dare voice his resentment. After several drinks, however, the necessary courage comes to him. Thus, one woman complained, "He's a perfect gentleman when sober and a terrible devil when drunk. The last time he called me 'a fat pig' and told me 'go and shoot yourself.' He shouted at me that my breast operation was not a success and that I was going to die of cancer."

The alcoholic who is concerned with love and affection is probably also concerned about his own sexual adjustment. After compiling psychiatric histories of eighty alcoholics, Dr. Jacob Levine, of Yale University, concluded that most alcoholics have a homosexual problem and that alcohol is one way of dealing with this problem. Levine noted that seventy percent of his patients were disinterested in heterosexual intercourse. Typical comments were: "Whenever I feel like that sort of stuff, I'd much rather go some place and get drunk." "I always think of women as mothers." "Sex is a pretty minor matter with me;



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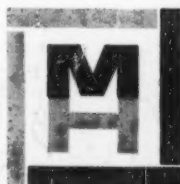
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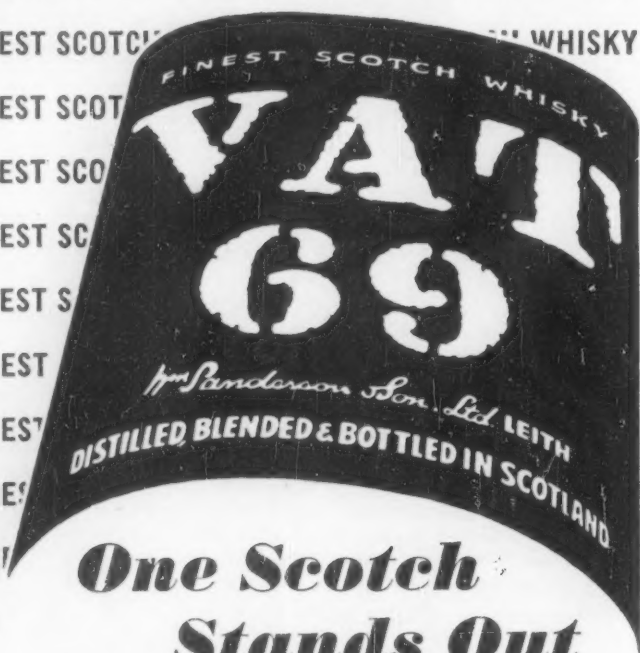
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I can get along without it all together." One man was impotent, except with prostitutes. According to Dr. J. D. Armstrong, of the ARF, "The alcoholic, in many cases, is sexually inadequate. Drinking either helps him forget, or bolsters him to face his sexual role."

Using alcohol to achieve the latter goal is not without hazards. "High doses of a nerve depressant like alcohol are not conducive to a satisfactory sexual performance," says Dr. Gordon Bell. Furthermore, while intoxicated, the advances of the alcoholic may be so crude that his wife recoils from him in horror and revulsion. Some women refuse their husbands, not because of distaste, but because they're using sex as a weapon in the total war to get him to stop drinking. In either case, the results of sexual rejection produce a devastating effect. The man is less certain of himself than ever. He reacts by accusing his wife of giving her affection to others. One man charged his spouse with consorting with the milkman and the baker as well as his own brother. Some women, who are sexually indifferent, exploit the husband's drinking as a reason for abstinence. "It's easy to put the blame on the man and say that he has no appeal when he's drunk," says Margaret Lewis, of Cleveland.

"I tried drinking with him"

But, after five or ten years of marriage to a drinking husband, the woman has many other things to worry about besides her sex life. If he goes to work regularly, walking straight, and is not too noisy so that the neighbors can't hear him, he appears — viewed from the outside, at least — to be normal. Yet he is now a confirmed alcoholic. Some women encourage their husbands to drink at home rather than stagger around strange taverns. "Family life is completely destroyed," says Dr. Gordon Bell. "Friends don't drop over because they don't want to embarrass the family; the wife doesn't go out because she's ashamed, broke and afraid to trust her husband with the children." One woman told me, "It's like resigning from the human race."

The wife often tries everything to get her husband to quit drinking. One woman recalled, "I kept liquor out of the house so Tom wouldn't be tempted; then I kept a plentiful supply on hand to show that I trusted him. I used to search for his supply and pour it down the drain when I found it. At times, I drank with him. For about two weeks I used to call for him at the office and escort him home. I've pleaded with him, begged him, bawled him out and threatened to leave. Nothing worked."

Why doesn't the alcoholic's wife leave him? It's easier said than done if a woman has children. Moving and setting up a new home requires money and the alcoholic's wife is generally without funds. Furthermore, it would be difficult for a woman in her late thirties or early forties — the usual age of the alcoholic's wife — to obtain a job which would pay her enough to live on. So, although unhappy in her situation, she generally sticks it out.

As the husband's drinking gets worse, so do relationships within the family. The mother feels that she's been a failure on many counts. She hasn't been able to help her husband. Furthermore, her husband's taunts that she's "frigid" because she rejects him make her wonder about her adequacy as a woman. At times, she loses her temper and curses at her husband and even uses violence against him. "Later," says Dr. Joan Jackson, "she's ashamed of it because it's unwomanly."

Most of all, she worries about what effect this harrowing home atmosphere is having on her children. When they were very young, she told her children that Daddy's strange behavior at times was caused by "painful headaches." Now they know he hasn't got a headache — he's drunk. They no longer respect or love their own father and she feels that she's at least partly responsible for it. Recalling the days when her husband drank, one woman writes: "I enlisted the aid of my children in the war against their father. They sympathized with me and defended me in every argument. They joined in every stratagem to prevent him drinking. Whenever they expressed any love for him, I denounced them. They developed a feeling for their father far worse than hate. They developed a patronizing pity for him. I regarded him as a combination of clown and idiot and, unwittingly, encouraged them to feel the same way." With the passage of time, in many homes the father is completely eased out of the family picture. Even the youngest children disobey and disregard him. To support the family, the wife may have to go out to work. In every sense, she becomes the mother and father of her family.

By now, the wife has cast discretion to the winds and she freely discusses her problem with relatives and friends. "The advice they give her is confusing and conflicting," says Margaret Cork. "It often deters her from getting qualified help." Relatives of the husband sometimes support him and urge her to "be a good wife and put up with it." Her own friends tend to condemn her husband and urge her to leave him or haul him into court. Both these suggestions may be ill advised, from the point of view of helping the husband. Furthermore, they exclude the possibility of exploring more constructive approaches.

One constructive approach is to apply for counseling at a recognized clinic or social agency. Often, in the midst of a desperate crisis, the wife makes this move. It may mean the first step on the way to a new life. But just as likely she will abandon the agency after a few visits, feeling disappointed, threatened and even angry. The Windsor Family Service Bureau explains: "The wife comes to us, hoping that we'll punish her husband and make him give up drinking. When she sees that our main aim is to help her understand herself and her husband and that she may have to change in some way, she balks." The alcoholic's wife — perhaps even more than most other people — finds it hard and painful to look at herself frankly. She finds it even more difficult to change her attitudes or behavior. "Only about a third of the wives who come to us can use our help," says the Halifax Family Bureau.

What is the nature of this help which the wives of the alcoholics find so threatening? No advice is given; no magic formulas are produced, guaranteed to change a heavy drinker into a teetotaler. In essence, the wife is helped to understand herself so that she may function more adequately as a woman, wife and mother. "If this can be done," says Margaret Cork, "then everyone benefits — the woman herself, the alcoholic resisting treatment, the alcoholic taking treatment and, above all, the children in the family." The alcoholic's wife may achieve some self-understanding at an alcoholic clinic, a recognized social agency or perhaps at meetings of organizations for wives, such as Al-Anon. But whatever the source of help, there are certain things the wife must become aware of.

To start with, she must be convinced that her husband is not a wicked or weak

person, but a sick and unhappy one. The disease he's suffering from, alcoholism, won't yield to even the most persistent coaxing, nagging or belittling. On the contrary, heightened feelings of inferiority and guilt may send him rushing back to the bottle. Such is the disease that the husband won't give up drinking until, deep in his heart, he wants to. Until that time, there's nothing the wife can do directly about her husband's drinking problem.

But there's an important way in which she can influence future events, indirectly. She can earnestly try to take an honest look at herself and ask, "Is there anything in my attitudes or behavior which makes it difficult for my husband to stop drinking?" After a period of self-exploration, many women are surprised to find that they have certain faults which aggravate their husband's drinking. At the Brookside Clinic, operated by the Alcoholism Research Foundation in Toronto, one woman discovered that she was a lazy and slovenly housekeeper. She would sleep late in the morning and let the family get its own breakfast; at night they'd return to a dirty house. It didn't bother her—but it was a constant aggravation to her husband. A second woman, after thirteen years of marriage, realized that she had consistently been bossing her husband around and had refused to share their children with him. A third was able to admit to herself that she denied her husband her bed, not primarily because she objected to his drinking, but because of a distaste for sex. A fourth woman suddenly realized that hardly a day had passed, since her marriage, that she hadn't criticized her husband about something.

A real cure brings new problems

In each of the cases cited above, when the woman altered her behavior, the home atmosphere improved tremendously. The husband usually expressed his appreciation. One man said, "I don't know how you've managed to change—but for God's sake stay that way!" In this more relaxed environment, it's possible for the wife to inform the husband, unemotionally, that she's learning about alcoholism in order to understand him and help him. She does not suggest that "you must do something about your drinking." That decision must come from him—an event which is now more likely. If he starts taking treatment at a clinic or goes to AA meetings, stays sober for two or three weeks and then goes on a binge, the wife mustn't berate him. This only deepens his feeling of guilt and suffering. It's much more profitable to commend him for his effort and say, "Too bad—we'll have to try harder the next time." At the same time, she should try to make the home as comfortable as possible and encourage him to take part in as many social and recreational activities as possible.

Since every marriage is different, every wife must learn, for herself, how to apply constructively what she has learned from her self-appraisal. The fact that it can be done is encouraging to people like Margaret Cork of the Brookside Clinic, who has counseled hundreds of wives, both on an individual and group basis. "New vistas have been opened up for those of us concerned with helping the wives of alcoholics," she says.

Ironically, when the man quits drinking and becomes head of the family again, an entire new set of ticklish problems are created. The wife may now—consciously or unconsciously—try to woo him back to drink. This paradox

arises because she actually enjoyed her former role as a martyr or being abused or being the all-powerful leader of the family. "Many wives become anxious and depressed when their husbands remain sober," says Dr. Gordon Bell. The Montreal Family Welfare Association describes one woman whose husband hadn't touched a drop for three months after being drunk for most of ten years. "She kept offering him a drink until he accepted. That was enough to start him off on a series of benders." Social workers in a Maritimes family agency regarded one of their clients—an energetic small woman in her early forties—with mingled pity and admiration. Her alcoholic and unemployed husband would severely beat her, smash the furniture and incur debts. Despite this, she was able to keep her children and home in sparkling condition and go out to work besides. When her spouse reformed and went on the wagon, the woman became apathetic and listless. She abandoned her job and claimed that she hardly had enough energy to finish her housework. She also embarked on a campaign to sabotage her husband's sobriety by daring him to resume drinking. One client frankly confessed to Margaret Cork that she wished her husband would drink again. "I feel upset, confused and useless," she said. "Before—I used to be busy twenty-four hours a day. Now nobody needs me."

The wife may be disturbed by the discovery that the man sitting quietly on the other side of the room is a complete stranger to her, despite fifteen years of marriage and five children. There had been no time to get to know him as a wife and companion. "Most of my time was spent acting as his nursemaid and mother," explained one wife. Margaret Cork advises such couples, "Go back to courting each other."

If the wife has a deeply felt need to dominate and control, she'll feel threatened in several ways by a sober husband. The father's relationship to his children is a case in point. One such wife began to feel that the children were paying too much attention to their father and actually put roadblocks in their way. Once, when her husband wanted to take their eight-year-old boy swimming, she forbade it. "Swimming-pool water will give him warts," was the best excuse she could muster. If the father gave an order to one of the children that she disagreed with, she openly opposed him. "Who do you think you are?" she'd ask. "I've been the one to look after them all these years." Sometimes, the issue of domination hinges on the wife's job. Should she—or should she not—give up the job she took to earn money while the husband was drinking? It's a difficult decision for some women. Working gives them a feeling of importance and reassurance that they're persons in their own right. "On the other hand," says Dr. Gordon Bell, "it's a wise woman who makes it plain to her husband that she expects him to support her. I can't think of a better way a woman can show that she's confident the man is going to remain sober."

Perhaps the tremendous challenges that lie ahead for the wife as she faces marriage with a newly sober husband were best expressed by the Rev. P. B. O'Byrne, of the Calgary Family Service Bureau. "A tremendous change of life is necessary," he says. "It is almost like a new family. Perhaps the marriage vows should be renewed in front of the family because a whole new set of disciplines, interests and spiritual values are necessary for the different members of the family to help them adjust to the new situation." ★



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Parade

Rushing the coals to Newcastle

With winter at hand a man in Dyer's Bay is thinking of nailing to his gate a sign announcing: NO MILK, THANK YOU. Last winter when heavy storms snowed in Dyer's Bay, which is away up in Ontario's Bruce Peninsula, a city newspaper editor figured that the residents must be running short of supplies and that it would make a good story to send a reporter to buck his way heroically through snowdrifts with a car loaded with milk and foodstuffs. At 2 a.m. the reporter pounded on the door of an isolated house and thrust four quarts of milk on a sleep-befuddled fellow who barely woke up long enough to say thanks. Four hours later the farmer was up again, and out to milk his eight cows.

* * *

A Vancouver Parade scout with a thirst for blood tells us there have been some wonderful soccer games out that way this season. Says he just attended a game with more bloody noses and black eyes than you could count. Men were carted off the field with broken wrists and wrenched legs—two at a time, after one battle royal between four players. When play finally resumed the ball bounced over the fence. A player started after it, but this was too much for one spectator who bawled, "Never mind the ball — get on with the game!"

* * *

There's a new neighborhood horror haunting the dreams of youngsters in one area east of Toronto. It all started on Halloween when an innocent suburban do-it-yourselfer was putting the finishing touches on a bookcase. The



doorbell rang but when he yanked the door open prepared to shell out he was amazed to see the entire pack of hobgoblins break and run, screaming. Then he discovered the hammer still clutched firmly in his right hand.

* * *

The city of Chicoutimi, Que., does its bit to baffle wayfaring motorists by posting a sign at city's edge stating: "Traffic lights geared to 30 miles an hour," and another sign a few yards past that one stating: "Speed limit 20 miles per hour."

We're happy to report one plane crash that *didn't* make big black headlines across the nation's front pages. It was a frantic call from a woman at Coxheath, near Sydney, N.S., that sent police and rescue agencies scurrying to a wooded area near her home in search of a plane she had seen disappear there. It was no



false alarm, either, for they found the downed aircraft . . . a model plane with a five-foot wingspread.

* * *

An old farmer near Colborne, Ont., was rolling a cigarette with quiet deliberation the other day when his grandson rushed from the house yelling "Come quickly—the stove pipe's on fire!" By the time grandpa entered the kitchen the rest of the family was cowering in a corner as if paralyzed by the fiery red stove pipe. Grandpa went calmly to work, pausing first to light his cigarette on the fiery stove pipe.

* * *

If you're looking for an original idea for a door prize a lumber yard in Kindersley, Sask., beat you to it when opening new premises. The prize was a door.

* * *

Sociologists warn of the tensions that clutch modern woman as she desperately strives to be sweetheart, wife, mother, cook, nurse and bottlewasher. A Toronto housewife suffered an extra twang the other day when, in the middle of cleaning her floors, she answered the doorbell wearing tattered slacks, an ancient sweater and a general coating of grime. A clean-cut young chap wearing a university blazer started to speak, hesitated, then began again: "You wouldn't be interested in a reading club . . . ?" Then eyeing her up and down again he finished, "No, I don't think you would be interested . . ." and backed hastily down the steps.

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